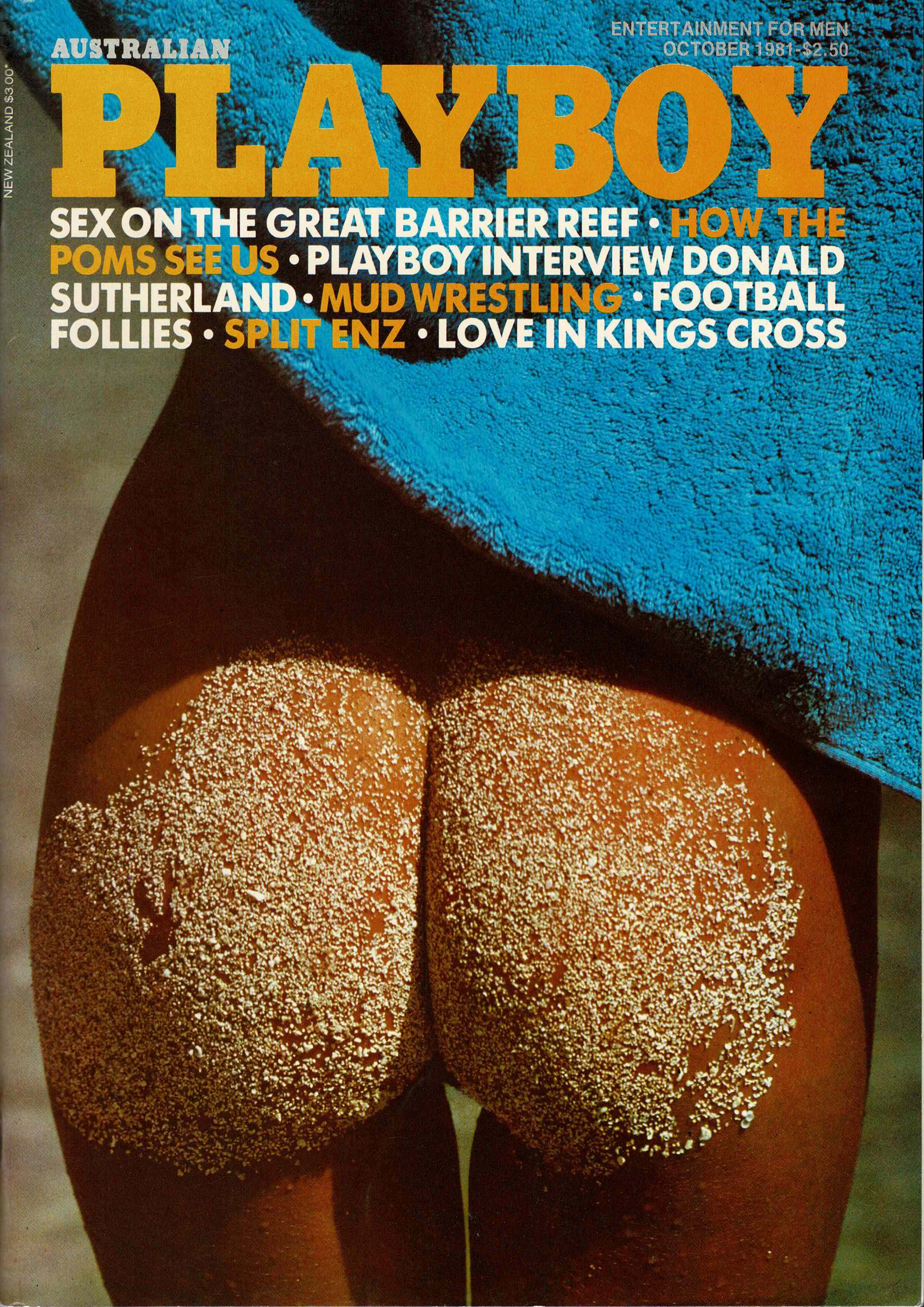
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
OCTOBER 1981-$2.50

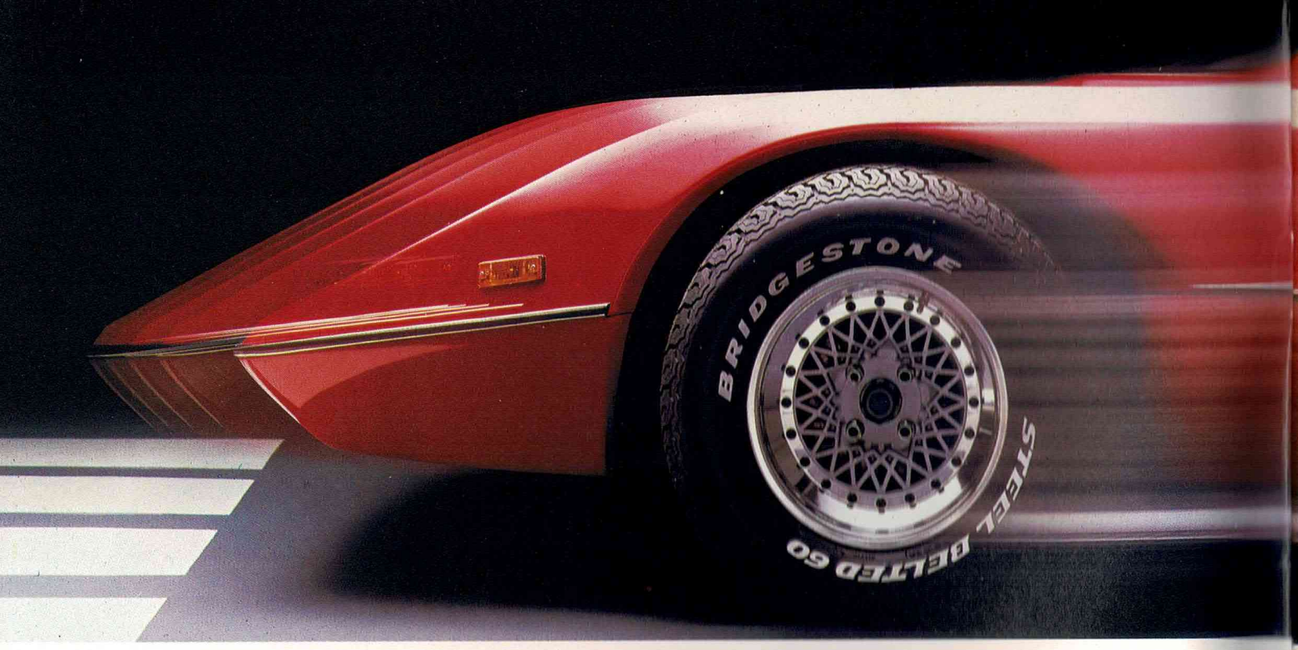
AUSTRALIAN

# PLAYBOY

NEW ZEALAND $3.00*

SEX ON THE GREAT BARRIER REEF • HOW THE POMS SEE US • PLAYBOY INTERVIEW DONALD SUTHERLAND • MUD WRESTLING • FOOTBALL FOLLIES • SPLIT ENZ • LOVE IN KINGS CROSS






# It's rated for higher speeds. It's designed for faster stops.

The Bridgestone RD-211 Steel not only goes well, it stops well.

The reason is advanced Superfiller construction. An engineering feat that is not only unique, but also patented.

This, combined with a chunky, hard-sticking block tread has produced a truly high-performance, low profile.

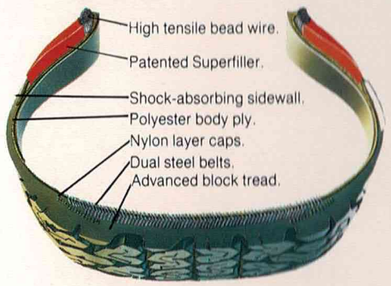
But don't just take our word for it, take a look at a few of the facts that separate the RD-211 from the more ordinary alternatives.

**Rated HR for high performance.**

Compared to Bridgestone RD-211 most raised-white-lettered low profiles are more show than go.

Most have earned only a dash (–) speed rating which limits their recommended top speed to only 170 km/h.

On the other hand the RD-211 Steel is a full HR rated radial. Which means it has been engineered, tested and rated for speeds up to 210 km/h. And that means performance. Top performance. Then more.




**Patented superfiller material.**

RD-211 Steel is the only 60-series low profile with patented Superfiller.

Superfiller is a tough new tyre material. It provides a more rigid bead area to improve low profile shape and efficiency. The result is increased tread control, exceptional handling and grip.

**Shock-absorbing sidewall.**

Superfiller allows the RD-211 to be constructed with a more flexible sidewall. This extra flexibility absorbs impact and vibration to deliver a smoother ride.

**Race proven construction.**

Two belts of steel and two layers of nylon make for lasting high speed performance.

The dual belts increase tread stability. The nylon layer caps hug the edge of the RD-211's Steel belts for greater structural durability. It's a concept tested and proven by the winners of the last two 'Bathurst 1000's'.

**Wide track road-hugging.**

Unique Superfiller and the flexible sidewall put more tread on the road.

Tests on a glass roadway actually showed a larger tread area than you'd expect from a normal 60 series low profile.

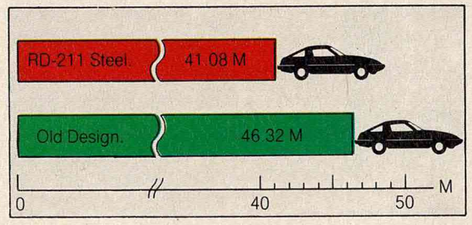
The illustration below shows the bigger, more even footprint of the RD-211 Steel.

**Wet grip improved up to 12%.**

A problem with wide, low-profile radials has been their lack of performance on wet roads.

Bridgestone set out to find an answer. The result: wet weather braking improved by 12%; handling response increased by 8.4%.

**80 Km/h wet braking test.**




The secret is the larger footprint, plus a chunky new tread pattern that really bites the bitumen. The RD-211 Steel's wide and thirsty rain grooves flood away water for hard sticking stops and tight controlled turns.

The diagram above shows an actual wet road test result. The RD-211 Steel consistently stopped 5 metres short of a previous tread design from 80 km/h.

For your local dealer contact your nearest State distributor.

N.S.W. Marubeni-Bridgestone Tyres (N.S.W.) Pty. Ltd., Cnr. Sunnyholt & Garling Roads, Marayong. 2148. Phone: 671 1444.

Vic. Kingstone Tire Agency Pty. Ltd., 420–430 King St., West Melbourne. 3003. Phone: 328 1385.

Q'land. Bridgestone Tyres (QLD) Pty. Ltd., 111–117 Lutwyche Road, Windsor. 4030. Phone: 57 7588.

W.A. Bridgestone Tyres (W.A.) Pty. Ltd., 1280 Albany Highway, Cannington. 6107. Phone: 458 8016.

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# PLAYBILL

YOU'VE got lucky for the month of October with an issue hot enough to chase away the last of the cold-weather blues. Ever wondered just how those unlucky souls who've never made it ashore in the lucky country see us from a distance? It set us to wondering, so we ran noted British humorist **Alan Coren** to earth for a satirical sling with his impressions of Oz. It's laugh-a-line reading so don't miss it. Still in the humor department: Kings Cross resident and versatile all-rounder **John Byrell** opens his series on life in Australia's red light realty with a rib-crackin' yarn about Whiffy Maloney's encounter with the El Alamein fountain.

The PLAYBOY Interview is a powerful exchange with Donald Sutherland. Talking to **Claudia Dreifus**, the great character actor opens up on a lot of things including sex, Jane Fonda, his anti-war activity and rubbing shoulders with extraordinary people.

Girls! Girls we've got in abundance — starting with gorgeous Playmate Lyn Barron. You might have spotted the Queensland lovely in our August spread on Girls of the Gold Coast. We thought Lyn was worth a closer look, and we know you'll agree. We're also pitching you head first into a mud bath with an extraordinary and revealing pictorial on the mud-wrestling women of LA, that city of unusual pursuits. Additionally, **Bill Harrington** flashed his camera lens on the form of delightful dancer Cherie, and her dazzling looks say plenty about Melbourne girls.

What's ailing the medical profession? **Glennys Bell** poses the "What's up, doc?" query and comes up with some answers that tip big tremors in the medico ranks. Rock 'n' roll freelancer **Celie Gannon** caught up with Tim and Neil Finn, the brotherhood of success behind Split Enz. The mini-interview lifts the flap on a most surprising band. **Frants Kantor** did the illustration.

We've managed to harness the diverse talents of **Mike Gibson** to shed a bit of light on that weird Rugby League by-play of dressing up in ladies' clothing. Nothing wrong with those sporting types.

If you're into contradictions, splendor, color, poverty, exotica and rare beauty, throw away your travel brochures and read **Ronald Rose's** story on India. Words are almost not enough to give the gist of what India is all about, but the much-travelled Rose gets close to the real atmosphere of the great sub-continent.

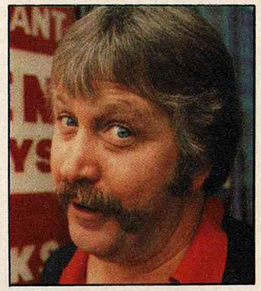
Regular contributor, playwright and country and western expert **Denis Whitburn** has turned his hand to fiction this month with a tongue-in-cheek stab at how a private dick writer in the Raymond Chandler mould would have handled Shakespeare's ripper thriller, *Hamlet*. Does Hamlet really wind up with the dame? Read it and find out. It's the one superbly illustrated by **Collide**.

PLAYBOY fashion editor **Kate Stead** continues her section on good grooming in a feature which clues you in to putting your best face forward. Part of the technique involves a good scrub and it's all good clean fun.

In the service department, we get up and go with the portable stereo fad, and motoring editor **Rob Luck** slides behind the wheel of a Suzuki 4WD that has enough off-road zap to torque you into a trade-in. Luck's considerable driving skill produced the results and his camerawork provided the shots. We're backing the entertainment line with plenty of beef in the movies, music and showbiz departments and there's heaps of additional reading and pictorials to fuel you right through October.

This edition marks **Paul Dougherty's** first full month behind the desk as PLAYBOY's new editor, and for that reason and the fun we've packed between the covers, the October issue is a special one. Happy reading.

COREN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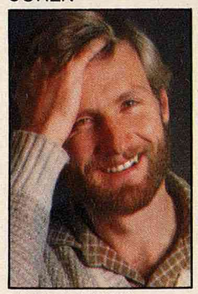
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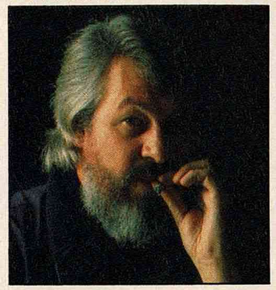
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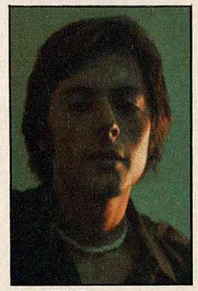
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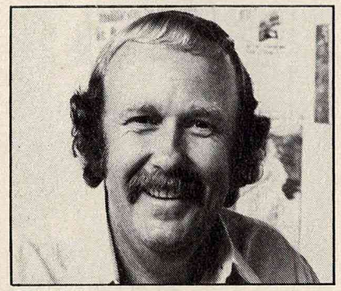
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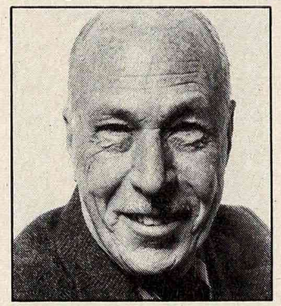
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AUSTRALIAN

# PLAYBOY

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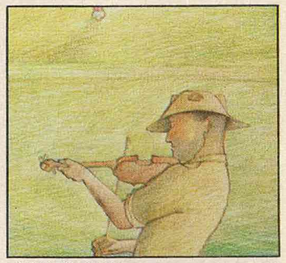


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I was looking forward
to the rest of the evening
just as much as he was -
and then I served him
mere Scotch
instead of

AB1191/81 S527PB

# DEAR PLAYBOY

## ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

### CASTARSE ENCORE

I offer the following Castarse anecdotes to follow on Phillip Adams' selection in your June issue.

During his long career, Castarse spent some time as CO of a battalion of national servicemen. One evening, after several rounds of long drinks, Castarse and some fellow officers were standing at the bar discussing how much of the sexual act was pleasure and how much was work. "It is my opinion," declared Castarse, "that sex is 40 percent work and 60 percent pleasure." "Ah, I beg to differ sir," quipped another officer, "but I believe that sex is 40 percent pleasure and 60 percent work." "No," declared yet another officer, "50-50 in my view."

The argument soon became heated, and in an attempt to settle the matter the Colonel called on an harassed private, attempting to clean up the Mess after the officers' party, to arbitrate. "Well sir, I reckon that sex must be a full 100 percent pleasure 'cause if there was any work involved you lot would have me doing it for yez."

Several days later, the Colonel was in the barber's having a haircut. As he finished the task the barber picked up a bottle of aftershave and was about to dab the Colonel with it when he cried: "Good god man, don't put that stuff on me, the wife will think I've been in a brothel." "You can put it on me," quipped a private soldier in the next chair, "my wife doesn't know what a brothel smells like."

Several years later, the Colonel met the man who had been his batman in France. As the man was down on his luck the Colonel offered him a job as his butler. All went well on the first day until the early hours of the morning when the batman appeared in the Colonel's bedroom, slapped Mrs Castarse on the rump and declared: "All right, luv, back to the village with you. The Colonel's got a war to fight."

P.R.,
Sydney, NSW.

### LIVE-WIRE ELIZABETH

I don't think I have seen a better Australian bird in PLAYBOY since Karen West as your September Playmate, Elizabeth Chapman. And Karen was Playmate of the Year, so I'd like to get in early and put Elizabeth's name forward now as one reader's nomination as her 1981 successor.

Elizabeth is a real Australian beauty, oozing sun, surf and sex appeal. I'm thinking especially of the fold-out centre spread picture. Congratulations - and thanks — to photographer Colin Stead. If Bo is worth 10 points, Elizabeth is double the score.

T.L.,
Ballarat, Vic.

### YABBY STRIKES AGAIN

It was with a sense of relief that I read your review of my book, *A Salute to the Humble Yabby.* Until that date, I'd received nothing but good reviews, a situation which made me somewhat nervous and so your July review, while not totally *bad* (simply churlish), has balanced the books.

And about your reviewer's suggestion that the book is perhaps an example of marijuana affecting the brain, well, it's lucky for her that I possess a sense of humor — after all, hasn't your reviewer ever heard of Polish axe murderers?

Fond regards.

Peter Olszewski,
Ascot Vale, Vic.

### AMERICAN COUSINS

A friend of mine, who regularly visits Australia on business trips, always brings back copies of Australian PLAYBOY. Last night he came round to my place with more. Having gulped all of my beer and wine, and having then embarrassed me and my in-laws with a phenomenal display of profanity, gluttony and drunkenness, he shared with me his July issue of your PLAYBOY.

I was smitten by the photograph on page 15. It is, undoubtedly, the best and sexiest photo I have seen. Could you send me just a page 15 — don't need the whole magazine — just that page — from an imperfect throw-away copy even.

J.H.,
Dayton, Ohio.

*A color proof is on its way. Australian PLAYBOY is happy to oblige its American readers.*

### MAD FOR KAREN

First, I'd like to congratulate you on a magazine which does wonders for the eyesight of males all over this country. Having only started reading PLAYBOY since late 1980, I missed seeing my all-time dream girl, the lovely, gorgeous, captivating Karen Pini. If it's possible, could a return spread be shown of her? If this cannot be achieved how about a wallet-sized photo of the beauty herself? I'm going mad fantasising about her so please, PLAYBOY, could you satisfy my small wish?

M.B.,
Geelong, Vic.

### PROJECT PRO-AM

On your Project Pro-Am, I would like to say you have got a top looking car out on the racetrack.

Good luck in all your coming events, and please keep us informed of behind-the-scene details. But I want to know if this is the cheapest way to get into racing, even though you did say this was "poor man's racing".

Surely some of the other classes would be cheaper for the beginner? I would like to suggest a survey of costs that, if possible, could even include carts and cycles.

I feel sure that many would-be competitors would appreciate the information.

B.G.,
Hornsby, NSW.

*We'll see what can be done for you. — Ed.*

You have truly outdone yourself in the July issue, which contains a big variety of excellent stories.

However, my main interest was in the Project Pro-Am story. I have seen the 69-er, and I have seen it driven by Rob Luck. His follow-up article has provided me with more insight and interest into the sport.

Thanks, Rob Luck, for the entertainment and the information. And good on you PLAYBOY for supporting him in this expensive sport.

R.B.,
Liverpool, NSW.

*PLAYBOY welcomes all correspondence. However, we can only publish letters which contain the full name and address of the writer, plus a phone number where possible.*

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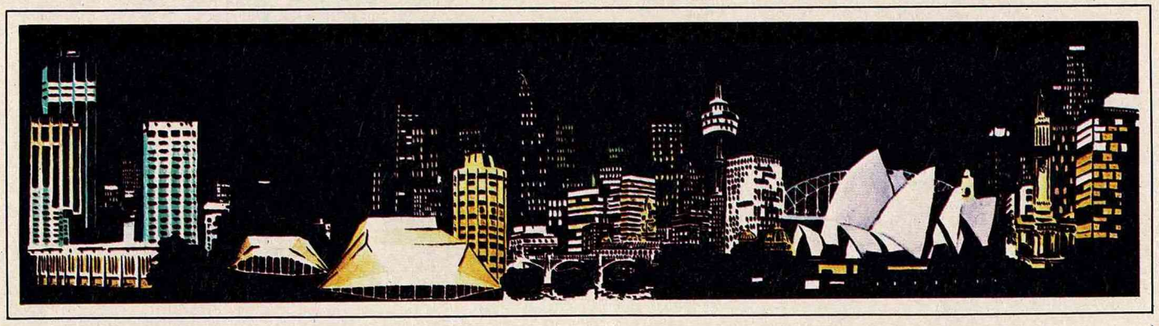
# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



### STUD EASE

You can bet your next wool cheque that Lorraine Hewett is the only woman in the world who runs a school for rams. She is the official ram trainer for the Australian Merino Society and her work is simply a matter of dedicating herself to "stud ease" (studies?). After passing through her hands, a ram is trained to perform anywhere in Australia.

She operates at York, about 80 kilometres east of Perth, on the family property, Jonlorrie.

"When the lambs arrive, my first job is to quieten them down and get them used to people," she says.

"I generally set up a lazy-boy in the pen with them and spend a few hours reading. They soon learn that where I am the action is — the food and the ewes."

Rams start school when they're 12 to 14 months and they graduate 30 days later, ready to hit the rod . . . to do their duty . . . to ram it home . . . to do their bit to make sure there'll always be another ewe.

### ONLY OBEYING ORDERS

A driver, caught in a police radar trap, found a nifty way to beat the arm of the law. Motioned to stop for speeding, he did so and waited as the cop slowly approached his station wagon. But as the policeman leaned into the cabin he accidentally hit his head on a surfboard tied to the roof-rack. Then, the driver sent him sprawling as he hurriedly opened the door to apologise. He tried to help him to his feet and was told to something off — and pronto. This the guy did, without a ticket.

### MARCH OF TIME

Joh may have his concrete pineapple and his neon-lit banana too, but for the real kitsch you will need to visit old exciting Western Australia next year. Yanchep Sun City, which Alan Bond sold to some Japanese chaps, is planning two great cultural leaps sideways or, perhaps, even backwards.

First, a 10-metre high statue of King Neptune with a row of stone fish at his feet spewing fountains of water from their mouths. King Neptune will be built on such a scale that tourists will be able to stand in his outstretched hand just to be photographed.

Second, and hopefully the last, the world's biggest clock, 24 metres in diameter, will have a sculpted stone face to mark each five-minute segment. Colossal heads of fabulous folk like Elvis, the WA Premier Sir Charles Court, and other favorites will mark off the time by delivering a brief chat, song or lecture every five minutes. Seriously.

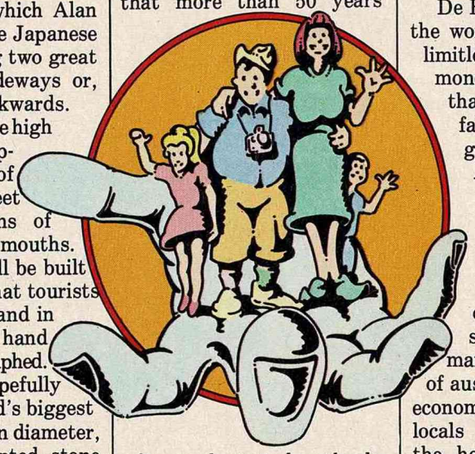
### ANIMAL FARM

Remember the old song, There Is Nothing Like A Dame? Well, that's not true, for according to Dr Dennis Stark of Rockefeller University, in New York, a rhesus monkey is a lot like a dame for the purposes of research on the reproductive system. "Actually, any primate is close to humans," says Dr Stark, "however the rhesus monkey is particularly good because its estrous cycle is about that of a woman's."

He also notes that a white rat is a lot like a man: "We use rats for research on the male reproductive system, due to the similarities."

### THAT'S PROGRESS

We're pleased to report that more than 50 years after work started on the definitive dictionary of the Welsh language, compilers now have reached the letter J . . . we'll keep you posted on further developments.



### TICKING AWAY

A watch ticked inside a New York man's stomach for five months after he swallowed it during a mugging attack. The 49-year-old man was attacked in a subway. Witnesses said he took off his new watch, popped it into his mouth for safekeeping and immediately swallowed it — by accident. Five months later, he went to a hospital to have the wrist watch surgically removed. Doctors said it was ticking but not on time.

### PILL FOR MEN

A team of British doctors believe they have discovered a male contraceptive pill by complete accident. When a group of men tested an anti-migraine drug, they all told of one side effect — orgasm without ejaculation.

### ROUGH DIAMONDS

De Beers is known round the world for its seemingly limitless supply of diamonds. But it happens that hard times have fallen upon the outrageously wealthy South African company. At their annual diamond awards the other day, an advertising executive whispered to a guest that head office in London has sent out memos demanding a better show of austerity in the difficult economic conditions. The locals have responded to the head office memo by serving imported Moet and Chandon champagne at their functions in preference to the more pricy Bollinger.

### FRENCH BREAD

A young Adelaide married man who had a bitter taste in his mouth while eating his lunch at work found he had bitten into a "rotten" condom. He was violently sick for the rest of the day and later swallowed a large quantity of alcohol to make himself vomit. The condom was found embedded in a slice of spicy fruit loaf his wife had used to make his cut lunch. When the man got home, his wife explained to him that she had bought the loaf from a

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V-50

**KA-50**
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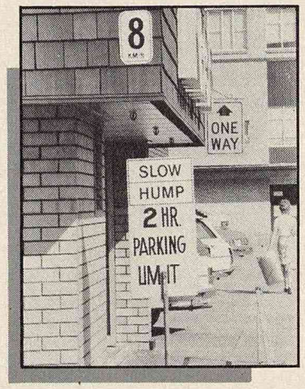
nearby store and had not noticed the condom in the bread.

### SOME SIGN LANGUAGE

A collection of signs in Sydney's Burwood Westfield Shopping Centre had one reader so intrigued that he sent PLAYBOY this photo. It has been the cause of quite a few chuckles when passed around his group of friends, and not a few ribald comments.

The best of these came after a few minutes' perusal of the photo and some minutes' consultation with an electronic calculator. "Contradictory crap!!" said one. "Allowing for the fact that the average male organ is 15 centimetres in length, an eight kilometre hump would involve some 53,333.333 strokes which, if restricted to two hours, would involve a work-rate of 7.4074 strokes per second and that ain't slow in any man's language. As for the other sign, the only way anything would point after all of that would be down."

After then telling the rest that "an orgasm was Nature's way of telling an Irishman when to stop screwing", the same member of the group decided that the thought of it all made him




thirsty and suggested adjourning to the nearest watering hole where further deep consideration could be given to the matter. The mind boggles.

### IS THERE NO JUSTICE?

A businessman who chased and caught a bag-snatcher had his moment of glory tarnished when he returned to his car to find a parking ticket on the windscreen.

### A TALE WITH THREE MORALS

Once upon a time there was a non-conforming sparrow who decided not to fly south that winter. However, soon the weather turned so cold that he reluctantly decided to fly south after all.

In a short time, ice began to form on his wings and he fell to earth in a barnyard, almost frozen. A cow went by and crapped right upon the poor little sparrow.

The sparrow thought that was the end. But the manure warmed him and defrosted his wings. Now warm and happy, able to breathe, he started to sing a song.

Soon after a large cat came by, and hearing the chirping, investigated the sounds.

The cat cleared away the manure, found the chirping bird and promptly ate him.

There are three morals to this particular story:

1. Everyone who shits on you is not necessarily your enemy.
2. Everyone who gets you out of the shit is not necessarily your friend.
3. If you are warm and happy in a pile of shit, keep your mouth shut.

### LOVE BANDIT ON THE RUN

A young man with a large love bite on his neck held up a Melbourne chemist shop and escaped with 10 condom cartons and two perfume bottles, but left the till untouched.


# Two great Australians

Fiery Len Pascoe and cool, comfortable Chesty singlets. They're both winners. Like the interlock cotton Deep Crew Lennie wears. Or any of the other Streamliner, Coral Island and Chesty Athletic styles in the Bonds team this summer. Unbeatable.

014.P.246

Some guys will do anything to stand out.

Others simply use Patrichs.

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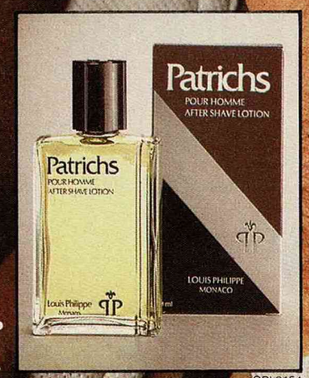


CPI 3154

# DIRTY PICTURES

## WORLD OF PLAYBOY

The hottest indoor sport around today is the mud-wrestling match in midtown LA. We suppose it had to happen — it seems to be the natural progression of all things weird and wonderful spawned in Southern California during the past several years. From the town that gave the world roller disco and nude encounter parlors and primal scream therapy, we are now presented with the spectacle of a crush of semi-naked women rolling around on a mud-covered mat surrounded by the lights and music of a disco and the screams and jeers of an (mostly) all-male audience. But what is all this exactly? Maybe it's a new twist on American primitive art, or maybe it's just one more manifestation of the approaching apocalypse.

The performers make their entrance garbed in costumes designed to trigger off everyone in the audience's favorite fantasy — from nurses' uniforms to sci-fi astronautia. The disrobing device is an old-fashioned striptease bastardised with heavy metal and red strobes. Then it's down to the nitty-gritty (with a stress on the gritty) as the girls hit the deck — no holds barred. Occasionally, one of the spectators joins in the fun and finds out firsthand what "flying mare" means.

There you have it — another flash of American excess. Maybe now the next time someone in a dark laneway accosts you with a "Psssst . . . you wanna see some feelthy pictures?", think twice before you refuse . . .

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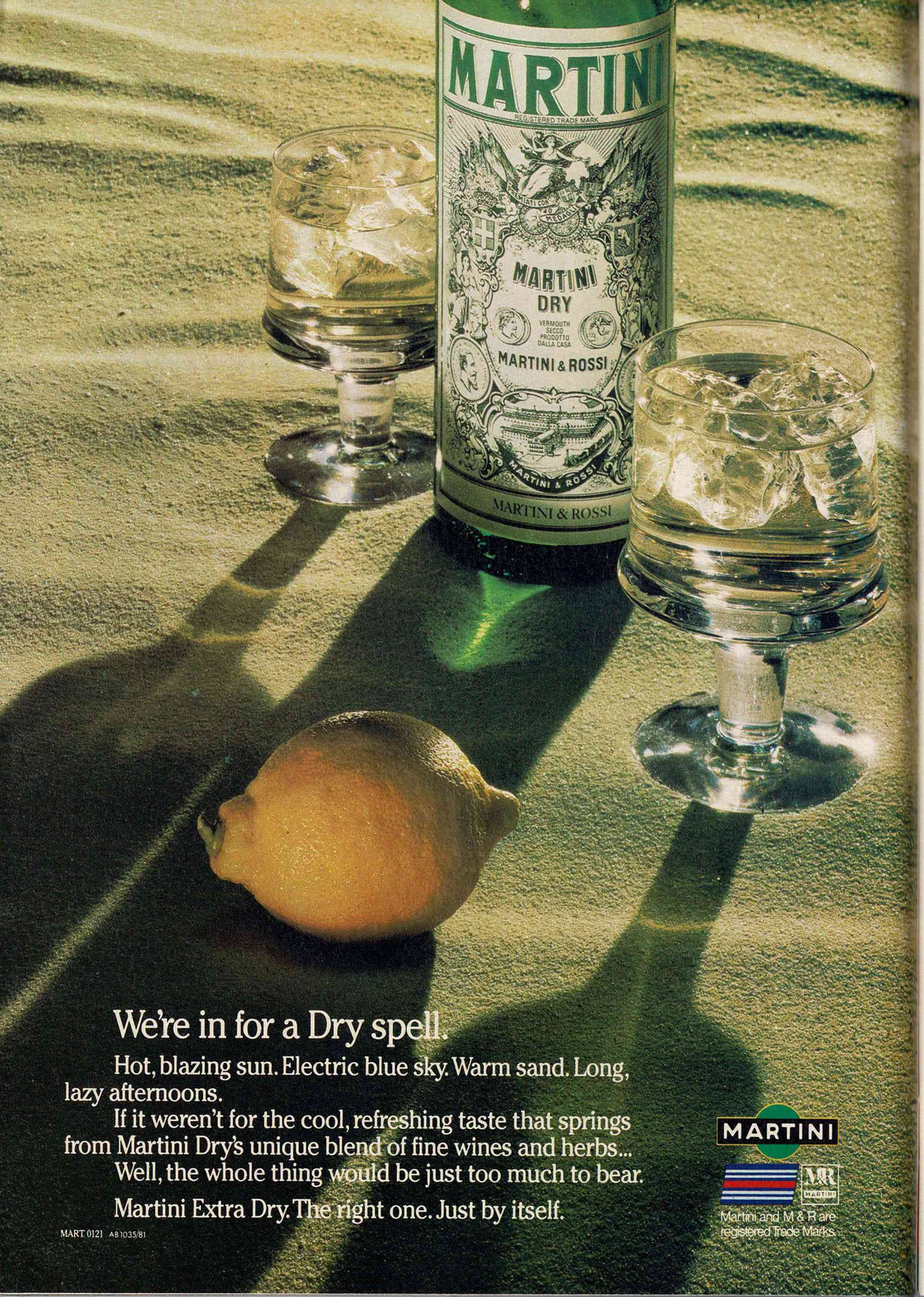
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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

Not long ago I left my husband, after about five years of unhappy marriage. We never seemed to do anything, and it was getting very boring, so there didn't seem much purpose in going on with things. Since leaving, I've found life much more exciting, as I have got involved with a really fantastic guy. He's an outgoing, tough and macho type, which is what turns me on, but now my only worry is how to keep him. I know he sees other women, and he doesn't seem to care that I know. I'm madly in love with him, and have tried to persuade him that we should live together, perhaps eventually get married, when my divorce is finalised, but he mostly just laughs at that. A couple of times I've really tried to have it out with him about the casual way he treats me, but we ended up shouting at each other, and one time he became violent. There must be some way to keep our relationship going, but I'm at my wits' end trying to think of it, so what can you suggest? — H.L., SA.

*You may have to accept the fact that excitement and security don't necessarily go together. If your marriage was as tedious and uneventful as you say, it was inevitable that when it ended you should be seeking a dramatic change in your lifestyle. The uncertainty and even danger of a life with your present lover probably seemed very attractive to you. However, in seeking to make the relationship permanent and also secure, you may be going against the very things that most excite you. Consider whether you really want to be a part of this stormy relationship day in and day out, or whether it is better as it is: occasional.*

I heard somewhere that it is now possible for a married woman to have her husband charged with raping her if he goes ahead and has sex with her when she says she doesn't want to do it. I don't understand this, because I did think marriage meant that the man was entitled to sex whenever he liked. How does the law stand on this? — L.R., NT.

*The laws on rape in marriage at present vary from one State to another. In some States, further changes are likely in the near future. The major concern of these laws is not with married couples who are living together and also maintaining reasonably normal marital relations. There, should the husband insist upon sex against his wife's wishes, the woman is protected by the law against assault, but a charge of rape is unlikely to be carried through. Rape in marriage laws more usually apply to cases where a husband and wife are estranged, often pending divorce, and the wife has made it clear that she wants no further relations with the husband. A man who, in that situation, then forcibly has sex with his wife, may be charged with rape, and there have been a few convictions. At heart such laws are concerned with the rights of the individual, and while they may offend a few people who still adhere to the crudest "me Tarzan, you Jane" concept of marriage, most civilised people would find them in no way threatening or penalising.*

I have developed an interest in body-building and, being predominantly a vegetarian, would like some advice on a diet. I have heard about a number of the top athletes, including members of the Olympic rowing team, who have used vegetarian diets very effectively. I need a good conditioning diet, and hope that you can help the growing ranks of jogging vegetarians and people who, like myself, can't go back to meat, but want the peak physique. — B.Q., NSW.

*Athletes, either vegetarian or otherwise, don't usually require a diet that is substantially different from that of healthy non-athletes. Anyone whose sport activities involve frequent bursts of intense exertion, repeated over long periods, needs large amounts of carbohydrates (potatoes, rice, bread, etc) which the body converts to energy. Protein, of which meat is one source, is important, too, but the amount*

*required is not substantially greater than that needed by a non-athlete. As an enthusiastic vegetarian, you are no doubt already aware that you can get protein very effectively from a wide range of other foods, including dairy products, nuts, and a wide variety of beans and fruits. There are no magic vegetarian ingredients, however. If your present vegetarian diet suits you, it is a matter of varying the amounts to meet your athletic needs.*

Do you think there is anything wrong with an older man fancying younger women? I'm 59, and for some months I've been seeing a woman of 28. I was married, but that ended years ago, and I don't see why I should act like an old man just because other men of my age do. I'm very fit, but I look my age and don't try to dress young. The trouble is, when I've been out with this lady, who is amazingly beautiful, I've been getting a few funny reactions, both from strangers and from people I know. Why do people have to make such a big deal out of it? — E.J., Vic.

*Probably because they're jealous. You are absolutely right when you say that you don't see why you should act like an old man, but unfortunately there are many people who don't see it that way. For some people, there are still hard, inflexible rules about how people ought to behave at particular stages in their lives, and anyone who, like you, ignores those rules, is subject to derision. But you can take some satisfaction from the knowledge that while you are having a good time, they are probably just stewing over all the good things they've missed because they felt they should "act their age." The laugh is on them.*

I'm a bit worried about the relationship I have with a woman who works for the same company as me. I'm in a reasonably senior position with the company while she is fairly new to her job, and at a much lower level. We got involved only a couple of weeks after she joined the company, and she was the one who seemed to take the lead in getting things going between us. I'm in a position to help advance her career, and while I try to be impartial, it's hard not to give a bit of extra assistance to someone you are involved with sexually. I didn't worry about this until recently when I met somebody from a company she had worked for before, and was told that she'd had an affair with her boss there, and that he had promoted her ahead of other people who were better at their jobs. It worries me that I might be being used, but I've been having such a good time with her that I don't want to risk blowing it

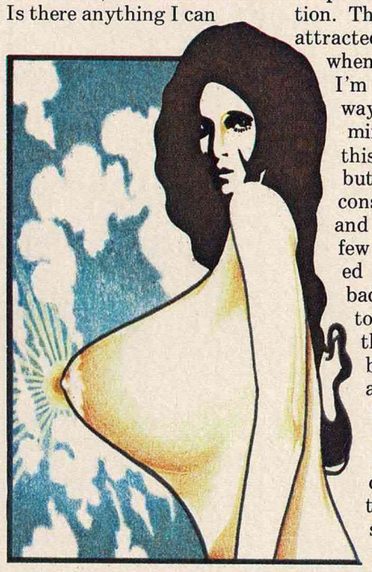
by seeming suspicious. How do you think I should handle the situation? — B.K., WA.

*It is possible to be too suspicious. It is extremely common for people who work for the same company to become involved, and you should therefore not make too much of the fact that she also had an affair with her previous employer. So you would need to know a great deal more about the circumstances before you could deduce that she set up the whole thing simply to further advance her career. As for your own relationship with the lady in question, it should be possible for you to tell whether or not she really means it. Most people can only fake their emotions to a limited extent, and if you are intimately involved with her, and are a person of any perception at all, there will be signs that you can look for which will tell you what is really happening between the two of you.*

**M**y wife keeps telling me that I should "talk dirty" to her when we are in bed. She says that crude language turns her on when she is making love. I've tried, but I can never manage to think of very many words and even when I do they seem to sound stupid, as if I was reading them out. It just doesn't feel right. I wonder, sometimes, whether or not she has had some really foul-mouthed lover in the past, and wants me to be like him. I'm not sure what to do and I'd certainly be grateful for any suggestions that you could offer. — M.W., NSW.

*Don't let anyone try to make you be someone you're not. Use whatever language you feel comfortable with, and forget about trying to perform according to some script that was written for somebody else anyway. If it's really true that your wife is encouraging you to alter your language because she wants to be reminded of someone else, point out to her that you are the person she's married to, and you are entitled to your own individual style. The words themselves are not difficult to find, but the sincerity is, and without it you will only end up feeling like a fool.*

**A**t the age of 65 I became impotent. I received injections from a doctor, but if anything, I was worse afterwards. I do about 20 minutes exercise every morning, and take various vitamins and mineral capsules, but there is no improvement. My wife, who is some 10 years younger than I am, has deserted me. Is there anything I can do, or must I be resigned to the knowledge that my sexual life is over? — P.H., Qld.



*You certainly shouldn't just resign yourself to the idea of being impotent for the rest of your life. It is by no means an inevitable consequence of being 65. The steps you have taken so far appear to be on the right track in terms of getting yourself into the best possible physical condition, but problems of impotence frequently also have an emotional basis, and this may be the area you should tackle next. The breakdown of your marriage was obviously a very disturbing experience, and the resultant depression will have made it much harder for you to become sexually active once more. To make any progress, you may now have to learn to push those worries into the background, and accept the idea that you can begin again, whatever age you are at. This is not something you can change overnight, however, and you may find you need help, so we suggest you speak to your doctor again and see if he can refer you for some specialist counselling. You could also consider trying another doctor, as their various approaches differ greatly.*

**M**y girlfriend's breasts are really something she can be proud of — being perfectly shaped and of ample proportion. They were what first attracted me to her, and when we're out together I'm very aware of the way guys turn and admire her figure. I find this all rather flattering, but for my girl it is a constant source of pain and embarrassment. A few years ago, she burned her breasts rather badly while sunbaking topless, and ever since then, the nipples have been very sensitive and painful when touched. Wearing a rough fibre shirt often causes severe chafing and she has to be very careful to select the right material when buying bikinis. And, as you might have guessed, any nipple stimulation is definitely out of order during our lovemaking. This causes me great frustration because I'm just dying to give her magnificent tits some long overdue attention. It's causing a few hassles in our sex life and I've suggested she see a doctor, but she says she would be too embarrassed. How about a few suggestions that might help us out? — R.P., Qld.

*Your biggest mistake is to play upon the problem to such an extent that it becomes an obsession. That would do more damage than anything to your girlfriend's confidence and probably ruin all chance of finding a remedy. Your first move should be to track down a sympathetic woman doctor and have a talk to her about the problem. Perhaps she can suggest a simple cure that might not involve any further professional advice, and in the meantime, see your pharmacist and ask about some of the gels and creams nursing mothers use on sensitive nipples. To alleviate the strain in bed, you might try ignoring the breasts and concentrating on some of her other redeeming physical points.*

**C**an you please tell me if there are any methods of penis enlargement that do work? I have been married for six years, and have fathered two children, but a problem has now developed in my sex life. My wife now tells me that my penis is not big enough to satisfy her sexual needs. Her words make me feel ashamed, and sometimes put me off asking her for intercourse for a week or two at a time. She now has a boyfriend, who she says is big enough to satisfy her. This hurts me a lot, and one time I beat her up because of it. My penis when erect is only 12 centimetres long, which is not very big, so can you please recommend any ways of enlarging it? I am new to the ways of your society, and this letter might seem strange, but I would be grateful for your advice. — J.P., Papua New Guinea.

*You should forget the idea of enlarging your penis, as no method has yet been shown to be even slightly successful. And even if it were possible for you to gain a little in length, it is very unlikely that this would have much effect on the problem that you describe. Twelve centimetres does fall within the average range, and is certainly sufficient to provide a woman with full sexual stimulation. It has been shown time and again that penis length really has very little to do with a man's ability as a lover in the matrimonial bed.*

*The* Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

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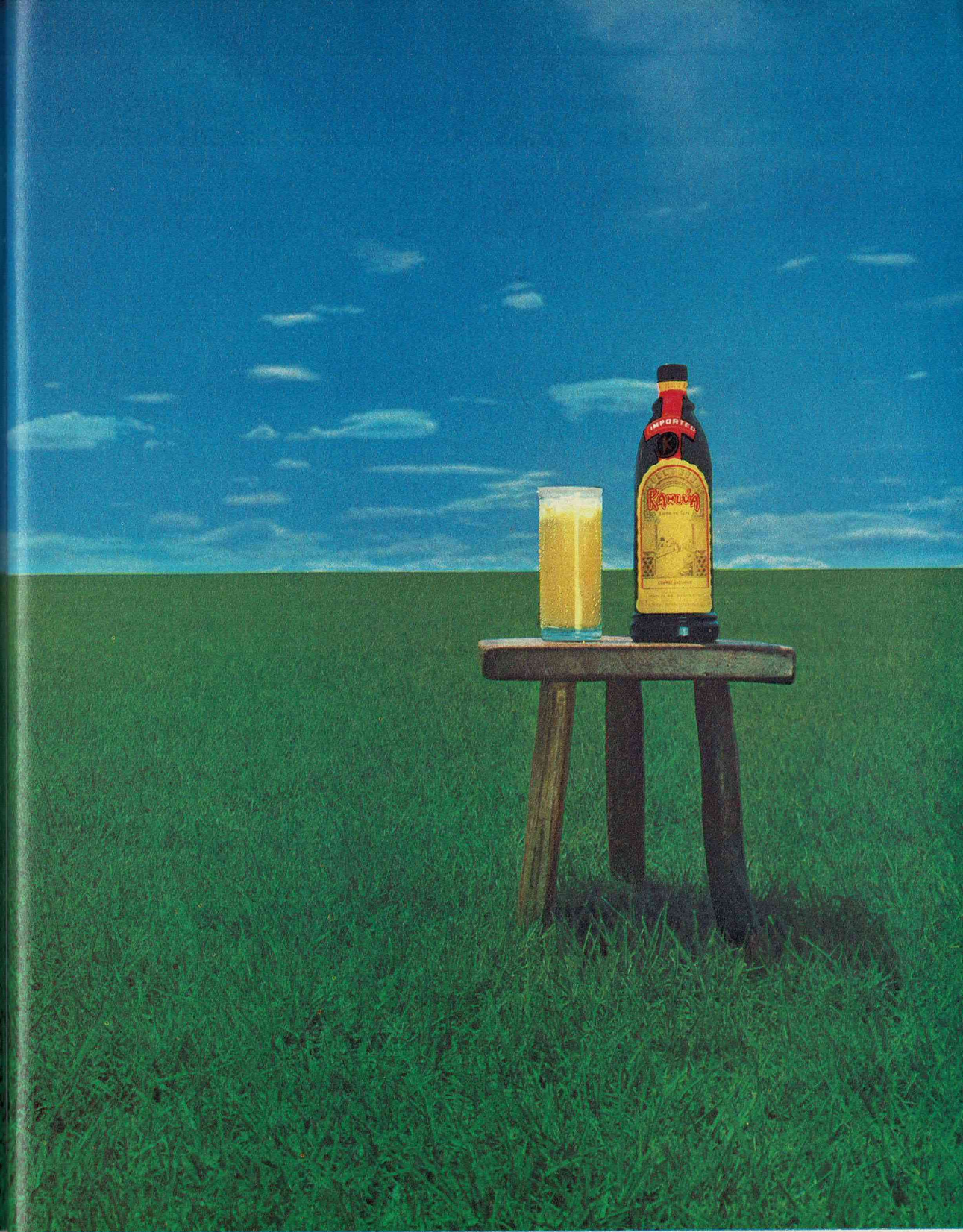


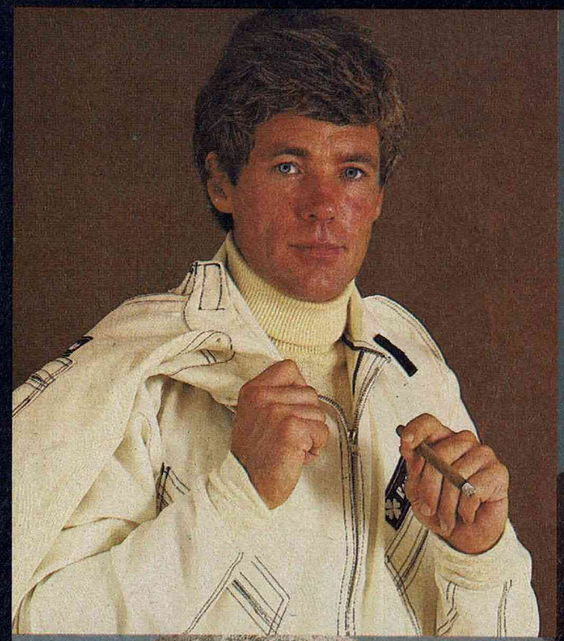

# TWO BROWN COWS PLEASE.

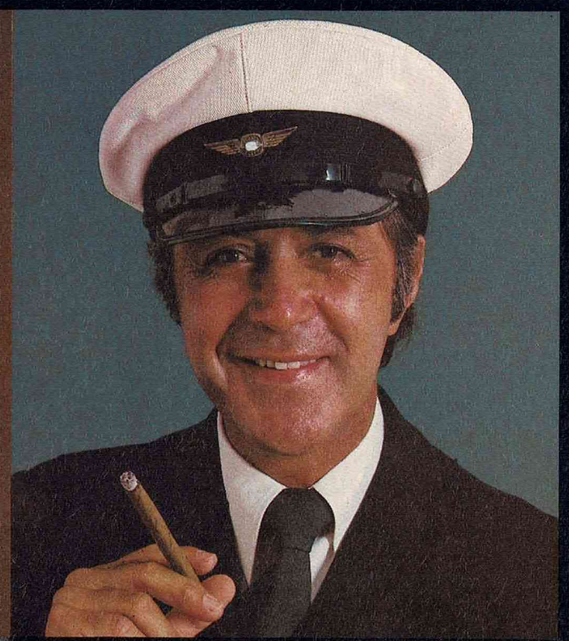
THE BROWN COW ON THE LEFT IS NOT A REAL BROWN COW. A REAL BROWN COW IS MADE WITH ONE PART OF KAHLUA MIXED WITH TWO PARTS OF COLD MILK AND SERVED ON THE ROCKS. THE KAHLUA BROWN COW. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES. KAHLÚA

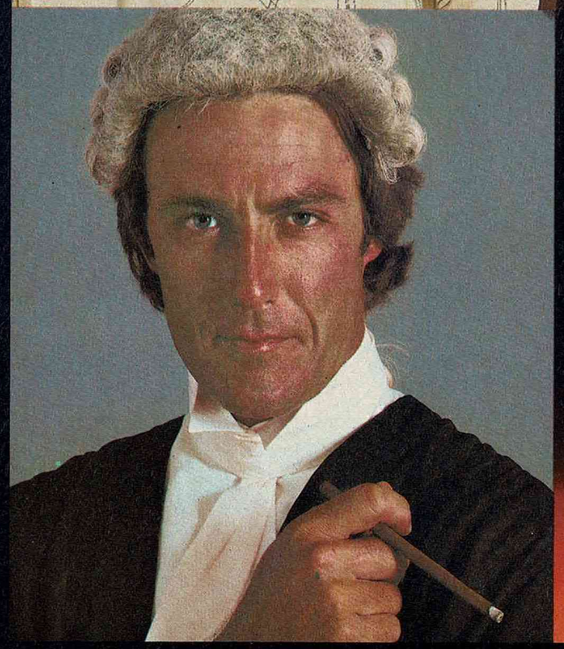
AB 120/80 GREY 1412

# Can you tell a Panatella?

A Panatella is a cigar with a lot of style. And Henri Wintermans give you three to choose from. The short, the slim and the long. Our short panatella is a long cigar. We call it our short panatella because it's not as long as our slim panatella. Or our long panatella. That's the beauty of Henri Wintermans. Always the choice of just the length to suit your mood. Try one in front of a mirror soon. Long, short or tall.







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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers*

### DOOM, BE IN IT

It's nice to hear that everybody is gearing up for the holocaust. Survival kits, bunkers and how-to-avoid-the-bomb advice are selling like hot cakes. Our group has beaten most people to the blow with the idea that it isn't worth worrying about. My friend has a nice secure garage underneath his home, and although it couldn't stand a hurricane let alone a nuclear attack, that's where we're all heading when the missiles start flying. We've got it crammed with crates of beer which we keep recycling with fresh supplies, along with various sorts of munchies. We've got a huge stereo system with lots of Mozart, Beethoven, Stones and Doors and we reckon that if our leaders want to blow us out then we'll oblige them all by making it as painless and as pleasurable as possible.

We've already had a few dummy runs and a decent "scare" when Carter sent the troops in after the hostages. That badly depleted our beer supply but it was a great way to spend a day. Roll on Apocalypse!

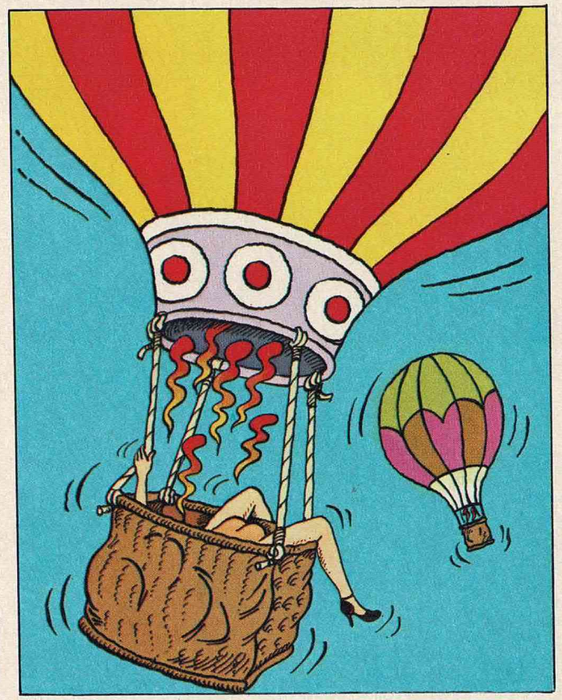
P.B.,
Albany, WA.

### OUTDOOR SEX

All power to the conservationists, but aren't they forgetting the most obvious avenue for generating publicity? Outdoor sex is enjoyed by far more Australians than one would suspect and part of the thrill of having it off outdoors is doing it in natural environments. Beaches, rain forests, mountain scenes and river banks are all ideal places and there must be many experienced souls who can search their memories and recall the odd earth-shattering sexual encounter in the wild; they're not easy to forget.

This is where the conservationists come in. If we're going to allow developers to clomp and clank all over the countryside, there'll be a lot of people who lose access to their favorite outdoor sport. We're blessed with a wonderful climate conducive to all sorts of open-air activity. As sex is about the most popular pursuit of all, and outdoors screwing is far more popular than puritans would have people believe, haven't most of us got a vested interest in preserving the beauty of our fair Australian countryside?

Ms D.W.,
Katoomba, NSW.



### FLOATING SENSATION

Thanks for the lift-off provided by Allan Moult's Ultralight (PLAYBOY, August). Getting off the ground is one of the ultimate forms of escapism, but I thought you guys might have at least dabbled with the idea of a bit of up-in-the-air sex. The only way for most people to join the Screw As They Flew club is to shell out the bucks for a commercial air ticket and then run the risk of having the flight steward catch you. (Now, that could pose added dangers.) It occurred to me that if the opportunity exists to control your own flight patterns, then there has got to be a way of combining the two escapist pursuits of screwing and flying. After all, it's got to be less dangerous than flying and drinking. Consider the possibilities: hang glider humping, and balloon balling — all in the name of sky-high screwing. Wouldn't it be just wonderful; so uplifting.

G.T.Y.,
Wanneroo, WA.

### GOLFING TRAPS

Lee Patterson was hilariously close to the mark with Sickies (PLAYBOY, August). The great Australian malaise in its purest form is truly unique. There's a couple of stories I can add to the sickies saga. I once worked for a company whose assistant retail manager was a golf nut. He phoned in sick on a day which coincided with the final round of an important tournament. The boss smelled a rat and decided to phone the assistant manager at home to check the story. Of course, the phone wasn't answered but the real truth became evident that night when we sat down to watch the golf highlights on TV. As the runner-up lined up a putt on the 18th, the cameras clearly picked up the familiar figure of our retail assistant among the gallery. His dismissal notice was waiting on his desk when he arrived keen and eager for work the following morning.

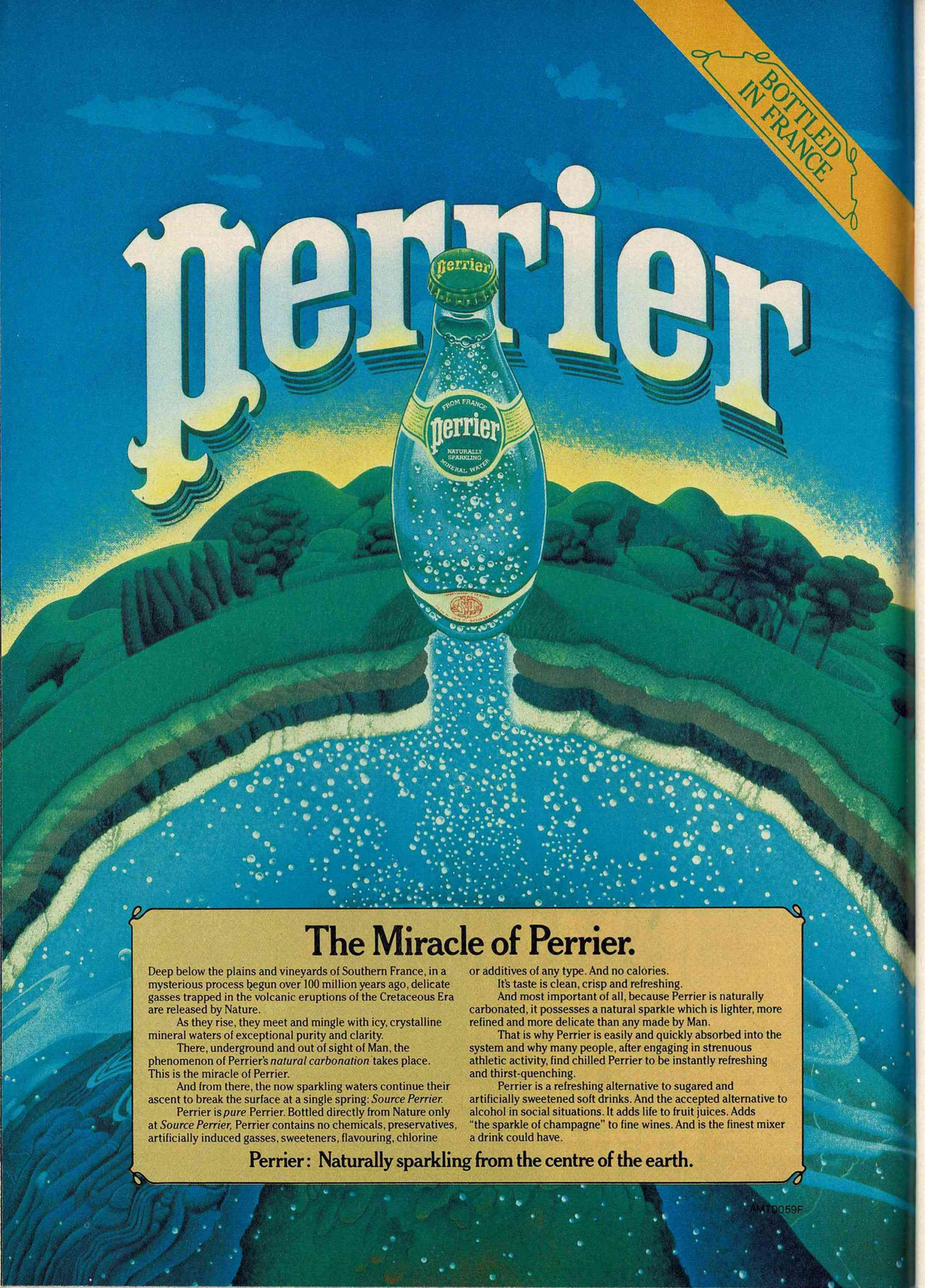
G. Clark,
Elizabeth, SA.

### AUDIENCE REACTIONS

It seems a pity that in compiling his fortune and rising to a position of great influence in the entertainment business Paul Dainty (PLAYBOY Interview, August) hasn't been as active as others in the drive to upgrade the facilities.

As one punter who has attended a good sampling of the major rock tours of Australia during the past 10 years, I can honestly state audience comfort has been given low priority compared with all the whims of the performers and the profit motive of the promoter. We've sat in mud and rain, overcrowded stadiums and halls, on splintery seats and wet ground and often as not to sample performers well below their best. With Australia being the last port of call on most world tours, artists are usually very jaded and unimpressed by our substandard venues. No wonder they rarely produce their best efforts here. Comparatively, Australian fans pay much higher ticket prices than those in other countries and we're served up something less than full value.

I know that some major cities are moving toward upgrading or building new venues. It's a long time overdue and might have happened much sooner if some of the "get-rich-quick" attitudes of promoters had

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been channelled into greater consideration for the fans who pay for everything.

Mike Taylor,
Strathfield, NSW.

It's possible the greatest truism in the Paul Dainty interview was his statement to you: "Unfortunately our business attracts the dregs." Paul Dainty is right that the entertainment promotion business has been wide open to the less than scrupulous operator, and there's little doubt that a lot of good money and faith has been swept into their undeserving pockets. But, a word of praise for Dainty. For one who originally came here as an intruding Pom, he wasted little time in associating himself with acts which were always first class. His choice of tours, including the Hollies, the Stones, McCartney and finally Borg and McEnroe indicates a judicious nature and also one completely conversant with the needs of this market.

If others in the game applied a similar professional approach, the Australian international tour scene would be in a far healthier state than it is at present.

T.W.,
East Bentleigh, Vic.

### ON THE PROWL

My neighbor is a great practical joker who thought it would be good value to drum up a few laughs from a number of reports that a prowler had been doing the rounds of our neighborhood. A few of the local ladies had reported the theft of underwear from washing lines and the prowler's visits had been so frequent that he'd become the main topic of local conversation and the cause of a roaring trade in security bolts. The only folks who appreciated the prowler were the guys who owned the hardware store, and my practical joker-neighbor.

There was a single girl in her mid-'20s who lived in a second floor adjoining unit and she seemed particularly paranoid about the prowler. Appreciating the potential for a few laughs, our joker purchased an inflatable sex dummy, dressed it in black hat and frilly underwear and winched it by rope up a common downpipe till it was abreast of the girl's balcony. The stunt backfired when our dog found the trailing length of rope on the ground and gave it an almighty tug. The activity attracted the girl's attention and she arrived at the door in time to see what she thought must have been the prowler tumble backwards off the balcony and crash to the ground. Her screams woke everybody and we arrived in the driveway to see the dog savaging a rapidly deflating form.

We don't know if the real prowler was doing his rounds that night and was disturbed by the din, but he seems to have ceased his activities. Meanwhile, our practical joker hasn't been game to retrieve his dummy and underwear, for fear of identifying himself to a very vengeful young lady.

P.D.,
St Kilda, Vic.

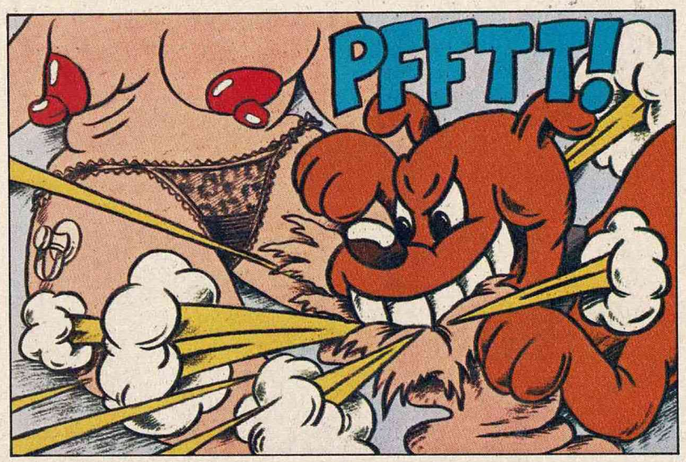
### MIXED MATCHED

Sex and sports are still two of the greatest outlets of all time. But consider the possibilities when you combine the two. During my holidays I was relief manager at the nearby squash courts, a job which gave me the chance to play a bit of free squash and meet people. During the evenings, there were these keen competition matches and I welcomed the opportunity to learn a few tips off the A-grade players. The best night of the week, however, was on Thursday when a lower-grade girls' competition meant that two of my regular and most attractive young customers would be in attendance.

I got on famously with the two, and our friendship had got to the stage where we'd have the odd after-match drink at a nearby club. I asked one of the girls out and we started sharing each other's company and, eventually, bed on a regular basis. Then one Thursday night she stood me and her partner up by not arriving for competition play.

We waited around for ages after the courts closed, but still there was no sign of our girlfriend. Meanwhile, our conversation had somehow taken an erotic turn so I suggested a quick belt on the squash court. I'd always fancied having it off on the court and as I pressed her up against the perspex wall and started on some heavy screwing I had a perfect view over her shoulder as her friend appeared in the corridor. I don't know who was the more stunned but needless to say the pair don't play at our courts any more. Not to worry, I'll be working my next holidays there and maybe it will prove to be equally rewarding. But, if not, I've got pleasant memories of games past.

T.R.E.,
North Melbourne, Vic.




### GUNG-HO AGAIN?

Without getting too emotional about the issue, it's clearly time Australia started considering the possibility of again re-introducing National Service. Considering the high risk of some form of international emergency, it would come as a big shock to military leaders to learn that the vast majority of the male population has no idea how to use a rifle.

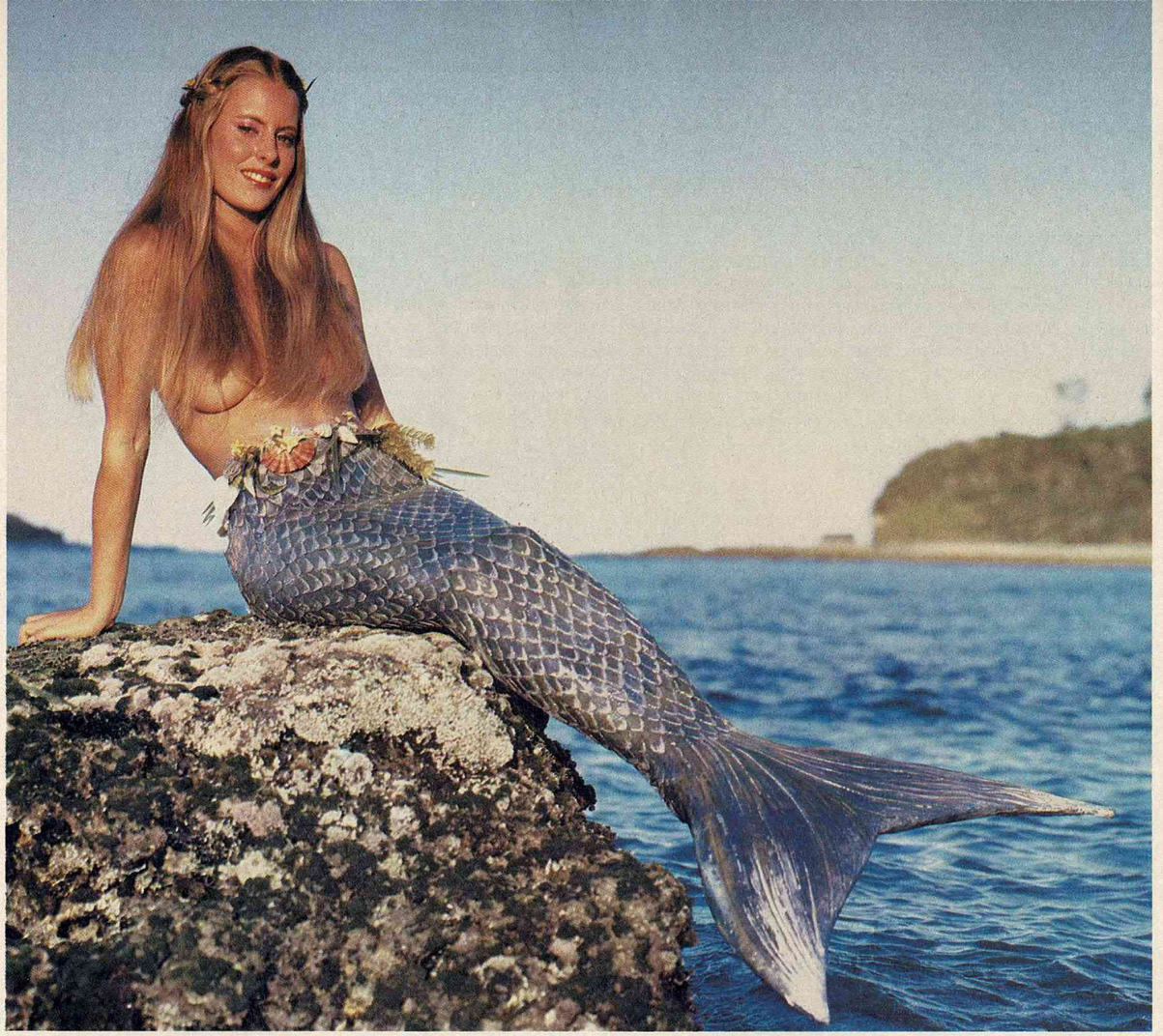
Conscription would be the perfect solution to many of the overflow problems caused by our recent immigration policies. For instance, I wonder how quickly many recent arrivals would head back from whence they came if they knew they were expected to fight for this country. The unemployment situation plus the high crime rate and declining morals of this nation's youth are additional reasons for considering the draft. I realise that such sentiments run the risk of being called "rightist nonsense", but isn't it better to have a defence force which represents all walks of life and professions rather than one exclusive to those with the gung-ho spirit?

J.P.T.,
Sunshine, Vic.

### MARIJUANA MADNESS

Congratulations and my vote of thanks for your story in the August issue of PLAYBOY on the attitude of our law enforcement agencies to the growth and the smoking of the "dreaded weed". As long as marijuana remains illegal, it will stay in the province of criminals who are hawking other really dangerous drugs such as heroin. Such types are, apparently, rarely caught. But those folk who want to live a quiet life away from all of the city hassles with a joint or two to pass the time are persecuted. That doesn't seem fair to me.

T. McL.,
Newcastle, NSW.



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ABOU EL HEIDJA, the son of the very rich merchant Kheiroun, was out hunting one day when he became separated from his servants and was lost. He wandered all night, but in the morning he found another hunting party — more than 20 horsemen with a handsome youth at their head. Looking a little closer, however, he perceived that the youth was a lovely woman. She spoke to him, introduced herself as the Princess Zohra and then, learning that he had been lost, invited him to partake of breakfast with her party.

Abou and Zohra sat apart from the others, the young man silently admiring the gracefulness of her figure and the amorous expression of her eyes. After they had talked a bit, Abou said: "It is very good to meet you thus by chance; I hope that we shall come to be friends."

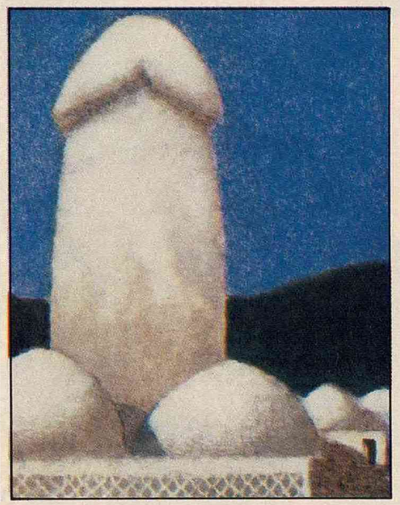
The lady replied: "Pure friendship between man and woman is impossible because, once their hearts are inclined, libidinous desires soon invade them."

Abou answered: "That is not so when the affection is true and without treachery. Ours, for example — we could meet here in this secluded place and all the world would be ignorant of our meetings."

In the end, they bade each other adieu, and Zohra went away to her castle and Abou to his father's house. But he could not sleep. The next day, he conferred with his trusted friend Selim and also with his body servant Mimoun. When night fell, they donned woollen *temeurs* against the cold, put on black turbans, buckled on their swords, and set out for Zohra's castle.

They travelled all night until, at dawn, they came close upon it. Mimoun and Selim sheltered in a cavern while Abou went to look at the approaches to the castle. He found it surrounded by a high wall that seemed impossible to scale.

When he returned to the cavern, he slept for a while until Mimoun gently awakened him. "My master," he said, "there is some sort of passageway in the mountain that leads in the direction of the castle." So Abou and his two companions took their sabres and began to feel their way through the dark tunnel. They came to a place where the path descended into a kind of vault and thereafter the passage was nearly blocked with great



boulders. But, by dint of crawling through narrow spaces and levering rocks aside, they at last came to a crevice through which light shone. When they peered through, they saw a dazzling sight. Here was a splendid palace room, cut from the living rock itself and magnificently furnished. And, too, wonder of wonders, here was the princess Zohra surrounded by about a hundred lovely virgins, all eating and drinking at a long table. The princess sat alone on a gem-sparkling throne, and she was even more beautiful than last time.

"Who are you?" cried Zohra. "Have you risen from out of the ground? What is it that you want?"

All three answered at the same time. "Your love," said Abou. "Fornication," shouted Selim and Mimoun.

Then Selim addressed her, saying: "Know, lady, that you see before you the three fiercest swordsmen in this kingdom. And know also that we are the three most stout and indefatigable lancers who have ever skewered a woman!"

"So?" said Zohra and she clapped her hands. Out of the shadows sprang a dozen women warriors, all fully armed, at least three and a half cubits tall, and very ugly. They quickly disarmed the companions. "And now," said Zohra, musing, "now that your faces are no longer concealed, I see before me Abou el Heidja, who has made a certain profession about his feelings for me and his two companions who have made incredible boasts. Are you in this together?"

They all swore that they were.

"Then," said Zohra, "we shall make a test. If any one of you fails, you shall all die the vilest kind of death. Now listen carefully, here are the trials I set." She explained that among her women was one Mouna who was famous for her insatiable sexual voracity — she had worn out hundreds of lovers. Zohra nodded at Minoun. "It will be your task to tame her and make her cry 'enough'."

As for Selim, he was to show his manhood by deflowering 80 virgins.

Finally, Abou. "You are to stay in this chamber among my women, naked, bound hand and foot. Some of these women will see to it that you are kept happy. You will keep that erect state for 50 days, and 50 nights too, without any help." Then she asked if they had any requests before beginning.

The men conferred together in whispers, and finally Abou spoke for them. During the tests, Mimoun was to be fed with bread and the yolks of eggs. Selim was to have a drink of camel's milk and honey along with a cooked mixture of meat, onions, oil, and chick-peas. Abou, himself, demanded a mixture of onion juice and honey, cooked with meat.

Zohra, though she seemed a bit puzzled at such tastes, ordered it should be done. Mimoun was led off to the bed-chamber of the infamous Mouna. Selim was taken to another chamber with several beds and a row of benches long enough to accommodate the line of 80 waiting virgins. Abou was then stripped and tied to a post and two pretty girls did some charming things to him for a few minutes before leaving him strictly alone.

Zohra, confident of success, went back to feasting with her attendants and listening to the music of her performers. After several days, she paid a visit to Mimoun and Mouna. There she found such a grinding and sweating and duet of animal sounds that she was quite dazed. In Selim's chamber, she found half of the line of 80 already disposed of, quietly sleeping on mats around the walls, and Selim thunderously calling "next". Abou she observed firmly at attention. And so it went for many days and nights.

Finally, one night there was a scream from Mouna's chamber. The door burst open and she came running out crying, "Get him away from me now! Enough is enough!" Just then a girl came running from Selim's chamber. "Quick! Stop him! He's finished off the virgins, and now he's raping the chamber guard."

Zohra rose up from her throne. One glance in Abou's direction confirmed that she had lost her gamble. Slipping off her garments, she walked slowly up to him.

And thus it is as the sages and savants have told us: diet maketh the man.

— Retold by Abder Rassi

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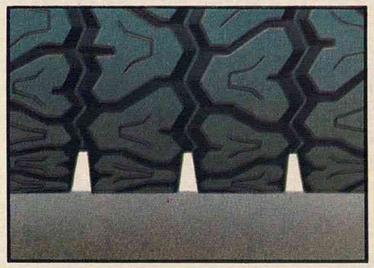

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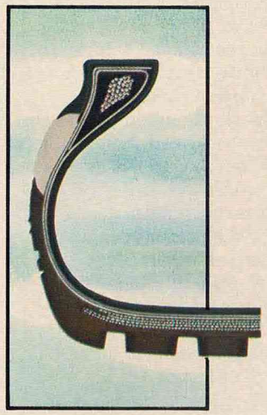

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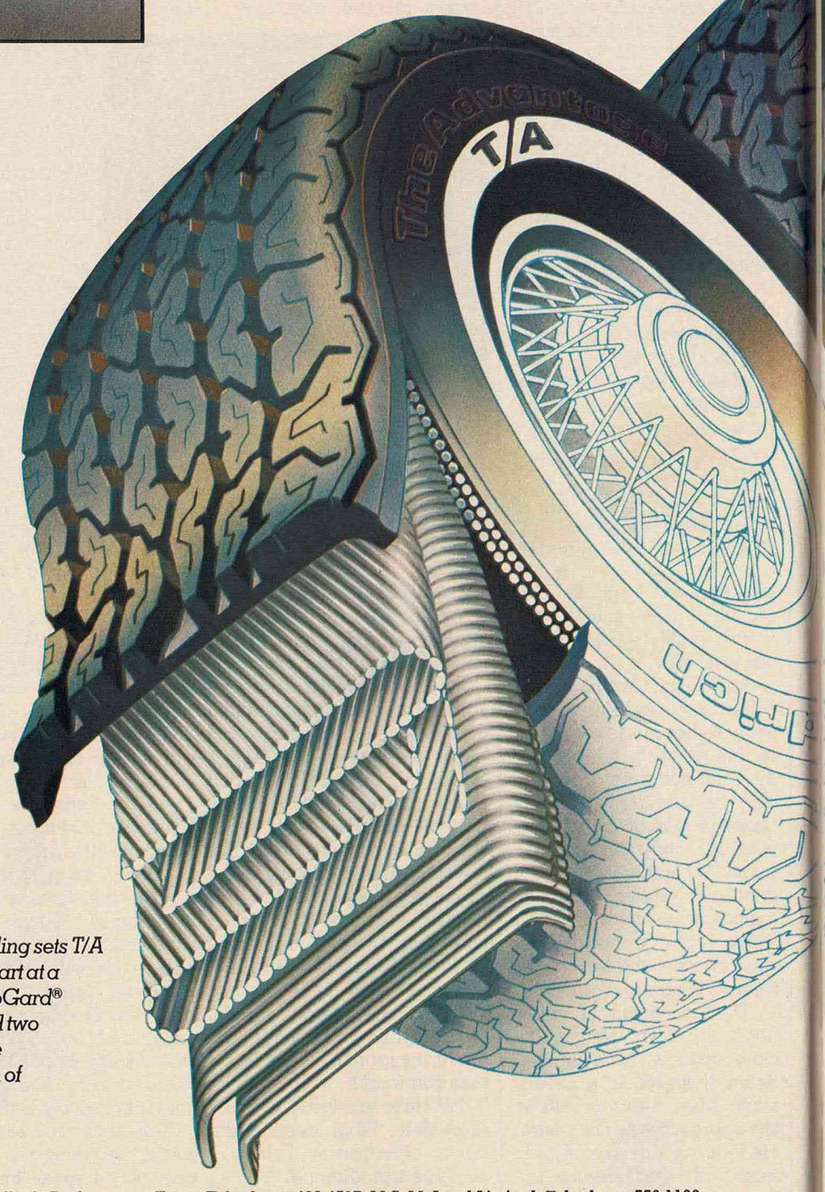


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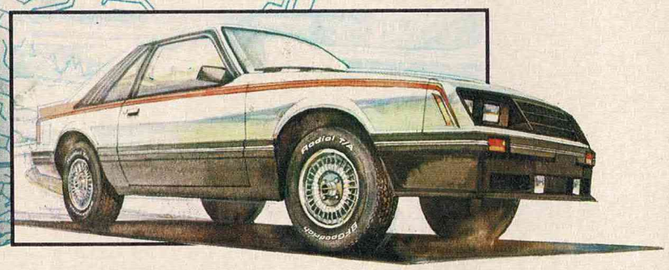



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Playboy Interview

# DONALD SUTHERLAND

## *don't look now, but the star of m*a*s*h and klute is no ordinary person*

*WHEN THE 1980 Academy Award nominations were announced earlier this year, one name was conspicuously not present in the "Best Actor" category: Donald Sutherland, the star of* Ordinary People, *the performer whose sensitive portrayal of Calvin Jarrett had brought to life the pain and stress of a very real American father. Sutherland, a veteran of more than 40 films, shrugged off the insult philosophically. He didn't tend to get awards for his work; besides, he wasn't going to worry — too many other things were going right in his life. Indeed, at age 46, Sutherland seems to be an actor coming into his own. His films have become big hits with the public. After* Ordinary People, *he has completed* Gaz, Eye of the Needle, *and* Threshold. *Audiences seem to relate to Sutherland — they like his flexibility, his lanky looks, his abandonment to his roles.*

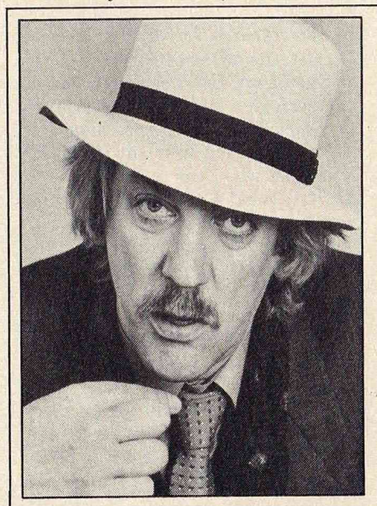
*More and more, it seems that Sutherland is becoming to filmgoers today what Humphrey Bogart was to movie fans of the 1940s and 1950s: an actor with fascinating and unusual looks, a performer who can play a dozen roles and make each one of them totally different.*

*What it may come down to is that Sutherland is a complete original, and Hollywood — despite all legends to the contrary — is a very conventional place. There is something about Sutherland, about his looks, style, ideas, life, that cannot be put into a box. His politics are leftish, and he speaks up from time to time. Unlike most actors, he has not built a career with much deliberate forethought; instead, he has made a point of taking roles that pleased him — he will play a cameo or a feature role, if the director is interesting. He's a wild man with money and spends it with unusual abandon — unlike many stars, Donald Sutherland will never end up owning the better part of downtown Arizona as a tax-shelter.*

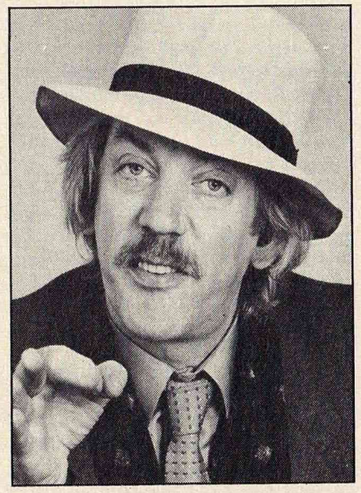
*And as for the private Donald Sutherland, his life is both conventional and* not. *He's been married twice, has had love affairs with some of the most interesting women on two continents, has no interest in groupies or in one-night stands. A critic of traditional marital forms, he's lived for 10 years with Francine Racette, a beautiful French-Canadian actress with whom he's had two sons, Roeg and Rossif. Sutherland and Racette live together without living together very much. He spends most of his year on film location and she, who says she likes her privacy, usually doesn't join him when he's making a movie. "It's great fun to have Donald around when he's here," she laughs. "Here" could be one of several places: their Brentwood, LA, home, their sailing boat, a suite at New York's Sherry-Netherlands, a room in Montreal, or Francine's apartment in Paris. Sutherland's life is the life of a vagabond — with five bases.*

*Yet, it is as an actor that Donald Sutherland remains his most unconventional. His films are a study in diversity: in* The Dirty Dozen, *he was a child-killer; in* M*A*S*H, *he was a symbol of '60s anger against war; in* Klute, *he was the sweet/hard country detective who saves Jane Fonda from a homicidal maniac; in Bernardo Bertolucci's* 1900, he was *a homicidal maniac; in Federico Fellini's* Casanova, *he was the great lover; in* Don't Look Now, *he was an architect who presages his death in Venice; in* Invasion of the Body Snatchers, *he was a San Francisco food inspector who is turned into an extraterrestrial pod.*

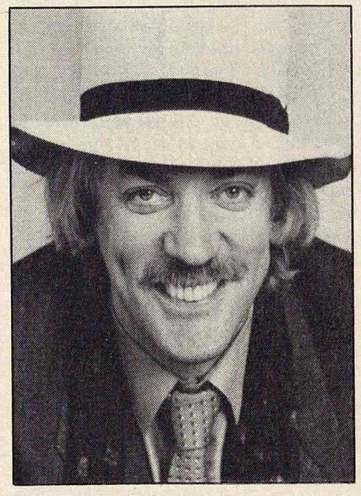
*Born in Nova Scotia, Sutherland spent a pained childhood feeling himself different from others: too tall, too sickly, too imaginative, and too creative. His peers then called him "Dumbo" and "Goofus". Sutherland spent his childhood developing a fast-paced imagination that would later fuel his acting talent. How he moved from Nova Scotia to Hollywood, how he survived two marriages, several career set-backs, the madness of the '60s and the dullness of the '70s — are*



*"(Jane Fonda) had come to Elliott Gould's house for something. She was still with Vadim. I remember that we touched hands. Just the tips of our fingers and it was really* electric."



*"Once the police raided our country house in New York. They were looking for Angela Davis, but she wasn't there. Angela, I think, was at the Holiday Inn — or somewhere."*



*"When I got my first erection I was convinced it was a venereal disease. I walked around for two whole days wondering how I was going to explain to my mother that I had VD."*

*all tales he tells to freelance journalist* **Claudia Dreifus,** *who filed this report:*

*"I first met Sutherland in 1971 when he was doing the 'Free The Army' shows with his then lover, Jane Fonda. This was during the height of the Vietnam war and what the Free Theatre Associates troupe was doing was touring military bases to give GIs an anti-war revue. Sutherland was a big, big star already. He'd just done* Klute *and* M*A*S*H, *and, to be nice about it, he was quite full of himself. My impression of him then: closed, arrogant, self-righteous, a pain in the ass.*

*"Ten years later, the Donald Sutherland I met on assignment for PLAYBOY turned out to be a very different man. The decade had worked massive changes on his character. His relationship with Francine Racette — free, and yet committed — had been obviously good for him. His career, which had been through a roller-coaster of ups and downs, was on the upswing again.* Ordinary People *was turning his life into pure joy — not to mention big money because he had a percentage of the film's profits. On and off for six weeks this summer, Sutherland and I met regularly in the dingy back office of his New York publicist. As it turned out, he had plenty of free time. A play he had signed a seven-month contract for, Edward Albee's* Lolita, *had closed after one week. Each day, we'd sit there with my tape recorder, with a huge pot of coffee, a mound of grapes for Donald's special diet and my reporter's notepad bursting with post-Freudian questions.*

*It was during our third interview session that I suggested that Donald was simply qualifying many of his statements — being too ambivalent at times. He looked at me sharply: 'I don't mean to be. I'll tell you anything you want. I want to make this a very truthful interview. I don't want to hold back.' And, after that, he didn't. He had told me that he tends to be passive in his relationships with directors and with women. He wants to please them. He said, 'Being a lover — and I don't mean in the sexual sense — is a lot like working for a director. It is a particular kind of devotion that has to do with me satisfying the needs and intellectual desires of the lover or the director. It has to do with* my *need to satisfy.'*

*"After a while, I began to think that our interview-relationship also had this quality. Donald knew that I wanted openness. Thus, he was* giving *me openness. When the interview first began, Donald was uncomfortable with the psychoanalytic approach of my questions. Over and over again, I would ask: 'If you were to describe who Donald Sutherland was, what would you say about him?' Each time, he'd answer: 'I don't know. I don't think about myself.' But I suspect, and the interview does prove it, that Donald can be* quite *introspective.*

*"The main thing I learned about Sutherland, in the time I spent with him, is that he's a man with a deep need to be loved and appreciated — more than most people in show business. When the ABC network did a feature on him, eight of his actor-pals were asked to comment about him on-camera. All refused. Sutherland was wounded beyond words. No matter how much Peggy Segal, his publicist, assured him that people like Bobby DeNiro, Jane Fonda, Bobby Duvall and Robert Redford just didn't* do *on-camera comments for anybody — he still remained hurt. The refusals hit him in a sensitive spot.*

*" 'You shouldn't take all that so personally,' I suggested. 'Hollywood people just don't have a Bronx street-sense of loyalty.' He was not mollified.*

*"What Sutherland does when he needs a fix of affection and affirmation is to look for it on the street. He is the only actor I've met who* likes *what happens to him when he strolls down Sixth Avenue. Strangers stop and stare. Autographs are requested. In response, Donald tips his Panama hat, offers a grin as wide as Central Park — and, for a brief moment, feels like he owns the whole town. As he signs autographs, he feels his ears are just fine and that he's miles and years away from Nova Scotia and Goofus; he feels that his life glows and that, yes, yes, he is indeed, very beautiful."*

*"But no, I don't like my face much. I'm not wild about my nose. I hate my ears. I wish my face was less thin."*

**PLAYBOY:** In a recent magazine article you were described as a "beautiful giraffe". Do you think you're good looking, as traditional movie stars are supposed to be?

**SUTHERLAND:** A "beautiful giraffe"? Giraffes are *ugly.* All I see is those long necks and the knobby little things on top of their heads. But no, I don't like my face much. I'm not wild about my nose, I hate my ears. I wish my face was less thin. And I wish people wouldn't come up to me and say: "My God, you sure look better in person than you do in movies."

**PLAYBOY:** Your unconventional looks must have had something to do with your early career, when you played very bizarre characters. Did you ever think you were in danger of becoming this generation's Boris Karloff?

**SUTHERLAND:** Boris Karloff? Mmnn. I never thought of it that way — but, yes. I was working in British television in the early '60s and the kinds of roles I played were often homicidal maniacs — but *artistic* homicidal maniacs. In *Dr Terror's House of Horrors* I played a doctor who killed his vampire wife. At the end of the story I'm in trouble and I remind the town's other doctor, "But you *told* me to drive a stake through her heart." He then denies it, laughing, "What nonsense." After they cart me off to jail, he says, "There wasn't enough room in this town for two doctors — *or* two vampires." Then he flies away. Let's see: In *Die, Die My Darling,* I put lifts and shoulder pads on, dyed my hair white and played someone with a speech impediment who was retarded. In *The Dirty Dozen* I played a guy who killed a child. And of course, there was the one that started it all — *Castle of the Living Dead,* in 1964 — and I played a witch in that. Come to think of it, it wasn't just in the early parts. Recently, in *1900,* directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, I played the part of a terrible, vicious killer. I mean, a guy who smashes cats to death by butting them with his head isn't someone most people will identify with.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet one of the parts you'll be remembered for is that of Calvin Jarrett, the father in *Ordinary People.*

**SUTHERLAND:** Yes, I can't tell you how wonderful my street life has been since *Ordinary People.* Now, strangers will come up to me and say they have a cousin who was just like Calvin Jarrett. What I get from the public is warm and wonderful. But it started to turn around before that, in 1978, when I did *Invasion of the Body Snatchers.* It was a freaky movie, but my part was very mainstream. For once, I looked like the guy next door.

**PLAYBOY:** Which was a relief?

**SUTHERLAND:** Yeah, especially when I consider the roles that were denied to me because of my looks. Once, about 25 years ago in London, I was up for a wonderful part in a movie called *Three O'Clock in the Morning.* I read for it and instantly knew I was absolutely right for the part. The next day I was taken to an office and was sat down as if I were a child about to be expelled from school and told, "We're terribly sorry. You're undoubtedly the best

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actor for the role, but this part calls for a guy-next-door type. Mr Sutherland, you don't look like you've ever lived next door to *anyone.*"

**PLAYBOY:** So it's always been that way for you?

**SUTHERLAND:** Yeah, I was always a gawky kid. I had polio and my left leg was shorter than my right, and when I was 10 or 11 I was a head taller than anyone around. My head was thin and long and everyone called me "Goofus" or "Dumbo". The implication there was that I had ears so gigantic I could fly with them. Once, during summer vacation, the other kids hid up in a tree and when I walked beneath them, they peed on my head. I went to my mother, who never allowed herself to be surprised about anything, and told her about it. She looked at me gently and said, "Well, Donnie, what did you expect?" She was wonderfully honest and would never lie about anything. I asked her once, "Am I good-looking?" She said, "No." But then she added, "Your face has a lot of character."

**PLAYBOY:** Which didn't please?

**SUTHERLAND:** No. Although I had a wonderful childhood inside my head, outside I was terrified about how I related to the rest of the world.

**PLAYBOY:** So far your childhood seems like an interesting topic to pursue. Let's go on.

**SUTHERLAND:** Okay. The basic facts about my childhood are that I was born in St John, New Brunswick, in 1935. My family lived on a farm in Hampton, a half hour out of town. We had a cow named Bossie, and pigs. As a child, I was sick all the time. I had polio, rheumatic fever, hepatitis, a mastoidectomy, two tonsillectomies — the first one was incomplete — and, basically, every illness in the book. I seemed to be accident-prone. Once my mother said, "Donnie, watch out for that stick," and the next thing I knew this big wooden stick was stuck in my throat. My mother had to hold on to my blood vessel to keep me alive until the doctor arrived. But getting sick wasn't all that bad. My father, who hates hospitals, would break his ass to get private nurses for me. I was my father's favorite. As for the family, it was loving, close. My mother was a minister's daughter and had a very strong sense of right and wrong.

**PLAYBOY:** And was being a kid, an adolescent, in Nova Scotia hard?

**SUTHERLAND:** Adolescence everywhere is; its normal condition is madness.

**PLAYBOY:** What about yours in particular? Were you a rebellious teenager?

**SUTHERLAND:** No, not at all. There was a lot of Calvinist feeling in my house. As I said, my mother's father was a minister and some things, sex, for instance, were never talked about. People now just have no idea how repressed the 1940s were — how dry, how sexually ignorant. My body's changes were terribly frightening to me. My first erection happened in a school shower. I had no idea what it was. Well, in school, we had been shown a film about venereal disease and hookers in Japan. No one told us anything useful about vaginas or penises or sexuality or anything we needed to know. All they said was "something" will happen and you'll get a disease and you'll have huge sores. So when I got my first erection, I was simply convinced it was a venereal disease. I walked around for two whole days wondering how I was going to explain to my mother that I had VD.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have a difficult time with girls?

**SUTHERLAND:** At first, I was mostly afraid and guilty — oh, *so* guilty! But I always had girlfriends — some really wonderful and beautiful women. But it always did surprise me that they wanted anything to do with me. The guilt — that was the big thing. My first kind of sexual experience — all it was, was kissing and touching. I must have been about 13. We sat on her back porch. She was wearing panties and it was so erotic. But as soon as we had finished, I jumped up and said, "I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" And I was kneeling and begging her to forgive me. God, that's awful. Just the thought of it. In the next couple of months, someone told me about masturbation. I had *no* idea what they were talking about. Nevertheless, I went home and then masturbated. And God, I have to tell you, it was the hugest shock! I never expected anything to come out from where I peed! When I suddenly had this overwhelming explosion, I nearly died of a heart attack. Needless to say, I felt this was Original Sin — this *had* to be, if anything was.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you always want to leave Nova Scotia for Hollywood and the big time?

**SUTHERLAND:** Oh, no. When I was a boy, I never wanted to be a movie actor. It wasn't within the realm of possibility. The idea of being a *stage* actor was fine. Hollywood was some place that you knew existed, just like Never-Neverland, but the real people didn't live there. And if they did, no one from Nova Scotia ever got there. What happened to me was I decided to study acting at the University of Toronto. I did school plays. I did summer stock. I did terrible work in engineering classes which is what my father wanted. Then, toward the end of time at school, I made a bet with myself. I had this small part in *The Tempest,* a hard part, I prepared very carefully. There was a very influential critic at the Toronto *Globe,* Herbert Witaker, and I said to myself, "If he likes what I've done, I'll become an actor. If he doesn't, I'll quit."

**PLAYBOY:** And?

**SUTHERLAND:** And he wrote, "Donald Sutherland has a spark of talent that illuminates the stage." So the year after my graduation, when I was 23, I went over to England to study at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. Very snobby. Very prestigious. Very, very British. It was there that I was completely miserable. And it was there, because of bad training, that I lost my voice. Oh, I had the most beautiful, deep, melodic voice! I could do almost anything with it. My teacher, Iris Warren, said it was the wrong octave for the English stage. She made me do exercises to raise it an octave and I strained my vocal chords and then . . . my voice was gone. I couldn't afford to go to high-priced Harley Street doctors to get it fixed afterwards, either. Iris Warren hated my guts. She once went up to an actor friend of mine at a school Christmas party and said, "George, you mustn't spend so much time with Donald. We have respect for *your* work." It was hard for me to be so — disliked. I have a strong need to be liked by the people I'm around. But ever since then, I haven't had much respect for acting teachers. That place was just not good for North American actors — they treated us horribly.

**PLAYBOY:** You were married around the time, weren't you?

**SUTHERLAND:** Yes, I first met Lois at the University of Toronto and we had lived together. When I was at my unhappiest in London, she happened to send me some roses. The next day, she phoned me from Canada. "Did you get the roses?" And I said, "Oh, for God's sake, get on a boat and come here." So she got on a boat and we got married and it lasted for seven years.

**PLAYBOY:** Why didn't it work out?

**SUTHERLAND:** Because it was a fix for my loneliness at that moment. But it wasn't a Life Remedy. Lois and I . . . even now we're good friends. She just wrote me the other day and asked me to send her some tapes of poetry I used to read to her. We did a lot of that, reading to each other.

*"When I was a boy, I never wanted to be a movie actor . . . Hollywood was some place just like Never-Neverland."*

**PLAYBOY:** After you left the Academy, your career improved?

**SUTHERLAND:** Oh, yes. There was a wonderful year working in a repertory company in Perth, Scotland, and it was there that I developed a great liking for Scotch whisky. By 1961, I was working in repertory theatres all around England and doing parts on British television, on *The Saint,* and things like that. In 1964, I did my first big feature, *Castle of the Living Dead,* which was shot in Italy and it was there that my film career began to take off. It was also there, in 1964, that I fell into the house of Shirley Douglas, my second wife.

**PLAYBOY:** What happened to Lois, your first wife?

**SUTHERLAND:** I had fallen in love with a woman, a secret woman. We were together for about a year, furtively. When that relationship ended, so did the marriage. Everything just fell apart. For a while after that, I lived with yet another woman, a really beautiful and intelligent actress. And then came Italy and Shirley. But the marriage to Lois just basically ended the way it began: it ran its course. It just stopped. It was like a bus ride. I got on the bus and then I got off. Now, my second marriage to Shirley wasn't like that *at all.* With her, it was more like flagging a bus — and getting run over. Shirley . . . Shirley, she's a very complex and interesting woman. Her father was the head of the New Democratic Party — which is the left political party in Canada. I was attracted to Shirley in the same way I'm still attracted to her. She's a very dynamic, very powerful, extraordinary person. From the first, we didn't make a very good couple. Our needs were so different. But, in 1966 when it turned out that she was pregnant, it wasn't so much like a burden — it was a gift. It was like, "Ah, thank God, maybe this will make the thing work for us." I mean, we *loved* each other. So we got married in the middle of the filming of *The Dirty Dozen.* John Cassavetes was my best man. Shirley and I had three or four very difficult years ahead. We stayed together under the most difficult of circumstances until . . . until I met another woman.

**PLAYBOY:** Jane Fonda?

**SUTHERLAND:** Yes.

**PLAYBOY:** We'll talk about that later. Why exactly did you and Shirley have such a stormy time?

**SUTHERLAND:** Things didn't work out because her life and my life didn't fit together. We had twins, and they were wonderful. But we were pulling apart all the time. Shirley was "the boss" in the marriage. My role in the relationship was to be inferior on as many levels as possible. When my career really took off with *The Dirty Dozen* and with *M*A*S*H,* I think my success became very, very difficult for her to take.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you do a lot of drinking during that marriage?

**SUTHERLAND:** Drinking is an understatement for what we did: a bottle of Scotch a day.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you drink a lot together?

**SUTHERLAND:** I think we drank a lot — apart. We'd start the day by getting up and filling an orange juice glass with Scotch. And things went on from there. Oh, God, I remember . . . once in 1967, we had just moved to Los Angeles from Europe. *The Dirty Dozen* had come out and it seemed a good idea to be near the work in LA. Well, Shirley thought it was very important for us to live in Beverly Hills because "the schools are better for the kids". We didn't have two cents to live on. But somehow, Shirley borrowed $50,000 from a bank in England and we moved into one of the most expensive rental houses in all Beverly Hills. Well, we lived there — without money for clothes or food or even the whisky and four packs of

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cigarettes a day we were doing. One day, after making a total ass of myself at a Hollywood producer's home, I stopped drinking.

**PLAYBOY:** You just stopped flat?

**SUTHERLAND:** Yes. That and smoking. All at once. It was Monday and I said, "On Saturday night, at midnight, I will go to bed and never smoke any cigarettes or drink whisky again." And I never have. I *do* drink wine. But whisky . . . I hate being out of control.

**PLAYBOY:** From what we have read, Shirley was very involved in radical politics and while you were quite sympathetic, you were less of an activist. Did that make for conflicts?

**SUTHERLAND:** Oh yes. I was an actor, *am* an actor. I might imbue my work with political sensibilities, but I am an actor first. As for Shirley, she spent some of her time on street corners trying to convert any black person she met to the Black Panther Party. We were making *M*A*S*H* at the time — and the whole thing was very maddening. If you look at *M*A*S*H* again, you'll see me get into a fluster about something during one scene. Elliott Gould puts a spoon in my mouth and calls me "Shirley". That's because he was making fun of me and the kind of turmoil going on in my house.

**PLAYBOY:** Turmoil? The FBI *raided* your house; that's more than turmoil — that's big trouble.

**SUTHERLAND:** That actually happened a couple of times. Once the police raided our country house in New York. They were looking for Angela Davis, but she wasn't there. Angela, I think, was at the Holiday Inn — or somewhere. But the really awful raid was while I was in Yugoslavia making *Kelly's Heroes*. Our house in Los Angeles was raided and Shirley was charged with conspiracy to raise money for firearms for the Black Panthers — or something wild like that. They scared the living bejesus out of my kids and harassed them.

**PLAYBOY:** And what did you do in Yugoslavia when you heard about the FBI raid?

**SUTHERLAND:** It was not the best news to hear. But filming *Kelly's Heroes* was a bummer on a lot of scores. I nearly died there in Yugoslavia. Spinal meningitis. I was in a coma, I remember being inside my body and looking out. And I could see through my eyelids. Doctors at the bottom of the bed were talking, and I couldn't understand a damn word because they all spoke Serbo-Croatian. I guess they were saying I was dying. They phoned Shirley and told her that I would be dead before she arrived. Shirley flew to Yugoslavia — and apparently made these funeral arrangements for me in England. When she got there, I was alive. It was an awkward moment for the relationship. For the first time in about six months, she embraced me. I couldn't tell her that in lifting me up off the bed and embracing me the way she did, she was causing me more pain than I ever experienced in my life. Our relationship had really turned terrible by that time. I mean, she could hardly kiss me.

**PLAYBOY:** You mentioned *M*A*S*H*. Was it fun for you to work with Robert Altman?

**SUTHERLAND:** I wouldn't say it was fun. I loved Elliott (Gould) and a lifetime friendship was made there. But I was having a hard time with Shirley, and *M*A*S*H* was a very "group" kind of thing. I'm not good in groups. People were doing a lot of dope then. I was "Elliott's friend". I wasn't Altman's first choice for the part anyway. He had wanted James Garner. But Otto Preminger, the producer, had seen me in *The Dirty Dozen* and it was he who wanted me. The whole experience was very strange, very confused. Altman had thrown the script away and he'd fired the camerman. Bob was directing it in such a way that we didn't do the same sound-take for a close-up or a medium shot. We said different things. I don't know how the sound editor got it all together. I hope he got an Oscar. He sure deserved a citation from God because he did a genius job on it.

*"I wouldn't say it (M*A*S*H) was fun. I wasn't Altman's first choice for the part. He had wanted James Garner."*

**PLAYBOY:** Did the stardom that came with *M*A*S*H* feel good?

**SUTHERLAND:** It felt good for Elliott. For me, it was a mixed thing. But I do remember coming to New York after *M*A*S*H*, and Elliott was at the height of his success and people just mobbed him wherever he went. We went into this wonderful restaurant and he ordered a bottle of Chateau LaFite de Rothschild, 1949, and then everyone else in the restaurant was looking at us. Four waiters in white tails brought us the wine. The wine was sniffed and poured and approved of and Elliott swirled it around in his mouth. Then he looked up at the waiter, grinned idiotically and let the wine drip out of his mouth on to his suit. The reaction in the restaurant was one of the funniest sights you've ever seen in your life. Nobody laughed.

**PLAYBOY:** And it was through Elliott that you met Jane Fonda?

**SUTHERLAND:** Yes. She had come to Elliott Gould's house for something. She was still with Roger Vadim at the time. I remember we touched hands — just the tips of our fingers and it was really *electric*. A couple of days later, she came to my kitchen and we talked. Jane was going through huge changes at the time. She was just about to leave Vadim. She and a companion had travelled across the United States and she had seen her own country from a completely new perspective. In a first-hand way, Jane was learning about Indians, ghettos, poverty — things she had only known about abstractly before. And she was so very open to everything she was seeing. She soon announced herself as a radical and became an activist. Well, at the same time that Jane was going through this. . . we fell in love. I left Shirley — though Jane and I never really lived together continuously. Basically, our three years together were a time when we were both experimenting and seeking: politically, emotionally, personally. I lived mostly in rented rooms. At the Chateau Marmont in LA, in a loft in Chelsea in New York while we were making *Klute*.

**PLAYBOY:** What was it like to mix up your personal, political and professional lives?

**SUTHERLAND:** It was one big bowl of soup and it was terrific, wonderful. You couldn't ask for a more generous, exciting, funny, sensual woman than Jane. I loved her with all my heart. As we talk now, I have a vision of her — of how funky she looked with a curly wig in *Steelyard Blues*. Jane would talk a great deal about "fragmentation" — about how painful it was not to live a life with "a centre". We fought, we struggled, not to live fragmented lives.

**PLAYBOY:** Whose idea were the Free the Army shows that you, Jane and others did in the early 1970s?

**SUTHERLAND:** Jane's — and also Howard Levy's, who was an ex-Army captain court-martialled for refusing to train Green Berets. What we did was tour military bases — here and in the far East — and put on anti-war revues. My part was to read the final passage from Dalton Trumbo's work *Johnny Got His Gun* — the section where the guy wakes up and discovers he has no arms or legs. The idea behind FTA was to show GIs — and this was during the heat of the Vietnam War — that not all performers were Bob Hope. We gave them mild anti-war satires and they loved

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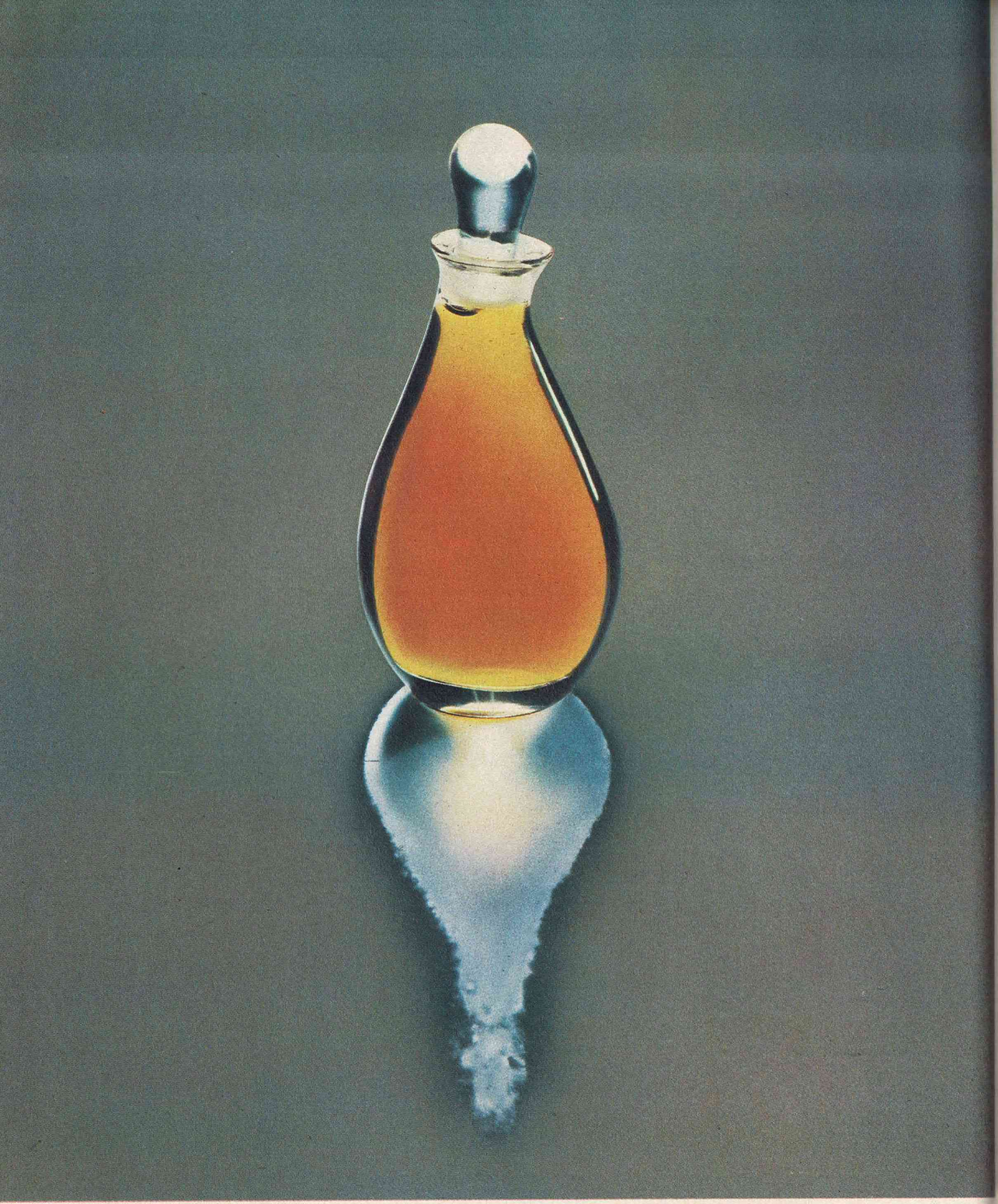

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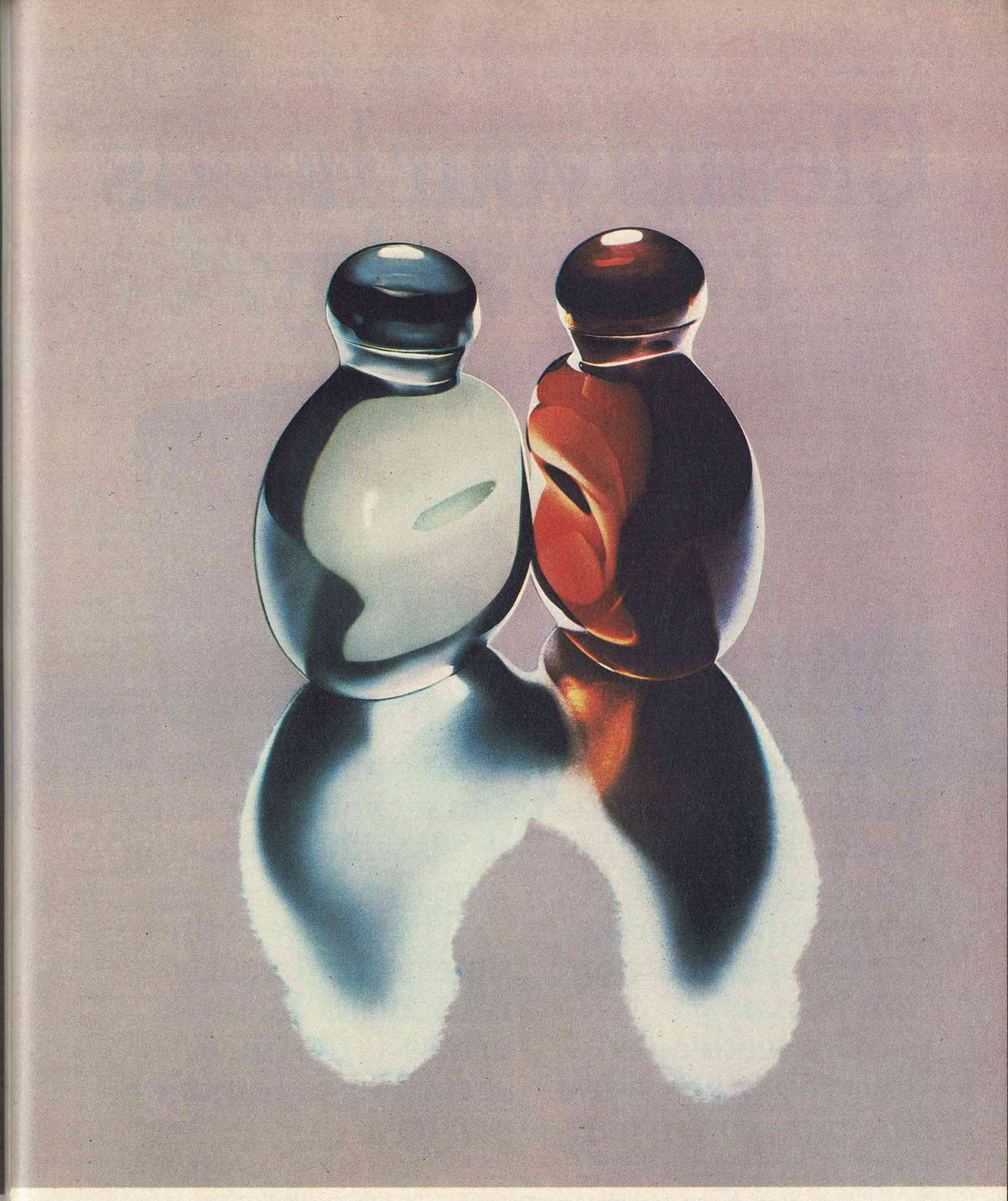

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it. GIs hated that war, hated what they were being forced to do. Wherever we'd go, soldiers would come up to us and tell us of atrocities they'd committed, of the bad dreams they were having because of it, about how much they wanted the war to end. For me, I had no trouble participating in that kind of protest. I didn't like doing anything political within the United States — because I am, after all, Canadian. But there was a huge Canadian participation in the war — and so I felt, on this, I had a right. The FTA shows were incredibly important to me on a personal level. I had experienced these incredible successes with *Klute* and *M*A*S*H* and it would have been real easy to become overwhelmed by big-star fantasies. The tours always brought me down to earth. You can't feel like you're such hot stuff when you're in the Philippines and some soldier is telling you about how his best friend was blown up for nothing.

**PLAYBOY:** Did your participation in the FTA hurt your career?

**SUTHERLAND:** I came back and my career fell apart. I was considered one of the major "bankable" stars, along with Streisand and Redford and folks like that, just before I left. And then, you know, I just go off to the Far East with Jane for a year. When I came back, I was broke and there were a lot of people in the filmmaking community who weren't particularly happy with my political position. While my films remained strong in Europe, nothing really big happened for me until *Don't Look Now*.

**PLAYBOY:** During the years you were with Jane, her every movement was monitored by the government. What was it like to have a relationship under FBI surveillance?

**SUTHERLAND:** Funny. Every call was bugged, so you talked in code and gobbledygook. We'd have a super-secret rendezvous plan. We had a house . . . or *she* had a house — with a garage on one street, a front door on another, and a back door on a third street. I'd leave the house at night, drive around the block and drive back to the garage, which had a door that lead directly to the bedroom, and then we'd go to sleep. For a good year, nobody knew that we were together despite all the surveillance. We had a wonderful time. We'd laugh about it. But once — and this wasn't funny — Jane was coming into the States through Canada, and the police kept her in jail and wouldn't let her change her tampex and other things. They laid it down heavy on her.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did the affair end?

**SUTHERLAND:** Well, to be honest, there never was the sense that it would go on for all that long. I mean, it was not going to be a permanent relationship and we both knew it. While it was going on, it was terribly exciting at all levels. Looking back on it now, those three years provided me the basis of what I guess will be the rest of my life. Jane helped me come out of an intellectual and emotional closet. In the end, I guess, we just fell out of love with each other. We had broken up once before we started the FTA tour . . . and then we got together again. We stayed together as friends throughout most of the FTA tour. Jane had a lot of other work. She was going in a whole other way.

**PLAYBOY:** Was the break-up related to Tom Hayden? (Fonda's husband.)

**SUTHERLAND:** No. Not really. No, it wasn't. It was just over.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you do after that?

**SUTHERLAND:** Shot myself (laughs). No, what I did was buy a dog. I *did*. I bought a beautiful Scottish hound and I packed my bags and went inside my

*"Jane (Fonda) helped me out of an intellectual and emotional closet. In the end, I guess, we just fell out of love with each other."*

head. I've come out a lot now and again since then. In the period after that, I spent a lot of time travelling. I was in Japan and then came back through Europe to America. Got my dog and went to Miami. Went to Canada and made a film there. While on that movie, I met Francine and fell *very carefully* in love with her. I've been in love with her ever since.

**PLAYBOY:** When you say carefully, what do you mean?

**SUTHERLAND:** Just that. *Carefully*. Falling in love with Francine was like diving into a lake — and I was checking to see if there were any rocks there. Usually, I fell in love and I crashed on my head.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you meet her?

**SUTHERLAND:** We were working on this movie together and I took an instant dislike to her. She was tall and dark and very beautiful. She didn't seem to like *me* very much. For me, the need to be liked is very big. We were both then living at the Idlewild Motel at Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. She lived upstairs from me. She had a dog, and I had that wonderful Scotch otterhound. Most of our communication involved our trying to keep our dogs apart. One afternoon, I was having a shower and I had left my door open so that my dog could come and go. Well, the dog ran off and I ran after it — wet, from the shower, stark naked. And suddenly, there was Francine standing in the doorway. She took one look at me and ran away. She was back a minute later, though. She had not run away because she was shocked — she had run to get her glasses! It was funny.

**PLAYBOY:** What happened to the dogs?

**SUTHERLAND:** The dogs made love and so did we. The dogs had babies and so did we.

**PLAYBOY:** Today, both of you choose not to marry, despite the fact that you have two children together.

**SUTHERLAND:** *She* chose not to marry. When Francine was about 11 years old, her mother took her to the wedding of a cousin that scared the living bejesus out of her. She was literally so frightened that she ran home and said, "Please — I'll do anything you ask, just don't make me get married, ever." And I had a similar experience. But instead of going "to watch", I had "to be". For someone who lives day to day, the way I do, those two marriages weighed on me like a stone. I can commit to the future as long as I'm not compelled to. Francine gives me ample breathing room — more breathing room than the German Government would have wanted in 1939. You know, we spent our first two years together not being able to talk much with each other. She spoke no English — I no French. All we ever did was to communicate physically and eat and drink.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you and Francine decide to have kids?

**SUTHERLAND:** Well, from the very beginning, Francine wanted to have children. When she entered into the relationship, she said: "Listen, one thing you get to give me out of this is a child." I said, "Okay." I mean, we were in love. It was hard to go about doing it. She had to have all kinds of things done. You know, her body was not ready — there was some kind of blockage of the fallopian tubes. But as soon as that got corrected, she got pregnant in about three hours. Roeg, he was a pure child of love. I was present at both our sons' births and participated in it. It's very exciting and exhilarating to give birth to a baby. Our second son, Rossif, was born with his umbilical cord wrapped three times around his head. When I saw this, I nearly died. When he came out, his face was purple. And that affects you.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you been a parent to the twins you had with Shirley?

**SUTHERLAND:** They're with Shirley, of

course. I *was* a good parent to them when I was allowed to be alone with them. But it was never like it is now with me and Francine. I mean, we share *everything* — me and Francine. We shift and change our roles. I do everything from feed to warm the bottles to change the diapers. She does more than I do. But we do interchange. I wouldn't want to imply that we have a role-reversal. I'm not doing what John Lennon did. That wouldn't be within my nature.

**PLAYBOY:** Through all this turmoil, you seem like a man who likes — and needs — women.

**SUTHERLAND:** Oh, gosh. I certainly do. The women that I've been involved with through my life, have really been terrific. Basically, I do have better relationships with women than men.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**SUTHERLAND:** I get on better with women because, basically, I like making love with them better than making love with men. And I find everything about their psyche and about their struggle, wonderful — exhilarating. There are some men that I'm close to — Elliott Gould, Robert Redford, Sean Connery. But on the whole, I do feel more relaxed with women, more at ease.

**PLAYBOY:** You say you like making love to women better than to men. Does that mean you've been attracted to men?

**SUTHERLAND:** You mean sexually?

**PLAYBOY:** Yes.

**SUTHERLAND:** No. Only one guy. I have a friend, a make-up guy that I really like to go dancing with. I do have a wonderful time dancing and being with him. But it's not sexual.

**PLAYBOY:** Freud says that the two things that motivate a human being are love and work — but we've mostly talked about love, about sex. Let's change the subject to your work.

**SUTHERLAND:** Sometimes the feeling is the same, you know. When I'm acting, I'm kind of a . . . concubine to the director. I mean that quite seriously. My job is to understand the character and give the director what he wants. What I have to do is satisfy him. It is very intimate, very sensuous, very loving to do that. The director ends up liking you because you satisfy him and you end up loving him because it is very satisfying making someone else happy. It's like being a good lover to someone — wonderful. With Nick Roeg, with Federico Fellini, with John Schlesinger, with Bob Redford — I think I've been a very good lover.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you always have this attitude about acting?

**SUTHERLAND:** Oh, no. I used to think the actor was all-important. The truth is that filmmaking is about directors, and when I made *Klute* with Pakula there were real problems. I had a very specific way I wanted the character to be — a different way from Alan's. I wanted Klute to come to New York with a Pennsylvania Dutch accent and I wanted him to be more shocked by the decadence of the place . . . the shopping bag ladies, the poverty, the extreme wealth. Well, all of this made for big problems between me and Alan. It was, after all, *his* movie and my ideas were outside the context of the film. Alan . . . Alan, he's an interesting man. He has a wonderful area on his back — from the shoulder blades just up to his cortex. It's very straight and very interesting to look at. Basically, he didn't like me much.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**SUTHERLAND:** I don't know. Anyway, he behaved as if he didn't like me very much. Looking back on it, he was absolutely within his rights because I was behaving in a self-centred way. I was very self-righteous in those days.

*"When I'm acting, I'm kind of a concubine to the director. I mean that quite seriously. What I have to do is satisfy."*

Now, when I think about the way I was, I just want to cringe. Do you know that Jane and I went through a whole period when we wouldn't sign autographs for people? We thought we didn't want to be classified as "movie stars," that being "movie stars" was elitist and that by signing autographs, we were encouraging people to feel inferior. I'd get a letter from a fan who'd liked *Klute* and who just wanted an autograph for his daughter. Then, I'd write this guy a long political letter — very personal, no form letter, saying why I was no better or worse than he and that autographs were elitist. I'd sign the letter. Then a few weeks later, I'd get a letter back from the same man: "Dear Mr Sutherland — my wife and I would like to thank you for your letter. We thought it was really bullshit, but we cut your signature off for my daughter." Nowadays, I sign autographs with great pleasure.

**PLAYBOY:** And when did your attitude about acting change?

**SUTHERLAND:** I began to understand that the actor is not important with Nick Roeg and *Don't Look Now.* This must have been 1972. Roeg had sent me the script for the movie and then telephoned me. On the phone, I said, "Well, the character should do this and that." Roeg said, "No, we're not making *any* changes. The script is going to be what I want it to be. Take it or leave it." So I thought to myself, "Why not try this? Let's find out what it's like to not interfere." That conversation did change my life — changed my whole attitude about acting. Now, I think of myself as the director's plaything. Film acting, basically, is about the surrender of will to the director. Francine and I named our first son after Nick Roeg. *That's* how important the lesson was. Our second son, Rossif, is named after Frederick Rossif, the director of *To Die In Madrid.* Francine lived with him for many years.

**PLAYBOY:** *Don't Look Now* was a memorable movie. What was it like to shoot it?

**SUTHERLAND:** I really love that movie. Among all my 30 or so pictures, it ranks high as a personal favorite. But making it was *perilous.* We filmed in Venice and when I had nearly died from spinal meningitis in Yugoslavia, they flew me to Venice. So, when I returned to do *Don't Look Now,* I had this premonition that I was definitely going to die in Venice.

**PLAYBOY:** Which is what the movie was about — a man who has visions of his own death.

**SUTHERLAND:** And that's what I was having every minute I was there. A lot of my own life was paralleling the movie. I mean, I was death-obsessed. As a kid, I could tell you everything there was about dying. About how long it took Ethel Rosenberg to die in the electric chair, about how a man looks after he is hung, about what happens in death by drowning. Me, I've always been convinced that I was going to die by drowning and there I was in Venice with water everywhere.

**PLAYBOY:** This is beginning to sound like Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice.*

**SUTHERLAND:** It was! For one thing, I had vertigo, and the movie required that I do things like go to the top of a scaffolding in a church, way up, be hit by a board, and dangle there in the air hanging from a rope.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't film companies hire stuntmen for tasks like this?

**SUTHERLAND:** They couldn't get any stuntman who'd do it. The Italian stuntman who'd been hired wasn't given the proper insurance. He went up on the ladder and, halfway up, he came down and said, "I'm not doing it!" So I was standing there, and *I've* got vertigo, but I have no choice. The production didn't have the money to hire another church for another day. So I go up there to have some guy throw a wooden board at me, saying, "This film has *got* to happen." I tie myself up on a rig, climb 16 metres, and I know if I turn a bit too much in the wrong direction, the wire that's holding me will break and I'll be dead. Suddenly, for the first time in my life, I have no vertigo. I'm 16 metres above the floor. I had never done this before. I made Nick promise me that when I had swung, I would just come over and land on a platform he'd rigged. He had a camera there. Well, I did that, but he got so excited that he pushed me off the platform — and there I was dangling in the air again. The next day, Julie Christie and I had to shoot the love-scene.

**PLAYBOY:** *That* special love-scene? The steamiest and sexiest love scene in modern cinema? Was it embarrassing for the old Calvinist in you?

**SUTHERLAND:** Well, what do you think? You're in a room for eight hours. In the bed. Naked. Two guys with these noisy Aeroflex cameras are there and they're busy photographing your bum, your cock, your mouth, your nose, your everything. Yes, it makes for a little self-consciousness. Julie and I had an agreement that any footage that exposed either of our sexual organs would be given to us so that we could burn the negatives.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**SUTHERLAND:** Because I don't think that's what being an actor is about. If I wanted to do that, I'd just make blue movies. I draw the line on a certain kind of explicitness — I'd rather people used their imaginations a little. The sex scene was important to the film because it was a way these two people could express their love and their need for each other. But I do draw the line. I remember watching Bobby DeNiro and Gerard Depardieu in *1900,* in the scene where they both take this woman to bed. They were nude. Well, it seemed to me that there was a terrible vulnerability and self-consciousness that was inherent in the situation. It seemed to me a little . . . beyond the pale. And there are so many social taboos in male nudity and the male sexual organ specifically, that I don't see any value an audience can get from looking at my cock — hard, soft, or indifferent. The reason the sex scene in *Don't Look Now* works is because Nick cuts away all the time and breaks it up. You have something else to look at — besides the actual sex. I felt very pure about that scene. And very self-conscious. And very self-protective. Julie and I felt very honorable in doing it. I was dismayed later on when I heard what happened to that scene in the higher echelons of the former regime at Paramount — and I was dismayed at




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how much despair it had caused in certain quarters. Julie, I think, was punished for that scene by people who felt it was improper for her to do . . . I heard rumors that some people took the love scene out of context and showed it around in private screening rooms. If that's true, I really resent it. Because that was a beautiful movie, a beautiful scene — and it was hard to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you and Julie Christie off-screen lovers at the time?

**SUTHERLAND:** No. I was with Francine already. I don't know how that rumor got around. I have a huge amount of respect and affection for her, but no.

**PLAYBOY:** After *Don't Look Now,* you then played the fascist Atilia, in Bertolucci's *1900.* It was an ambitious movie, but a commercial failure in the US. What was the problem?

**SUTHERLAND:** There were so many problems with the way the film turned out. Bertolucci, basically, was doing an opera with Italy. As for Atilia — my character Atilia — he was two-dimensional and bordering on one-dimensional. That wasn't really my fault. Bernardo and I had different concepts of the character — and I was into doing it *his* way. This was after Nick Roeg. Anyway, I came to the part wanting to do something out of Wilhelm Reich's *Mass Psychology of Fascism.* I wanted to create a fascist who started out with fanaticism and a true belief that he was right. He becomes a bureaucrat, not so much out of conviction but out of habit. I wanted to create a bureaucrat who made people think: "There for the grace of God, go I." Well, Bernardo had a completely different idea. He wanted an operatic monster. Me, I should have known as much as soon as I saw the script. But, I've got to say, we *did* have some nice parties during the making of that movie. One night, we rented a hotel and we had a wonderful dinner for the whole crew with a bottle of wine for everybody. And a band. And a magician. And two strippers. At the head of the table, there were all these cooked turkeys and lambs and pigs and geese. Oh, God, it was wonderful! Actually, the big party wouldn't have gotten too expensive if we hadn't ordered a cream cake for each person. By the time we got to the cake, everyone was so drunk and happy that someone pushed their cake into the next person's face. Then, basically, what you had was an Italian custard-pie fight. I had to pay for a new ceiling for the hotel, and a new rug. I had to buy a new saxophone for the band. The stripper was the only person to criticise it. She said she had never seen anything so juvenile and she stomped off in a rage. But gosh . . . it was a wonderful party.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it because of *1900* that you came to be Fellini's *Casanova?*

**SUTHERLAND:** Well, partly. Actually, we had met during the filming of *Alex in Wonderland.* Fellini had a role in that movie. But when I was in Parma, making *1900,* Fellini came up with a friend and we had a wonderful little lunch together. This must have been back in 1975. I wasn't working that particular day so I drove him to Milan, and as we drove, he told me about his plans for the film. He said, "Forget everything you've thought or heard about Casanova. The film I want to make has nothing to do with anything else. It is about Italy and not remembering the past and about political dilemmas." Mostly, he was talking about Casanova's inability as a person to remember the past and learn by it. Thus, he was constantly repeating himself. As soon as he fell in love, the past didn't exist.

*"I had a wonderful house with a pool and a vineyard that produced 2000 bottles of wine a year. I think we drank the 2000."*

**PLAYBOY:** After a childhood when you were thought of as an ugly kid, it must have been a delight to be offered a chance to play one of the great lovers of history.

**SUTHERLAND:** It was wonderful, truly wonderful. They'd put me in my clothes and I'd sit there happily for 10 hours waiting for Fellini to call me. If he didn't want me, that was fine. I was happy as a pig in shit. They shaved my head, shaved my eyebrows and they gave me a new nose and a new chin, and I truly thought I was beautiful. Now people come up to me and say how brave I was to make myself so ugly. I'm amazed. *I* thought I looked wonderful.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did the movie take a whole year to make?

**SUTHERLAND:** It was only supposed to take eight months, but there was a hiatus of two or three months in the middle of it. The negative of the film was stolen. Someone broke into the vaults where it was stored and stole — raw film, negatives. They took some of Sergio Franchi's film, some of Bertolucci's and some of Fellini's. They knew what to take. You see, you don't edit negatives — you edit prints. And basically what happened here was that someone was holding the entire Italian movie industry to ransom. Whether in fact anybody did pay for it, I don't know. All I know is I went to Aspen and skied with Francine and eventually we started again. But, as long as it took, some of the times during *Casanova* were really quite wonderful. I had a wonderful house with a pool and a vineyard that produced 2000 bottles of wine a year. I think we drank the 2000 within the first six months. The wine could get to the kitchen and no further.

**PLAYBOY:** While your European film work was artistically important, it did not help put you back into that category of a "bankable" star. Didn't it take *Ordinary People* to do that?

**SUTHERLAND:** Well, you know, over the years I've never stopped working, and to me I was never so much building a career as working on things that were important to me. It was more important to work with greats like John Schlesinger, Fellini, and Bertolucci and Redford. I had a lot of bad luck with some of my pictures. But I'd say, yes, *Ordinary People* was a completely wonderful thing to have been part of.

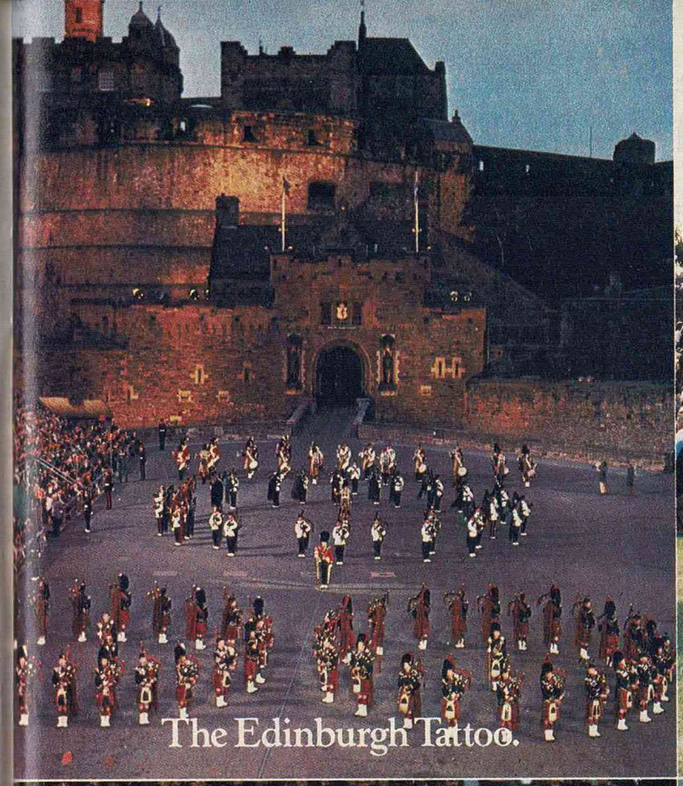
**PLAYBOY:** Yet you were ambivalent at first about doing the movie?

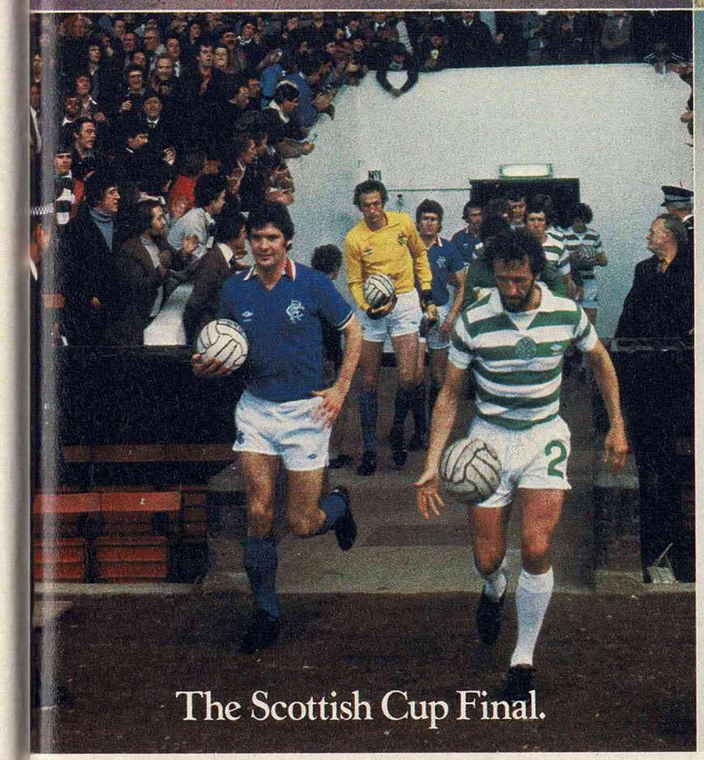
**SUTHERLAND:** Well, originally, they had wanted me for the psychiatrist. I wanted to play the father. I knew Bob Redford would be a terrific director — it would be impossible for a man as sensitive as he not to be. But it was a weird deal. They weren't going to pay me any money up front — just a percentage of the film. I was strapped for money. I was so strapped in fact that earlier I had refused a percentage of *Animal House* in exchange for cash up-front for my small role in that movie. God, what a mistake! If I had taken the percentage, I'd now be richer than Croesus. Well, who cares? It *doesn't* matter. I live with a huge debt mentality, anyway. There are debts still from my marriage to Shirley, debts *that* old.

**PLAYBOY:** How was Redford to work with as a first-time director?

**SUTHERLAND:** He was brilliant and beautiful — and so easy. Usually, when I start on a film, I'm always awkward with the director the first few days. But with Bob — the first few days were so much easier. He surrounds actors with a great deal of affection. And I knew things would be right from the first rehearsals at Bob's house in Chicago. You know, there's an e.e. cummings poem that I have a huge affection for, "somewhere i have travelled". Well, I walked into Bob's bedroom, and I picked up an anthology of cummings' work, and the book fell open to a page Bob had







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folded over. And it was *that* poem. It was an omen for the kind of co-operation and understanding that we had in *Ordinary People.*

**PLAYBOY:** Does it bother you that every single other major performer in *Ordinary People* was nominated for an Oscar except for you?

**SUTHERLAND:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** Come on.

**SUTHERLAND:** It only bothers me in terms of Bob Redford. There were people in Hollywood who gave him flak for casting me. When I wasn't nominated, for a second I felt a twinge of "Maybe Bob will see this as a criticism of his choice".

**PLAYBOY:** For a man who says he needs to be liked as much as you do, not to be nominated must be wounding.

**SUTHERLAND:** There were a lot of good people who weren't nominated — and there were a lot of marvellous actors who were. Besides, I never thought I'd get nominated in the first place. I didn't get nominated for Homer Simpson in *Day of the Locusts,* and I didn't get nominated for Fellini's *Casanova.* It doesn't make any big difference to me. It's the performance that counts — and how the director and the audience feel about my work. Audiences *loved* that movie, and they loved Calvin Jarrett.

**PLAYBOY:** Since *Ordinary People,* have you tried to avoid bizarre characters in choosing your roles?

**SUTHERLAND:** Well, in *Threshold,* I play Vrain, who's modelled somewhat on Dr Denton Cooley. And yes, my character is a decent, dedicated, brilliant, wonderful surgeon. But, in my new movie, *Eye of the Needle,* I play a Nazi killer. So, no, I play each part according to the needs of the director. I pick my parts because they interest me. There's no strategy. Otherwise I wouldn't have chosen to do *Lolita* on Broadway last winter.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you take the role in *Lolita* in the first place?

**SUTHERLAND:** I was living in a Frank Lloyd Wright house in Chicago that attacked me and it just caused *Lolita* to happen.

**PLAYBOY:** You'd better elaborate.

**SUTHERLAND:** It's simple, really. Frank Lloyd Wright designed the house I was temporarily living in while we were out filming *Ordinary People* in Chicago. From what I understand, he was having an affair with the wife of the man he was designing the house for. That man was extremely tall. So Wright, who was short and vain, designed the house in such a way that a tall person couldn't live in it without severe cranial damage. I hit my head *all* the time. It drove me crazy. Well, one day the phone rang and I smashed my head and landed flat on my back, clutching the phone. It was a young agent saying that, on my behalf, he was turning down the Humbert Humbert role in a new Edward Albee play of *Lolita,* because those were his instructions. I was in such a foul mood I was looking to get back at anybody, so I yelled at the agent *not* to turn down the play.

**PLAYBOY:** And in retrospect?

**SUTHERLAND:** In retrospect, it would have been better if I'd been knocked out cold.

**PLAYBOY:** There was a lot of conflict reported about that play which closed in one week. Why?

**SUTHERLAND:** The fault really was with the way the play was written — and also produced, for Edward Albee is fundamentally an anti-heterosexualist and he had the feeling that unless Lolita's mother was ugly, people wouldn't understand why Humbert Humbert is attracted to Lolita. Which is bullshit. Shirley Stolar, who is a wonderful actress, was really miscast

*"My work-life, my street-life, my family-life, they've become one full thing . . . I'm getting closer to someone I'd be content to die with."*

— and turned into a sight gag. I protested that. Anyway, the play closed, and I had my first vacation in years.

**PLAYBOY:** So, it's been nice to take a break.

**SUTHERLAND:** Yes, it was unplanned and unscheduled — and thoroughly delicious. Francine hasn't had me around for such a long time in years, and she says she likes it. For the past few months, I've done nothing except see my family, watch the ice hockey, sail my boat, and go for frequent sessions with a PLAYBOY interviewer. All of it has been very, very pleasant. You know, until we did this, until today, I never thought a psychiatrist. could be used for a thinking process. I've discovered a lot of things for myself. It isn't normal, because I don't usually open up so much in interviews. But this time, partly because of the amount of work that's gone into it and partly because of the vulnerable phase I'm in, it's turned out to be interesting.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it strange for a work-obsessed person to spend a few months without work?

**SUTHERLAND:** The basic feeling is good. Although my lawyer very ominously told me he was going to talk to me about my cash-flow today. So, I don't know. But the vacation is nice. I mean, I do *love* acting. But there's something about acting that is real madness. I don't know why that's true, but I haven't *not* acted in a quarter of a century, and it has affected me. I can now feel layers peeling off, and I like the person who's living underneath me. When you're working as as an actor, you can't be yourself. A farmer can work his land and still be himself while he's farming. That's why I think acting is crazy. I need to do it, but it's crazy.

**PLAYBOY:** And there goes that word "normal" again. It's important to you, isn't it? You said toward the beginning of this interview that being ordinary was an obsession for you as a kid.

**SUTHERLAND:** Oh, I don't know for sure. Normal? Normal? What does it mean? In the 1950s, in Canada, it was very important to be a "normal" kid. But, most of my life, I've felt a lot like Homer Simpson in *Day of the Locusts.* Over-big, innocent, unlovable, out of the mainstream, not "normal". As a kid, what I really was obsessed with was executions, with death. Well, now in the past three years, I don't feel like Homer Simpson at all. Basically, I stopped thinking I was going to be executed.

**PLAYBOY:** Why would anyone execute you? For not being "normal"?

**SUTHERLAND:** Maybe. But the fact is that three years ago, my life began to fit togther. Let me backtrack a little to when we began these interviews a month ago. I told you that my life felt good because I was winning all this approval — but the truth is that my life feels good because I'm getting hold of my whole person and containing him. My work-life, my street-life, my family-life, they've become one full thing. That fragmentation that Jane used to talk about has disappeared. The other day, Fellini told me how relaxed I am these days. Well, this wholeness leads to a kind of self-acceptance. What it comes down to, is that I'm getting closer and closer to someone I'd be content to die with. Do you want to know what the most truthful thing about me is?

**PLAYBOY:** Sure.

**SUTHERLAND:** It's this. All I want for my life now is that when people read this, the baseball strike we are having will be settled and my team will be heading for the World Series. If that happens, everyone can know that I'm peaceful, happy and optimistic. If it doesn't, I'll be sitting alone on my sailboat in a state of despair.

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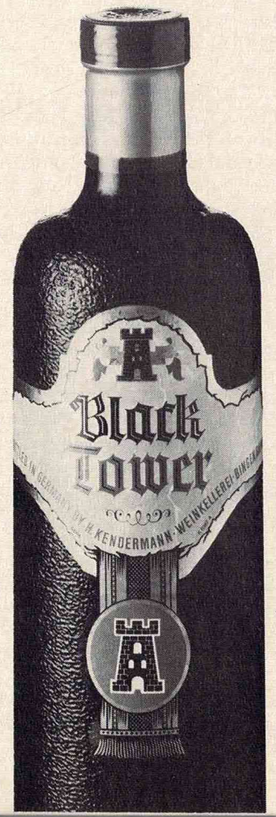
*We can't all be wine-and-food writers and know the restaurant scene like the backs of our forks; or have a cosy little Italian place around the corner where we're on middle-name terms with the chef. So if you don't eat out all that often, don't be afraid to take note of what the food-writers say. And listen to friends. At least you can get the feel of what the restaurant's like, what its specials are and what you can expect to pay. A little research like that and you can talk as knowledgeably as anyone about the town's best eating-places.*

### The outing

*There is only one rule: do it soon. In Australia, we don't take nearly enough advantage of our ever-improving supply of restaurants. It doesn't have to be a special occasion. Do it on a whim. Explore the ethnic possibilities. That way you can often eat spectacularly and still stay low on the price scale. For instance a good Chinese meal doesn't have to cost much at all. Add a bottle of good white wine like Black Tower and you're doing yourself very grandly indeed. Above all be adventurous: Chinese isn't all chop-suey and Italian isn't all Spaghetti Bolognese. One last thing: if you think it's not good enough, tell them so. Nicely. That's the only way we can help fix it.*

### The wine: to bring or not to bring

*Restaurants fall into two categories: they either have wine-lists or they're B.Y.O. Finding Black Tower on a wine-list is not only reassuring; it's helpful. When a number of different people order a number of different dishes, it's helpful to have a white wine this good and this versatile. Tell the waiter you want Black Tower and you're off to a good start. If you're bringing your own, Black Tower makes even more sense. It's a good imported wine that doesn't force you to plan your menu around it.*




### The setting

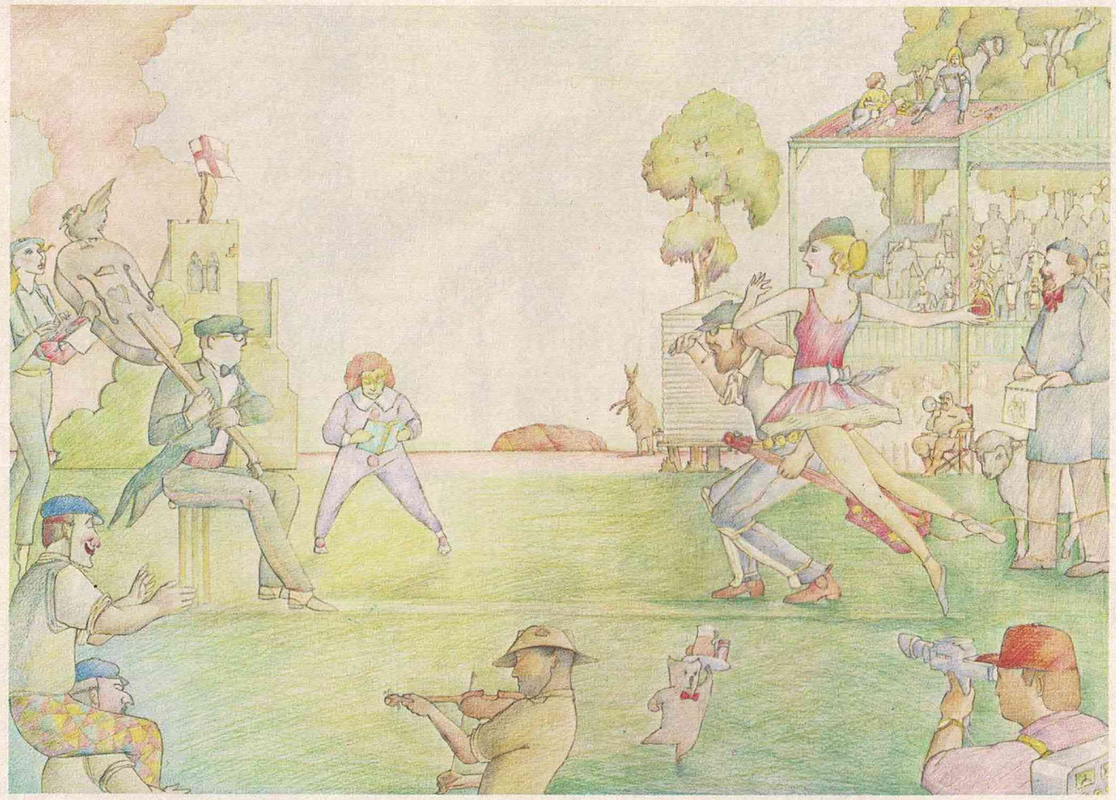
*Dinner Service is from Opus Paddington: called 'Black Magic'. Cutlery by Butler, from Jane Makay Imports. Salt and pepper shakers by Arzberg. "Connoisseurs Collection" glassware, handmade in Poland. Vase is a vodka glass by Holme Gaard. Flowers are Candy Tuff and Nareen from the Loyal Florist in Paddington. All on a white damask cloth. The Bentwood chair was imported especially for Hanna's Restaurant. Georgian grey shutters and leadlight door came from the Glenmore Road Antique Co.*

### The Black Tower

*The wine is Black Tower Liebraumilch, a fresh, fruity white from Germany. It should be served chilled. Black Tower isn't all that expensive and is absolutely perfect to serve right through your next restaurant outing.*

**Black Tower** Liebfraumilch
**White wine from Germany**
**Distributed by the House of Seppelt.**

D692 AB845/80



*Humor by Alan Coren*



# Have You Ever Wondered Why All Those Poms Look So Surprised When They Get Here?

EVEN AS I write this, a soft English summer evening closes over Lord's, like a khaki blanket. We huddle here in the sodden stands, stunned not simply by the cold, for Kim Hughes' frail and genteel XI has just shimmied off the field, back to the changing rooms to slip into their plum velvet smoking jackets and collect their cellos, leaving us yet again to answer the question that, were he here, Sam Johnson would pose on every Englishman's behalf. For, as with lady preachers and dogs walking on their hind legs, the astonishing thing about Australian cricketers is not how well they do it, but how they manage to do it at all. How, in short, does an ad hoc collection of antique dealers, poets, newspaper tycoons, gay dentists, Fabian intellectuals, ballet-dancers, theatrical impresarios, sopranos, watercolorists, and transvestites manage to put up any sort of show at all against the butch sturdies of England, men with imperceptible foreheads and forearms like hairy hams, men drawn from this island's breed of beer-swilling, monosyllabic and uncompromisingly hetero hearties?

I have not met the Australian team, mind, except for Dennis Lillee, whom I did bump into, naturally enough, in a broadcasting studio for, of course, he is primarily over here, like most antipodeans, in order to publicise and promote his new book. He was suffering with his chest a bit, as most authors do, and I pray only that he does pull through rather more successfully than John Keats or Franz Kafka: he is a sensitive and creative soul, with many more books in him if I am any judge of literature, and the tragedy of his being snatched away prematurely in his writing prime is one too horrible even to contemplate.

I did not meet his team-mates; doubtless they were elsewhere, polishing up sonnets, varnishing canvases, knocking up triple fugues while they waited to go on to the hated field and

earn the boring living which all artists need to bring in the rent money which their true vocation invariably fails to provide; but I feel I know them, the Marshes, the Chappells, the Yallops, and all the other gentle visitors from that Arcadian island in the soft Pacific sea.

For I have met many other Australians who live and work in London, and they are all, to a man, to a woman, and, quite often, to something not quite as clearly defined, artistic, witty, erudite, and elegant performers.

Many have become close friends, like Barry Humphries and his stunningly beautiful wife Diane who, as you doubtless know, paints charged and disturbing portraits. Barry wears women's clothes. They are what I think of as a typically Aussie couple.

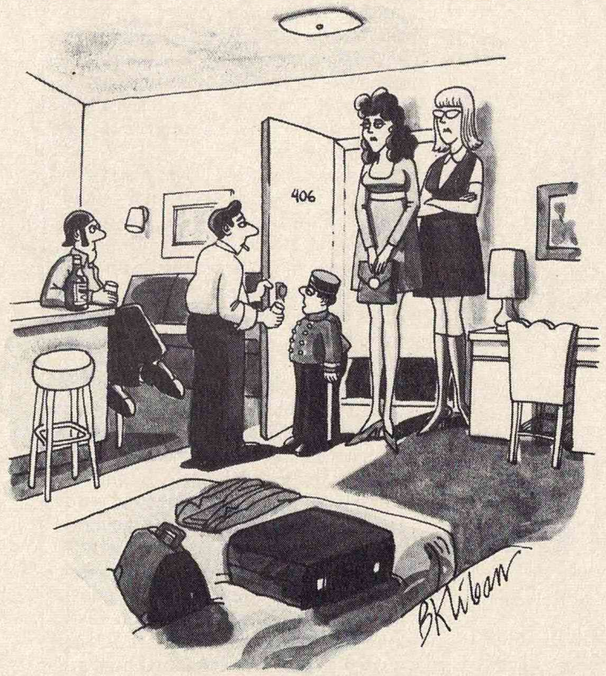
They live in a huge and elegant Knightsbridge flat, awash with fine paintings and furniture, and throw wonderful parties for actors and tired writers, artists and musicians and philosophers, which are high-water marks of the London social season, for these are strange and exciting for us in impoverished Britain, though I know they must be commonplace in Broken Hill and Meekatharra.

Then there is Clive James, a friend of many years' standing: Clive — as I am sure you are aware, since he is perhaps the most famous man in the world, having personally told me so on at least 30 occasions — is not only a great critic, poet, memoirist and lyric-writer, he is also a performer on the stage, on the radio, on television, and, indeed, anywhere. I once gave him a lift home after dark, and as soon as the dashboard light came on, Clive went into the Clown's Song from *I Pagliacci* with no prompting from me whatsoever. Clive's wife Prudence, is, of course, a Cambridge don, with the result that Clive commutes between that town and London, to the great joy of both fortunate communities.

Where to stop? What need is there to mention the great Robert Helpmann, the great Sidney Nolan (just, and belatedly, knighted by Her Majesty the Queen), the great Patrick White, the only writer in the English language to hold off the Nobel challenges of the Americans in recent years, now that England herself can no longer produce anyone fit even to kiss the hems of the great Australians? Joan Sutherland and Peter Porter, Nellie Melba, Maurice Gibb — how does a country so young and so under-populated churn out such genius, year in, year out? Where did they find Rolf Harris?

And where would my own poor trade not be without Rupert Murdoch, Savior of Fleet Street, who now owns every newspaper in the world except *Pravda,* and thank God for it, for a kindlier, wiser, more caring and less commercially besotted benefactor it would be impossible to imagine!

I mention the great names, the leaders, only because you know and love them as I do, and because you therefore follow me when I say that, although I have never visited Australia, I know *exactly* how it must be, to produce such talent; when I think of all those who are still there (for we, surely, see only a thousandth of Australia's human riches), the gooseflesh rises on my neck.




**"Now let me get this straight, you wanted a couple of *call* girls?"**

Nor need we dwell only upon the famous: almost every dentist in England is an Australian, almost every BBC announcer, almost every decent antique dealer. Stroll down Bond Street or Fulham Road any day of the week, and the man in the thousand-guinea suit, the two-thousand-guinea Rolex watch, and the three-thousand-guinea ear-rings will invariably murmur to you in the chic accents of the Nullarbor Plain as he offers you this wonderful Louis Quinze escritoire or that quite unique Sheraton sofa-table, usually just knocked up in minutes in his basement by two equally talented and eager compatriots.

And that, I feel in my heart of hearts certain, is why I have never visited Australia: breathtaken as I am with the whole shimmering idea of it, through my regular and astounded contacts with its absent sons and daughters, right as I know it would be for an aspiring scribbler like me, I cannot yet feel myself ready. It is not, lest you smile politely and murmur behind your slim and manicured hands, that I fear the competition, for, from what I have seen already, I should not even dream of attempting to compete. It is simply because I do not feel myself to be ready for the sheer *experience* of Australia. I do not want to waste an experience of Paradise through inadequate preparation for a proper and fulfilling appreciation of it. I am not yet, in a word, worthy.

I need to read more books; I need to scan more of the world's great paintings, take in more of her magnificent buildings; I need to fill these ignorant ears with countless hours of as yet unheard music. I need, in short, generally to tone myself up into the best aesthetic shape I can muster, so that Australia does not immediately consign me to the trashbin as yet another boneheaded and uncultivated Pom incapable of humming the *B Minor Mass* while simultaneously whistling *Die Meistersinger,* or of redrafting the *Tractatus Logico-Positivus* of Ludwig Wittgenstein into rhyming Sanskrit.

I dream of that Australian acceptance, of being integrated into a culture which, in my imagination, I see as a kind of happy admixture of Periclean Athens, plus Renaissance Florence and Elizabethan England; where, beneath a benevolent and fructifying sun, the gently dreaming young folk stroll arm-in-arm through the cool boskiness of the Arcadian groves, showering one another with fresh-minted amatory couplets, or passionately discussing new mezzotinting techniques, or comparing the many advantages of the virginal over the more brutally plangent harpsichord while, here and there, prima ballerinas spring suddenly from the lush grass like rising larks, magic feet twinkling, and languid sculptors idly whittle the eucalyptus trees into stunningly improved versions of Michelangelo's David.

The towns, of course, must be rather different, as towns always are. I have never, as I say, strolled the leafy lanes of Darwin or Alice Springs or Bencubbin, but I have a clear vision, through my London experience of Australian proprietorship, of how they must indubitably be. I see in my mind's eye the many winding cobbled streets of Wollongong stretching out seductively before me, shop after elegant shop full of the best that Hepplewhite could chisel, or piled high with flawless first editions, their leather smelling in the balmy noonday warmth, or tantalising the eye and wallet with the latest breathtaking works of the countless thousands of Australian painters with which the lucky continent teems.

Here and there, among the chintzy little emporia with their slim-hipped and slash-shirted assistants, nestles a quiet cafe or two, much in the manner of Franz Josef's Vienna, where small glasses of sweet liqueur and tiny, delicate pastries are offered, usually between five and seven (for this is not a nation of serious round-the-clock drinkers — how could they be, with their urgent priorities of brush and manuscript and bow?), and serious young men in horn-rimmed glasses argue quite passionately over textural cruces in Herodotus or pool their individual geniuses in the altruistic search for a better denture. And beyond the striped awnings, in the main squares of the little towns, one glimpses (with a skip of the excited heart), the domes and gilded turrets of the buildings put up to house the public arts: Bullfinch Opera House; the National Portrait Gallery of Pinnaroo; La Scala, Nullagine, famed home of the Great Sandy Desert Ballet Company. As purple evening falls, these come alive, the throng of newspaper tycoons and engravers and Nobel laureates and orthodontists and *basso profundos* wending their way thither in, it goes without saying, full evening dress. And what gowns, what jewellery, what matchless coiffures!

And their wives look good, too.

As for the *great* cities, I can guess at very little: their possibilities lie beyond the compass of a mere English imagination, rooted as it must needs be in the grey triviality of London. Nor do the expatriate Australians I have mentioned speak of them much, for the Australian is a shy, perceptive, and unbragging soul, and would not dream of embarrassing less fortunate foreigners by dwelling on the magnificences of his domestic architecture, beside which their own cathedrals and colleges and monuments dwindle to the stature of outside dunnies.

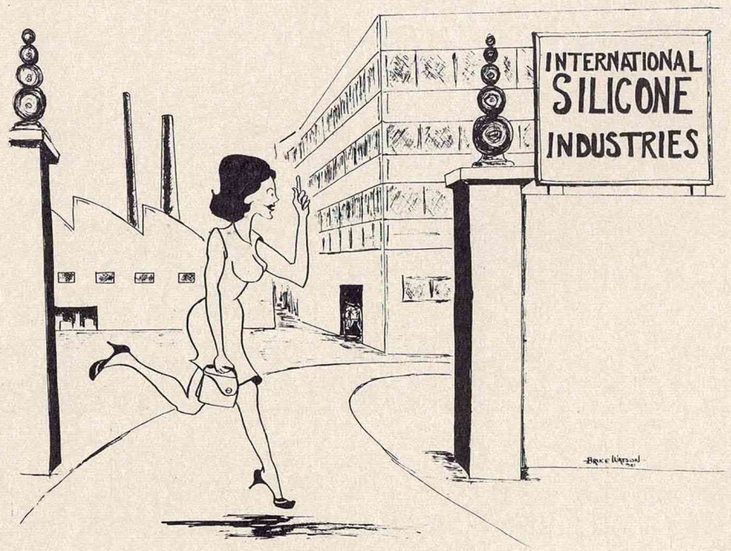
But I have had tantalising gleams of Sydney, for, if you catch an Australian at an unguarded moment, he *may* mention the Opera House four of five hundred times. Sydney has an Opera House, and a Bridge; that is all I know about the city. The Opera House spreads over 40 square miles, as I understand it, and rises to a height which constitutes a permanent threat to orbital satellites. It can seat up to six million people, but access is no problem because it is linked to the other side of the bay by the Bridge, which can carry more than three million vehicles an hour.

There *is,* I have just recalled, a third feature of Sydney which I have heard discreetly mentioned: it has a Hill. This Hill, I gather, is able to accommodate some 15 million spectators, and therefore acts as a sort of overflow auditorium for the Sydney Opera House. It is thus possible to ensure that the entire population of Australia, all opera-lovers, will be able to enjoy the finest music in the world, whenever the fancy takes them.

What, in the face of all of this, can the poor European do but gasp and marvel? Well, he can pull himself together, is what. He must come to terms; he must learn to recognise that empires rise and fall, that dynasties burgeon and totter, that the reins of civilisation pass from hand to hand, that boots, having spent 10 centuries on one foot, are suddenly discovered to be firmly on the other. He must comfort himself, if he can, with reflections upon the cultural graphs of Egypt and Athens, of Byzantium and Rome, of Constantinople and Hollywood. Australia cannot rise to her real creative zenith without someone moving over and making room for her. That is the way it is with zeniths.

For myself, as I hope I have managed to make clear, I live not only in this recognition, but also in expectation. Some day, if I work hard enough at it, I may be ready to visit her, to take a heady sip or two at the ever-gushing waters of her crystal wellsprings. Until that day comes, I shall content myself with sitting at the noble feet of those expatriate Australians who have enabled me to cobble together the wherewithal to manufacture my golden dream.

And as for those envious and malicious Britons who are always so disgustingly eager to maintain that Australian genius is not so much flooding into London as getting out of Australia, I shall, of course, treat their preposterous and insulting misconceptions with all the contempt that they deserve.

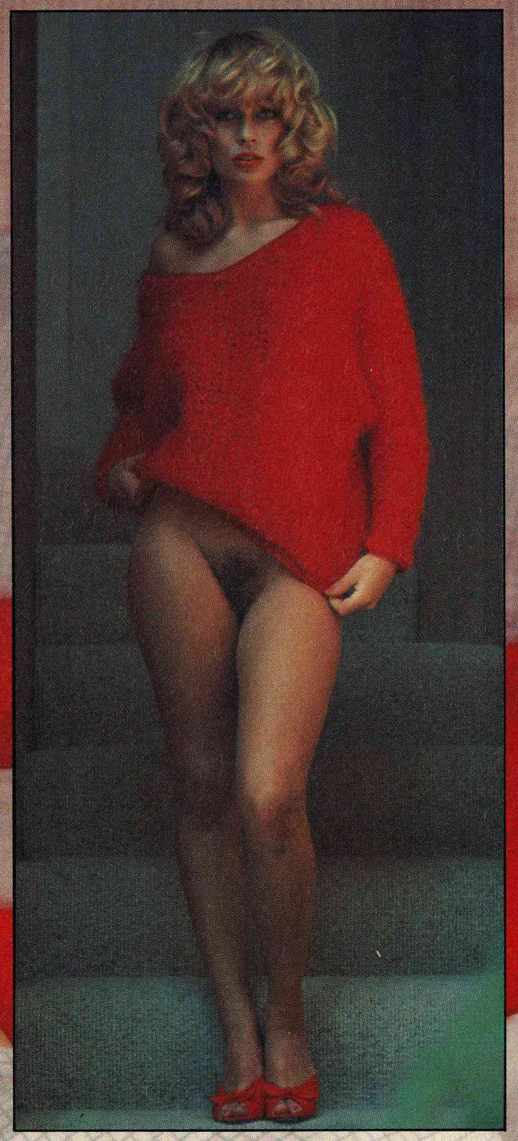



**"Thanks for the mammaries."**



Australian Playboy October 1981

# FRANKLY, SCARLET



"He just stood there and stared up at me: 'I don't give a damn about work, the boss, the resource boom. It's you that I want. Let's go upstairs. Right now.' "

Photography by Jeff Dunas

*"Bed-time for me has got to be fun-time. Ambition? For me, it just means making my guy happy. But that's got to work both ways. Know what I mean?"*

"That," according to Sydney's Scarlet as she rolled over in bed, "is what Rhett Butler should have said. Or something like it."

PLAYBOY queried: "But why a resource boom?"

"I work in a broker's office and people are always telling me about natural assets, boom and bust. You see?

"Now, I want to help in the shots. Should I lift my sweater like so, or just strip it off?" She tried it both ways.

PLAYBOY: "For our assignments, we like to know all of your interests, your activities, your . . ."

Scarlet sat back in her bed. "I thought you were here to take photographs?"

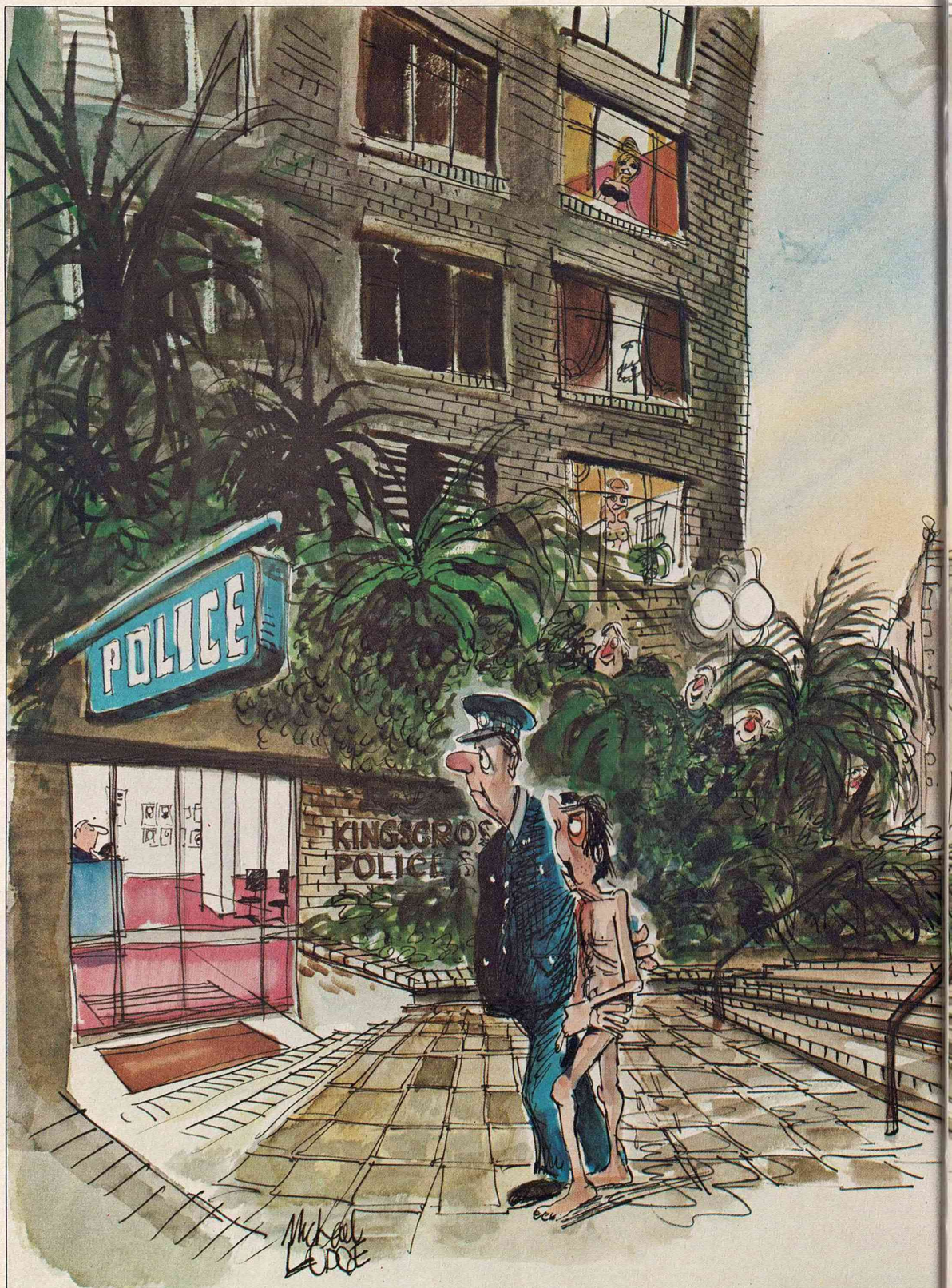
While this exchange was taking place, PLAYBOY's photographer was busy taking the shots you have been enjoying.

*"Sure, I'm proud of my body, the way it looks, the way it feels. Yeah, and if a guy tells me he's seeing stars when he looks at me, that's great too."*

We're glad he kept his wits about him and got on with the job, for this blonde beauty had the writer's eye everywhere but on his note-pad.

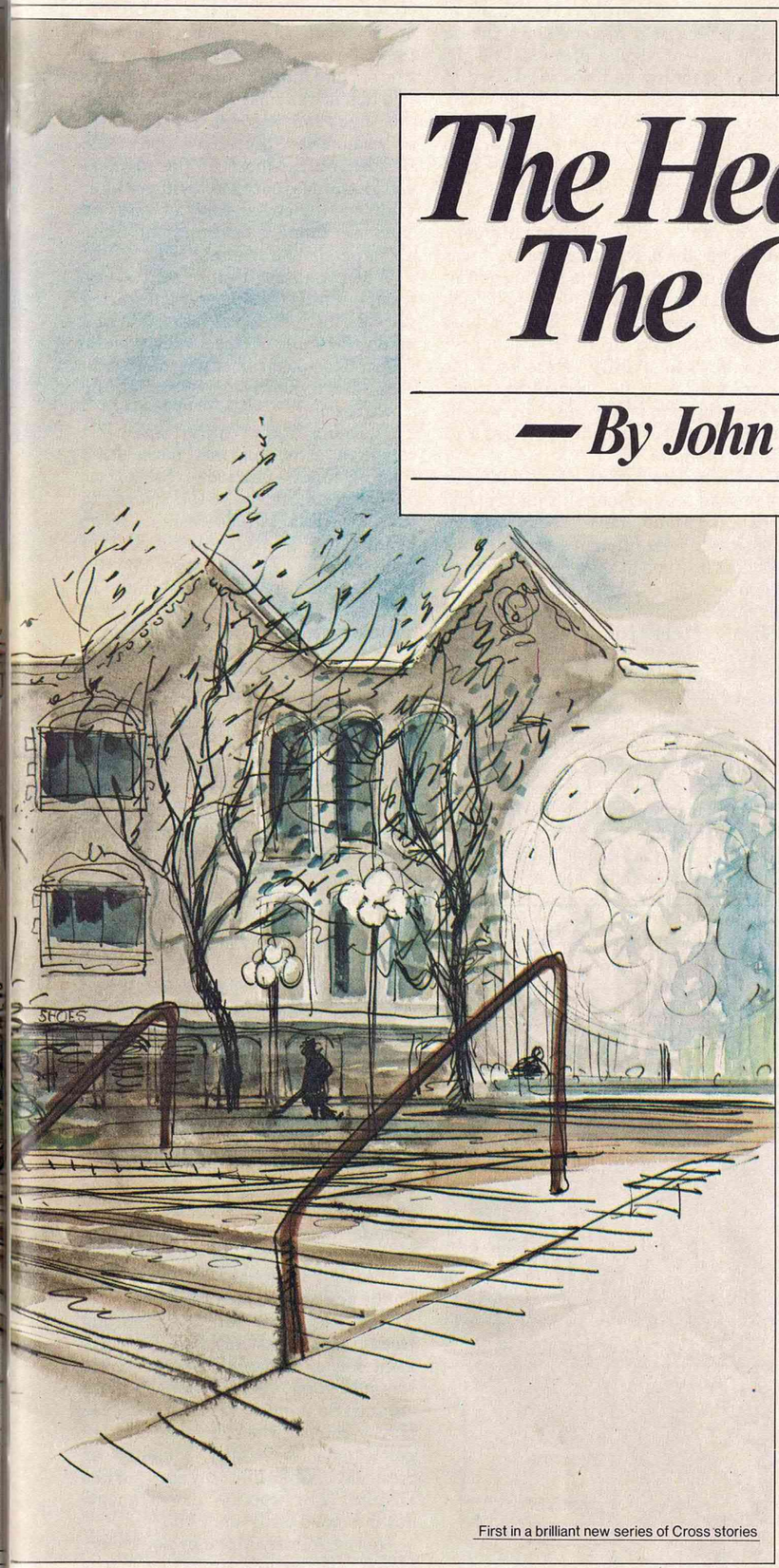
PLAYBOY: "Won't you tell us any of your interests?" The great hazel eyes widened, she pulled the red sweater over her shoulders and sat up in a lotus position to think about it: "I guess I prefer to stay indoors, to savor the company of a guy who feels, like I do, that sex is the best, greatest fun-trip on earth, that it should be enjoyed for what it's worth without worrying about yesterday or about tomorrow."

PLAYBOY: "Amen."




# The Heart Of The Cross

— By John Byrell —




First in a brilliant new series of Cross stories

## The El Alamein Clean-Up

IT MUST'VE taken Sergeant First Class E.W.K. "Euchre" Grindle the rest of the week to get over what happened on the particular morning they brought in Whiffy Maloney. That's if you take a line on what the other wallopers at Euchre's cop shop said afterwards.

To be honest, Sgt E.W.K. Grindle had been warned. He couldn't deny that. Grace Grindle, his cheese, and the only person other than his mother game enough to call him Edwin to his face, had told him straight that Wednesday morning. "Edwin," Grace had called out through the bathroom door as Euchre was towelling down after his eiffel tower. "You must prepare yourself for the unusual today. It says here in the *Tele* that all Leos should expect the unexpected. Edwin. Did you hear me?"

"Sure luv," Euchre had replied while wiping some bob hope out of his left ear. "I heard you. Listen luv. Let's have sausages instead of bacon, willya? Bacon's starting to give me real heartburn."

"Too bad," yelled Grace. "You got bacon." So Euchre ate the bacon and gave a burp and headed to work.

He sprung Whiffy Maloney as soon

as he walked through the big glass doors. It must've been a double decker jolt: first because Sgt E.W.K. Grindle had seen Whiffy Maloney in all manner of gear and garb over the years, but never before stark naked except for a cop shop towel.

And certainly it had to be the first time in living memory that Whiffy Maloney even looked like he'd just had a tub. Not only that, it even appeared as if Whiffy Maloney had been using suds. Sgt E.W.K. Grindle was positive he could spot bits of lather in his hair. And this Whiffy Maloney didn't smell anything like the Whiffy Maloney with whom Sgt E.W.K. (Euchre) Grindle had shared a long and sometimes close acquaintanceship over the years.

But, just the same, there was Whiffy Maloney huddled on the seat in the front office of the cop shop. It occurred to Sgt E.W.K. Grindle at the time that it was just as well it was only early autumn or Whiffy Maloney would've been stiffer than a Hawkesbury punter.

"Ar there Whiffy," said Sgt E.W.K. Grindle, dropping his lunch bag behind the front desk. "What brings you to our establishment at this time of day?" He took a dekko at the cop shop ticker. "It's only 10 to seven. And from the look of you, you must've been having a dip in the fountain. If so, not before time." Sgt E.W.K. Grindle laughed at that.

Just then Constable First Class Brian "Patience" McAuley came in from the cells carrying a clipboard. The regulars named Const McAuley that because you had to have plenty of patience waiting to get booked by him. Which was why Whiffy Maloney was still sitting at the front desk.

"Good morning sergeant," said Const McAuley. "Nice morning."

"I'll look after Mr Maloney," said Sgt E.W.K. Grindle shortly. "Where are his clothes?" "He was brought in without any, sergeant," answered Const McAuley. "He was, sir, to coin a phrase, as naked as the day he was born." Const McAuley handed his clipboard to Sgt E.W.K. Grindle and went back in the direction of the cells.

"All right Whiffy," said Sgt E.W.K. Grindle sitting down behind the desk. "What's it all about?" Then he said to himself under his breath: "Sometimes I think that friggin' zodiac of Grace's isn't all ratshit."

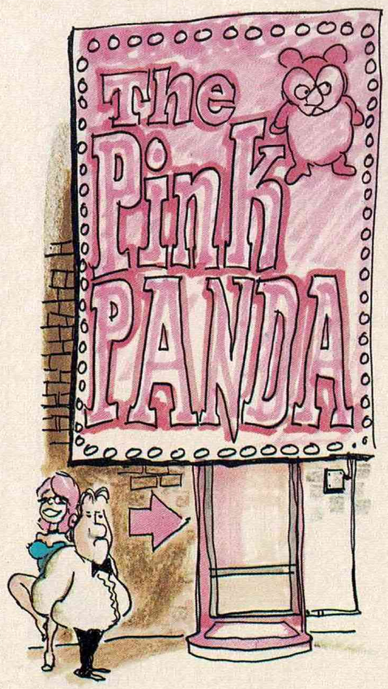
IT SEEMS that Whiffy Maloney's latest bout of strife kicked off that night he dropped into The Purple Panda on an errand. Whiffy Maloney had originally lobbed in The Cross from Boggabri or Collarenebri — somewhere like that — as a tourist when he was hardly more than an anklebiter. He'd become since then a fully paid-up regular of seven or eight years' standing and was very good at running messages and the like. Very good indeed. Whiffy Maloney had even been known to do a trick or two for influential and strong blokes such as Dapper Jerry, Skinny Frank and Irish Morton.

At any rate, Whiffy Maloney dropped this parcel or whatever it was up to The Purple Panda for none other than Skinny Frank who was just back after a break at The Bay. Skinny Frank had said to Whiffy Maloney: "Thank you Whiffy. Here is some cash for the good job you've done. Now why don't you take the weight off your plates and have a dekko at the floorshow?"

Whiffy Maloney considered (and he was dead set correct in his judgement) that it would have been undiplomatic . . . even offensive . . . to knock back the hospitality of a strong regular such as Skinny Frank. Maybe even risky. So Whiffy sat down and let Skinny Frank pour a bourbon and coke for him.

Just after that Skinny Frank made a few fairly loud remarks to his female companion about Whiffy Maloney, like "what do you think they call him Whiffy for, darls?" and "yeah, I know, so whyn'tcha move your friggin' chair outa range, darls" and a few other things.

But Whiffy Maloney never caught any of that . . . not that it would've bothered him if he had. After all, out in the scrub where he came from it could get very soldiers bold in the winters and his old woman had always told him it was risky to take to the tub too much on account of it tended to wash away protective body oils. Besides which, most of the regulars had long since tossed in trying to alter Whiffy Maloney's way of life by cracking funnies or dropping hints about personal freshness.




When Skinny Frank said those things Whiffy Maloney was staring very intently at what was occurring up on the stage of The Purple Panda. In fact he looked something like a frill-neck lizard slowly creeping up on a cockroach.

The focus of Whiffy Maloney's complete attention was none other than Bouncy Brenda, the exotic dancer who prefers to be known in the bare flesh terpsicorean trade as Brenda The Beloved. As a matter of fact Bouncy Brenda and Whiffy Maloney had at least one thing in common. They were both original bushies. Actually Bouncy Brenda came from down around Port Kembla or somewhere.

But anyway, Whiffy Maloney couldn't keep his mince pies off Bouncy Brenda . . . although, come to think of it, Whiffy Maloney's attention, in the first place, had been snared by the two things that earned Bouncy Brenda her adjectival soubriquet. For Bouncy Brenda, as any of the regulars would be only too willing to testify, had been blessed with just about the sweetest and firmest and plumpest set of Walter Mittys this side of Fremantle.

"Hey, Whiffy," Skinny Frank had called out at one stage. "Howdja like to go a couple rounds with that particular charley? Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha. Wotya say?" Whiffy Maloney didn't say a dickie bird. He just sat there in some sort of trance.

After that particular evening Whiffy Maloney took to dropping into The Purple Panda whenever he could and whenever, it seemed, Bouncy Brenda was starring. One of the first to notice this was Heavy Harold, who is the door attendant at The Purple Panda and a very strong regular.

Now, no one had ever sprung Heavy Harold as any sort of sentimentalist or romantic. Heavy Harold was just about the least mushy bloke around. So it must've surprised even Heavy Harold when he found himself going over to Whiffy Maloney on Saturday night and saying: "Hullo Whiffy. How wouldja like a knockdown to good ole Bouncy?"

Neither Whiffy Maloney nor Heavy Harold recalls exactly what Whiffy Maloney's reply was or whether he made any reply whatsoever, apart from letting his fizz sag so that he had a wide open north 'n' south. But anyway, Heavy Harold was fair dinkum all right because straight after she finished her spot, he had Bouncy Brenda sitting dead opposite Whiffy Maloney and chatting away to him.

The first news the boys at The Prince Charles rubbady copped about this particular meeting didn't come from Whiffy Maloney or Heavy Harold. Bouncy Brenda turned a few loafs by entering the bar of The Prince Charles that Monday arvo and bowling straight up to Brucie The Rooster who was buying The Scholar and Big Oscar and Mick The Muso a pig's ear and chatting to them.

"Excuse me," said Bouncy Brenda snaring Brucie The Rooster's attention by tapping him on the sleeve and smiling nicely up at him. "Are you the person they call Brucie The Rooster?" Come to think of it, Bouncy Brenda had managed to snare the attention of most of the bar. Someone was heard in the hush of admiration to remark: "Shit. Cop those walters."

Brucie The Rooster, doing his utmost to look Bouncy Brenda square in the minces, said: "Yes miss. I'm Brucie The Rooster, orright. Anything I can do for you?" This produced some mirth from some of the less respectful regulars in the bar and caused Brucie The Rooster to swing round and take a few stern dekkos here and there to put a stop to the show of bad manners.

Brucie The Rooster turned back to Bouncy Brenda. "Sorry about that, little flower," he said politely. "What wouldja like to drink?"

"Thanks," said Bouncy Brenda turning on that delicious smile of hers again. "I'll have a G and T if you don't mind." At that, Brucie produced a frown as wide as Bouncy Brenda's grin. "Eh?" he said.

The Scholar leaned forward. "I do believe," said The Scholar, who dresses up and speaks nicely and knows a lot about most things, "the young lady would like a gin and tonic. And perhaps a small piece of lemon."

"Now," said Brucie The Rooster. "What can I do for you?"

Bouncy Brenda said: "Well . . . I believe you are a good friend of Malcolm Maloney."

"Who?" exclaimed Brucie The Rooster. The Scholar leaned forward again. "I'm sure she means Whiffy," said The Scholar. "Oh. Yeah, him," said Brucie The Rooster. "What about Whiffy?"

"Well," said Bouncy Brenda with some hesitation. "I dance at The Purple Panda. That's where I got to know Mal . . . er . . . Whiffy. I think he's very nice." At this, The Scholar and Big Oscar and Mick The Muso moved in a bit so as not to miss any of what Bouncy Brenda was about to impart.

"Well, anyway," continued Bouncy Brenda, taking a sip of her G and T. "We really hit it off . . . considering we only met on Saturday night. I mean. I think your friend Whiffy is a very nice person."

"Yeah," said Brucie The Rooster with some impatience. "So you said before. But . . . and if you'll pardon me . . . so what?"

"Well," said Bouncy Brenda, moving the story along a couple of gears. "I'd like to go out with your friend. On Wednesday night as a matter of fact. See, I have got Wednesday night off this week. And Al Martino's on out at The Fishermen's Club. And I reckon he's something special. And . . ."

"Orright," said Brucie The Rooster who was, by now, wishing he hadn't even afforded this loopy ear-bashing charley the time of day. "So waddya want us to do? D'ya expect us to hang it on Whiffy to hit you with the hard word about taking you out to The Fisho's. Or somethin' like that?"

"Umm . . . something like that," said Bouncy Brenda hedging a bit. "But not exactly. I mean I'm quite capable of asking Whiffy to take me out myself." She paused and frowned and then heaved a great big sigh. "Okay," she said at last. "I might as well come straight out with it.

"I want Malcolm or Whiffy or whatever you call him to take a bath." Just then Mick The Muso nearly choked on his Resch's and started making funny noises with his motor boat. Big Oscar exclaimed: "Shit a friggin' brick." The Scholar harrumphed . . . twice. Brucie The Rooster suddenly sounded as if he was going to split his comic cuts.

"Ha ha ha ha ha," Brucie The Rooster guffawed. "Ha ha ha. So waddya want us to do? Tub him for ya? Maybe flick a bit of talc around his morts dock and orchestra stalls? Eh? Ha Ha Ha Ha."

"No," persisted Bouncy Brenda who stamped herself a very game charley that arvo. "You don't have to put me on. That's not it at all."

The Scholar interrupted. "My dear fellow," he said to Brucie The Rooster who was still carrying on like an egg-bound pullet. "I believe I know what this young woman wants of us.

"You would . . . and correct me if I'm wrong," said The Scholar politely to Bouncy Brenda, "like us to suggest to Whiff . . . er . . . Malcolm that he freshen himself up a little for Wednesday night?"

"Yes," said Bouncy Brenda letting that nice smile come back on her fizz. "That's it. I didn't know how to put it without sounding rude."

"Well now, my plum," said The Scholar, gently relieving Bouncy Brenda of her empty glass and putting it on the bar. "I see you've finished your drink. And now, without wishing to appear rude myself, you must leave us so that we can discuss this rather delicate matter."

With that Bouncy Brenda thanked the boys for their time and patience and said a special thanks to The Scholar and departed. About what occurred straight after she took off, it suffices to say that The Scholar held the floor and did a lot of fancy rabbiting about charleys in distress and so forth.

And he suggested that a deputation should visit Whiffy Maloney. And that very night, since The Fisho's rort was on the night after next. "Not me," said Brucie The Rooster hitching up his shorts and consulting his timepiece. "Maureen's expecting me for tea. I gotta scarpa." Mick The Muso said: "Likewise, man. I got a gig tonight."

"Well now, Oscar," The Scholar said to Big Oscar who was looking like he wanted to leave also. "It seems you and I are the delegation."

So The Scholar got Big Oscar to outlay on a dozen tinnies and the

two of them walked across the road and around the corner to Whiffy Maloney's place.

However, it turned out that the tinnies of pigs, intended as a softener for Whiffy Maloney didn't work. Neither did all the fancy rabbiting The Scholar indulged in. In fact, when The Scholar cracked the tag and suggested to Whiffy Maloney that regular ablution was a plus and why not jump in the tub this same night, Whiffy Maloney got very pissed off and nearly did his block.

And so it was that The Scholar had Big Oscar round up the others the following day for what The Scholar said was "a last ditch council of war". Brucie The Rooster and Mick The Muso duly turned up at The Prince Charles late in the arvo. They found Big Oscar there all on his tod.

"Where's The Scholar?" inquired Brucie The Rooster. "S'orright," said Big Oscar. "Don't get your walters in a tangle. He'll be here in a minute. Two schooners. Right?"

About 10 minutes later in walked The Scholar in company with none other than Whiffy Maloney.

Before Brucie The Rooster or Mick The Muso could say something to maybe cruel the rort, The Scholar launched into the story of how he and Big Oscar had caused offence to Whiffy Maloney and how he, The Scholar, happened to be visiting a sick china at St Luke's Hospital nearby and decided, since he was passing Whiffy Maloney's, to make amends by shouting Whiffy Maloney a pigs or two. (The well known fact of life that The Scholar never had anything to buy booze with apparently never occurred to Whiffy Maloney.)

"Indeed," said The Scholar, looking meaningfully at the others, "I informed Whiffy that it is my birthday today and that I wished to have a few friends about me to celebrate with, so to speak." The others weren't too sure what The Scholar's rort was since it definitely wasn't his birthday because that happened to be in November on or around Melbourne Cup day. But anyway, whatever The Scholar's rort was they weren't going to miss it.

And so the boys got down to some very serious drinking and cracking gags and rabbiting on about the League and so forth and it wasn't long before it was closing time and they were all being asked by Lennie The Loser, the bartender, to please vacate the premises.

It must be pointed out here and now that at no time during that particular session was even the slightest mention made about Whiffy Maloney's b.o. But, at one stage, when Whiffy Maloney went out to the brassco for a snakes The Scholar had intimated that he intended they should escort the three-quarters molly the monk Whiffy Maloney back round the corner, to Whiffy Maloney's and forcibly, if needs be, tub him or at least shove him under the eiffel.

But Big Oscar had been quick to point out that Whiffy Maloney's noisome little pad was without a bathroom. So The Scholar told the boys he would think of something.

Now, as it so happened, that particular Tuesday was what university students refer to as Commemoration Day, or whatever, when they go around making a din and doing some strange and idiotic things. Like lobbing a packet of Rinso in the El Alamein Fountain which is next door, almost, to The Prince Charles.

The Scholar jerried to the El Alamein situation but never said anything about its extremely frothy state and instead suggested that they repair to the Golden Nugget for the one more for the frog.

The bartender up at the unsalubrious but handy Golden Nugget Club in Kellett Street is none other than The Sandman whose fair dinkum monicker is Hungarian and unpronounceable. The Sandman came to be called that on account of he can put together a concoction which is far more effective than chloroform and which is referred to by grateful local insomniacs as a Sleeper, and features slivovitz, which is a very potent Continental brandy made from plums.

As soon as the boys lobbed at The Golden Nugget, Whiffy Maloney headed for the brassco again and The Scholar claimed the ear of The Sandman. The result was that Whiffy Maloney, when he got back from the brassco, copped a triple strength Sleeper while the rest of the boys were given quarter strength Sleepers by The Sandman.

Brucie The Rooster proposed a chugalug. No more than a quarter of an hour later Whiffy Maloney had become very non compos. The Scholar said: "Now, Brucie. You get under one arm. Mick, you take the other. Let's get him to the fountain."

Around at the El Alamein the poof hookers were afforded an unexpected treat as Brucie The Rooster and Mick The Muso, following the Scholar's directions, stripped the togs off Whiffy Maloney. Then they lowered him in among the suds and set to giving him a tub.

When Constable First Class Brian "Patience" McAuley and his offsider came around the corner, Whiffy Maloney was just starting to snap out of it. By the time the wals clobbered him, Whiffy Maloney was standing all alone in the bollicky in the middle of the El Alamein shouting some very unpleasant things indeed after his departed chinas.

*"Brucie the Rooster proposed a chugalug . . . . . Whiffy Maloney became very non compos."*

Anyway, Whiffy Maloney got booked by Sgt E.W.K. Grindle, who loaned him some old cop shop togs to get home in. And the now not so much on the nose Whiffy Maloney was duly approached by Bouncy Brenda about the Fisho's Club rort. And they subsequently had a knockout time.

Not only that, either. It seems that straight after the Fisho's rort, Whiffy moved in with Bouncy Brenda.

The Whiffy Maloney and Bouncy Brenda rort lasted just on a fortnight. It was Bouncy Brenda herself who broke the bad news to the boys in The Prince Charles. "Well, we did our best," Brucie The Rooster said. "Yeah," backed up Big Oscar.

"I know," said Bouncy Brenda. "I appreciate what you tried to do.

"In the end it was too much. Not even my three dogs would go near him. So I put it straight to him. I said: 'Malcolm. Either you bath or shower or leave.'

"He was back in his old flat that afternoon. But he did leave me a going-away present. It was one of those big old fashioned cakes of Sunlight soap. And he left this note with it."

The Scholar took the note and read it aloud: " 'Dear Brenda. I thought I'd leave you this as I won't be needing it. It's been in our family for years. Keep sweet. Yours. Malcolm.' "

Bouncy Brenda laughed and so did the boys. "Lennie," Brucie The Rooster yelled. "Let's have the same again . . . and another G and T."

# About the author

JOHN BYRELL, who is responsible for the short story called The El Alamein Cleanup, which is a sort of in-depth whimsical look at just one of the many goings-on that have occurred over the years up and down The Cross . . . and with the "monickers", or names, of all the leading characters altered to protect the guilty . . . is just about getting to the stage now where he can lay serious claim to being a fair dinkum registered regular Crossy.

By and large, it's taken Byrell more than two decades to achieve this. Just about the full cadetship. See, in this particular small borough of Sydney, one that is generally acknowledged around and about as Australia's only true bohemia, the rule has always been to stick to the way of the three famous monkeys. Byrell has always stuck to that rule because he is an unreserved Crossophile.

With this in mind Byrell says: "The intention with this collection of stories is to outline some of the happenings that do make up The Cross' unique and colorful history . . . with due respect for the privacy of the regulars."

Certainly no one related to Byrell or who belonged to the semi-rural semi-sylvan Newcastle suburb of Toronto where he was born and reared ever credited that he would end up living and working up The Cross.

Back when he was an ankle-biter in Toronto, Byrell was nurtured on, and thrived upon a somewhat out of the ordinary boyhood diet of Beethoven, Brahms, Corelli, Dickens and Twain, cricket, rugby league, boxing, swimming, The Green Archer, Roy Rogers, Dad 'n' Dave, Martin's Corner, Search For The Golden Boomerang, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Ginger Meggs, Flash Gordon, The Phantom and anything to do with natural history.

And so it was that he didn't care whether he ended up as a concert oboeist, a film star, a number three Test batsman, a painter, an author or an entomologist. Instead, as it turned out, he ended up in Sydney as a copy boy on one of the big papers and with journalism in mind as a future.

Another semi-rural town was to play an important part in Byrell's formative worldly and vocational training. For it was at Queanbeyan, which is 12 or so kilometres from Canberra, that he played his first games of Aussie Rules (which he disliked instantly) and the old dead horse sport (which he liked instantly even though his opening game was played shortly after midnight at the end of July under the second conifer to the right of the west gate of Queanbeyan Park).

And it was at Queanbeyan that he completed his journalistic cadetship. After that he worked as reporter, sub-editor, as news editor, feature writer, sports writer, showbiz writer and as columnist for Sydney's *Mirror, Sun, Telegraph* — and *The Australian* and London's *Mirror* and *Daily Sketch.* And a number of Australian and international magazines.

Now Byrell is a freelance, or independent, writer who'll tackle pretty well anything except politics, industry, commerce, stocks and shares and religion — because he knows very little about those things and cares even less.

As a coincidence, he once had a long and fairly successful crack at the showbiz rort during which he sang Porter, Gershwin, Gilbert and Sullivan and *Don Giovanni* and cracked old-hat but efficient one-liners like the one about the Irishman who thought pubic hair was Bugs Bunny's cousin.

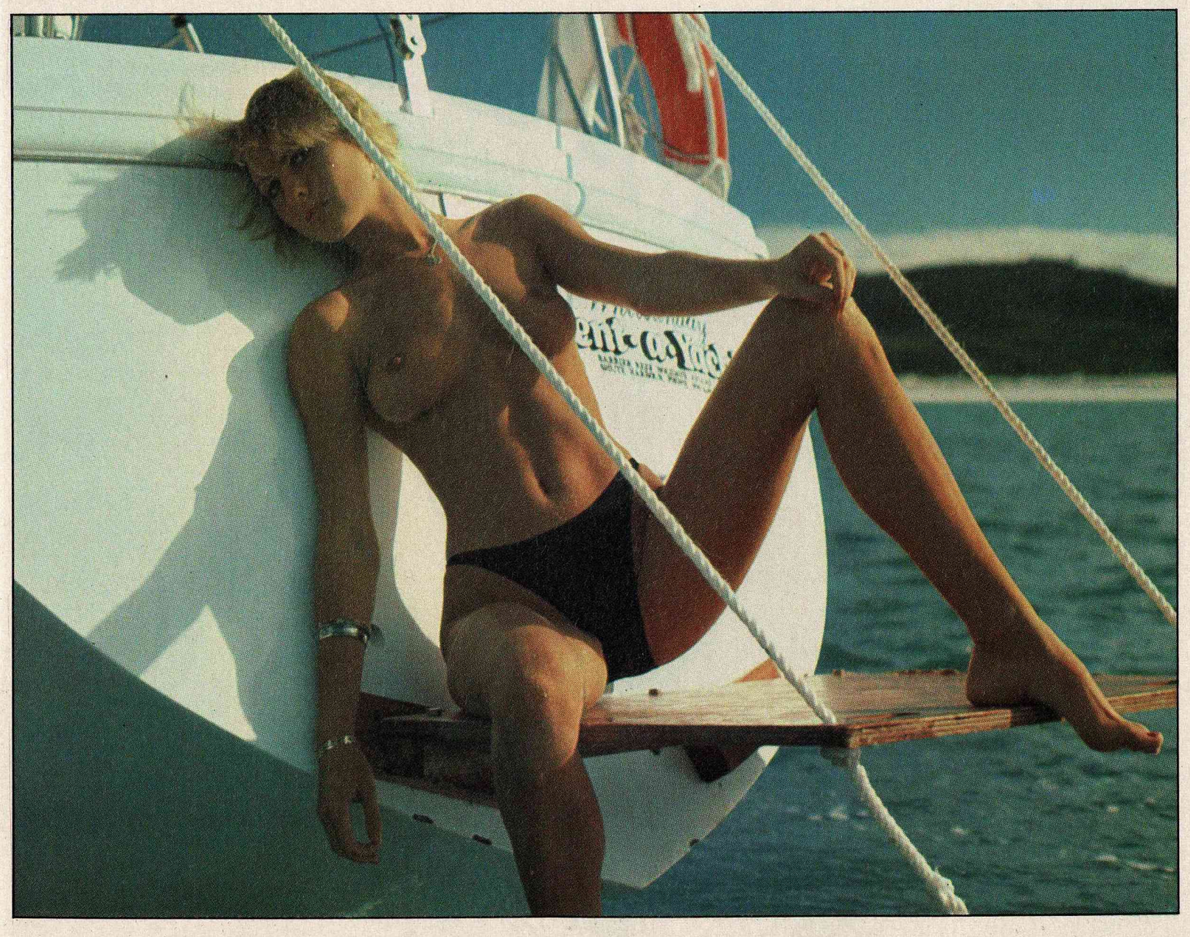
Byrell first lobbed at The Cross when he was nearly 19 and has stayed there . . . taking into account his overseas stint as a journalist.

In about 25 years up and down The Cross he has, through journalism and showbiz, become acquainted with characters like Heavy Harold and Awful Aub and Vinegar Veronica and Bouncy Brenda and Skinny Frank and Kev The Kidder and The Flea and Morrie The Mullet.

And especially the likes of Brucie The Rooster and The Scholar and Big Oscar and Mick The Muso who are the dead-set "Knights of The Cross" . . . and around whom Byrell has woven his original and unusual series of stories.

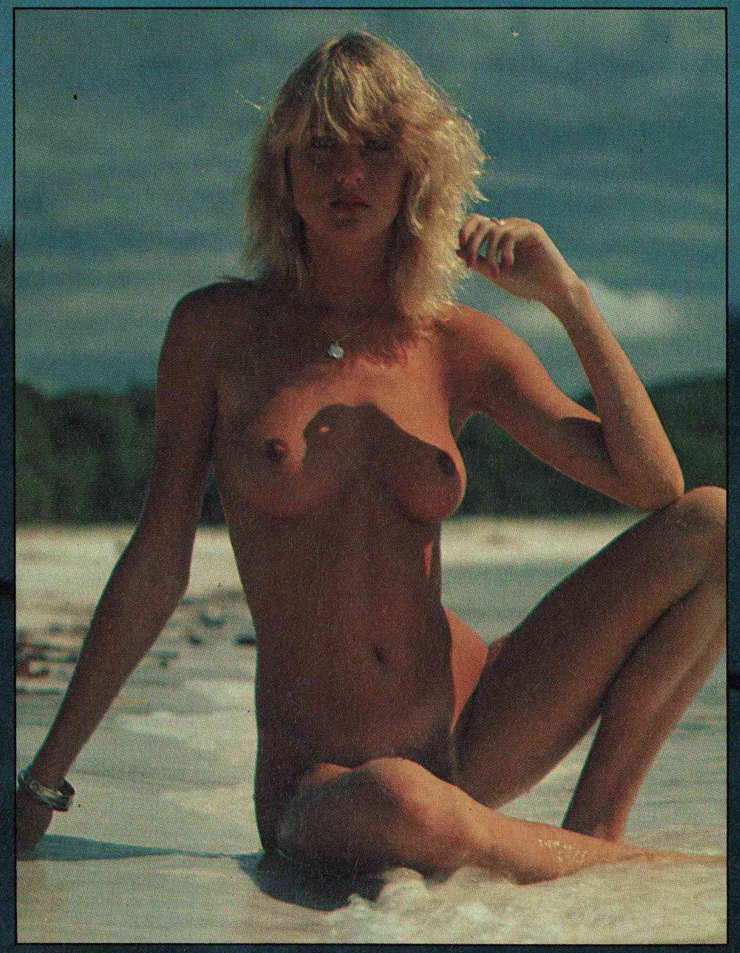
# BARE ON THE WHITSUNDAYS

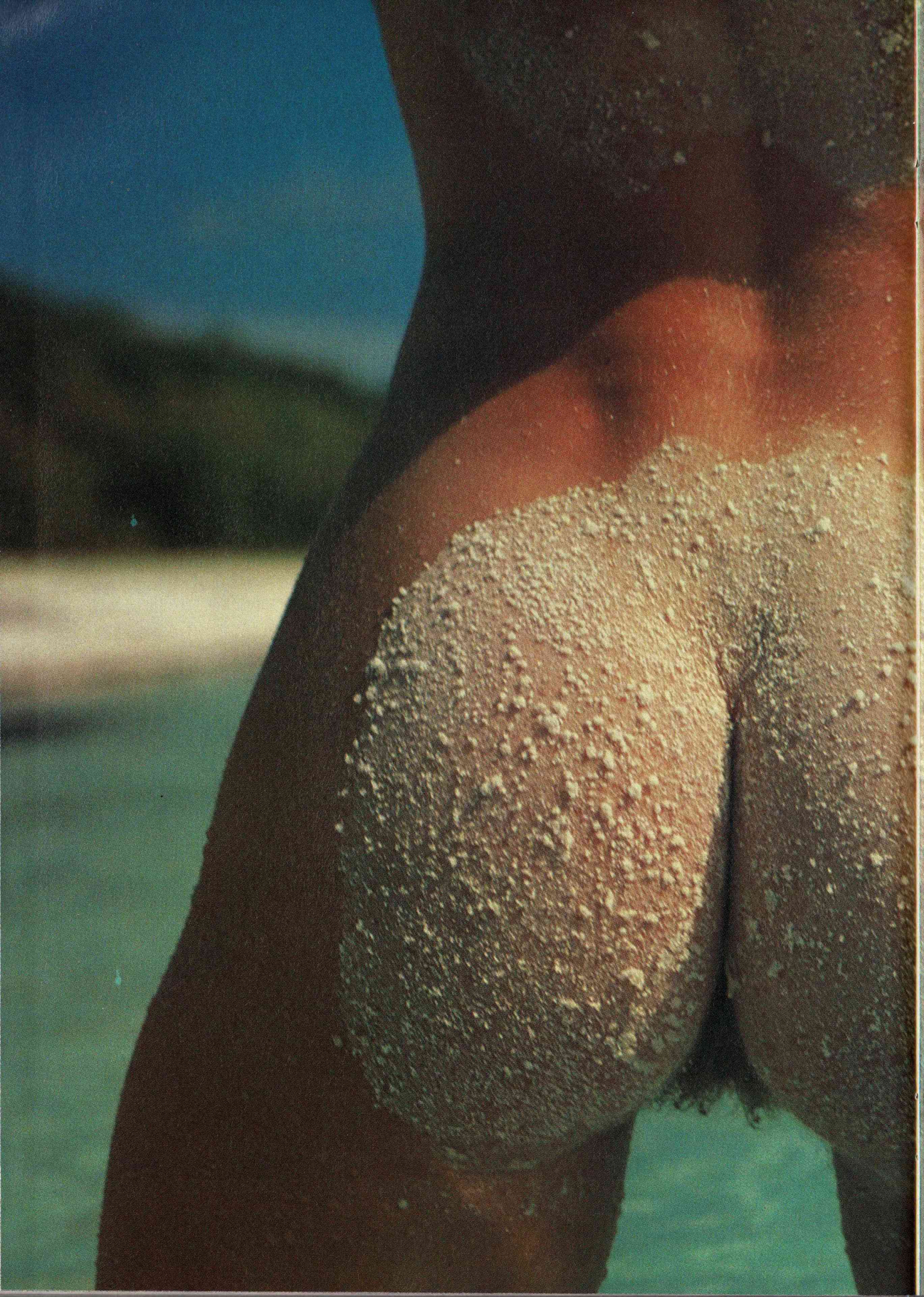
## THE LISSOM LYN

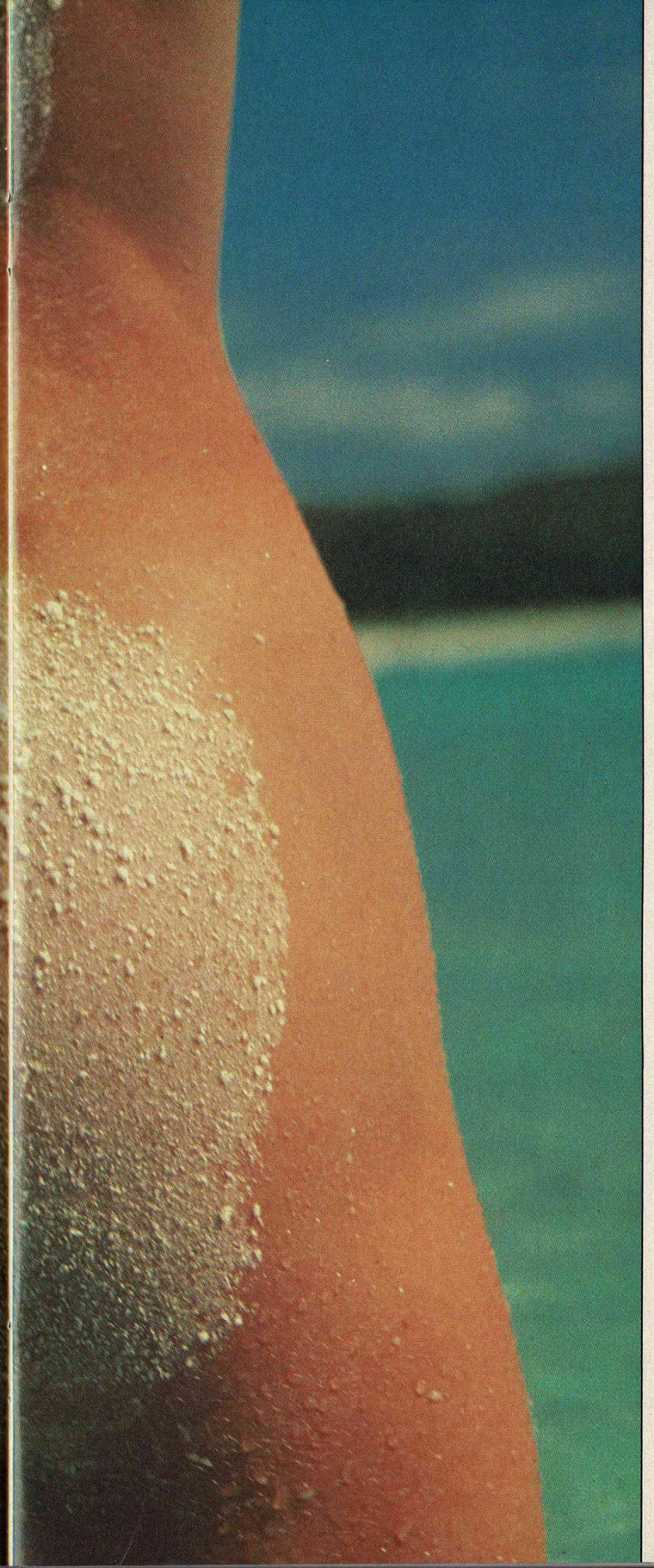


PHOTOGRAPHY BY COLIN STEAD

*"There are plenty of men about on the Gold Coast where I live, and I'm one girl who can afford to be selective."*



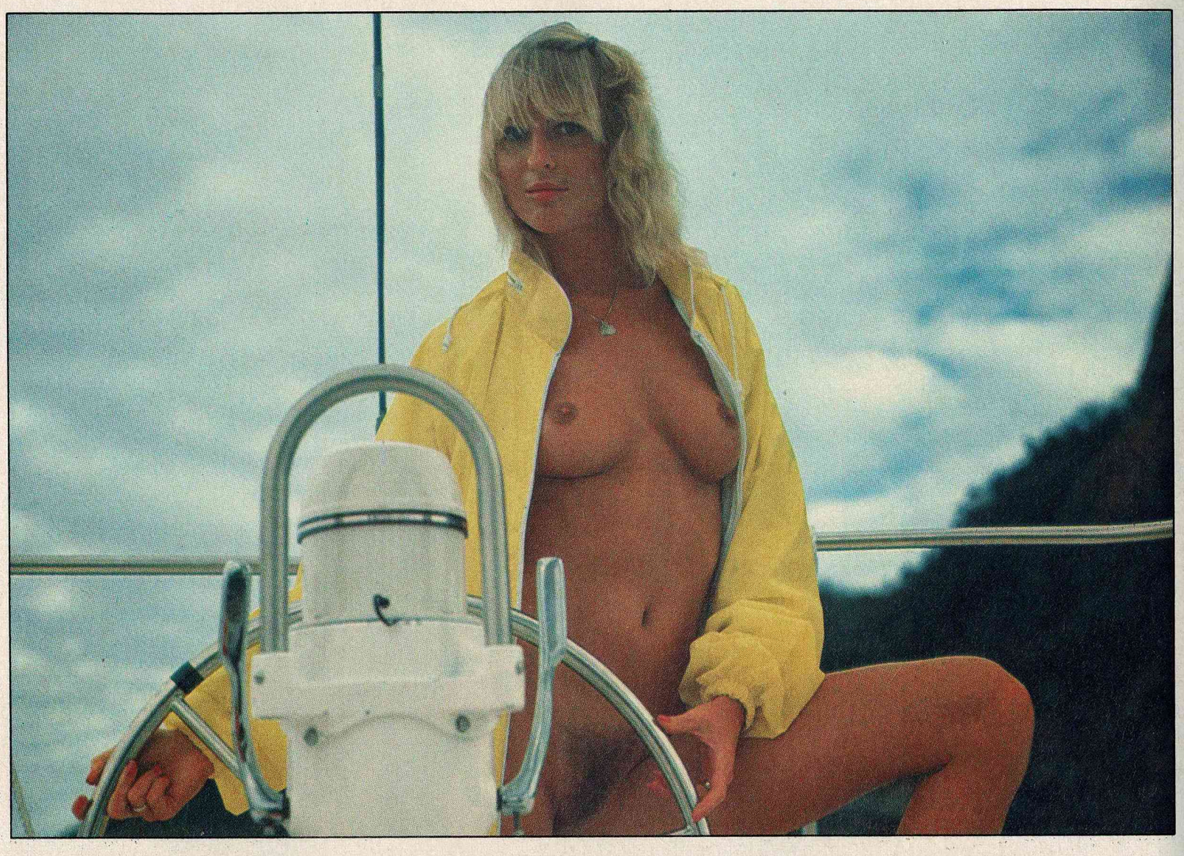




*"Sure, I do enjoy being photographed. My motto is: 'If you've got it . . .' "*

Lyn Barron's dreams take her to a half acre of paradise on a deserted tropical island in the Whitsunday Passage. Sunshine, fresh water, sweet fruits and peace all come in large proportions. But being a realist, Lyn realises that catching half a dream is better than none, and the lady already thinks she's halfway there in living on the Gold Coast. "The Coast has got to provide the simplest balance between the work I enjoy and the paradise lifestyle," says blue-eyed Lyn. PLAYBOY found the lady languishing on a balcony overlooking a stretch of the Queensland summer-fun coast. The long-

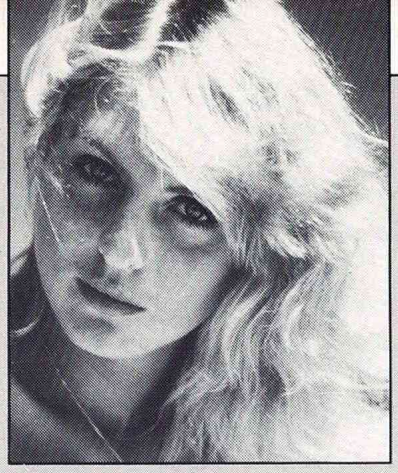
*"I'm going to love to travel someday, but it's always good to have the Gold Coast to come back to."*



*"I think most men know just how great and sexy a girl can look with a tan."*

legged blonde was one of 10 fabulous Gold Coast girls to grace the pages of our August edition, and we thought Lyn was worth a solo exposure as a Playmate. Getting the lively 20 year old to stand still long enough was part of the problem, for her career as a full-time model means that lounging about on sunsplashed balconies is the exception rather than the rule. "It's still the perfect lifestyle, though, and I have always liked the water, whether for swimming or going waterskiing. Most of the work I get involves some shooting on the beach or near the water." For Lyn, it's hard to contemplate working and living anywhere else, but her news is that the assignment trail will shortly take her off to the US.

MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Lyn Barton.



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: LYN BARRON

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8 WEIGHT: 7st 11 SIGN: SAGITTARIUS

BIRTH DATE: 19-12-60 BIRTHPLACE: TOOWOOMBA, QLD.

GOALS: To be successful and happy in acting.

TURN-ONS: Healthy, friendly and happy people; Tropical islands and my man.

TURN-OFFS: People who do not look after themselves

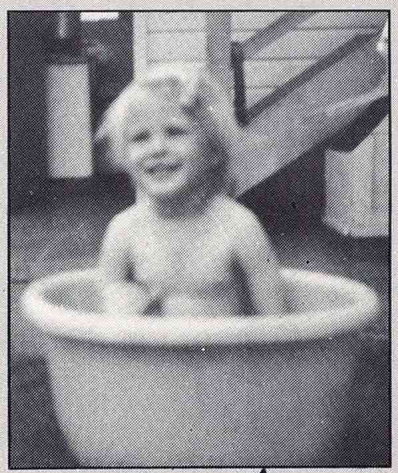
RELAXING: Music, sailing, the beach, reading, watching a good movie, being with Chris.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Athletics, yoga, gymnastics and swimming.

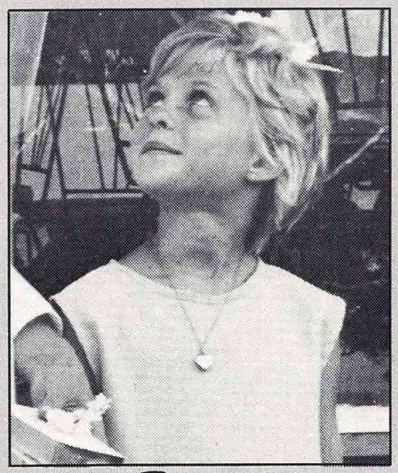
FAVORITE MOVIES: Every Which Way But Loose, Up in Smoke, Elephant Man, Blue Lagoon.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Clint Eastwood, Dudley Moore Brigitte Bardot, Steve McQueen.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Split Enz, Daddy Cool, Police, Blondie Daryl Hall and John Oates, Chris Lloyds.



18 months, A bathtime story!



7 years, Sweet innocence.

16 years Me, Jane!

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Having had one too many, the drinker at the pub was beginning to display an ugly side. When an unescorted female took the stool next to his, noticed his mood and got up to move, the man sneered, "Honey, you sure look like you could use the business, but the fact is, I don't have the two bucks."

The woman paused, fixed the loudmouth with a stare that could melt ice and then calmly said, "Wherever did you get the idea, mister, that I charge by the inch?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fugitive midget psychic* as a small medium at large.

And then there was the housewife who told the deliveryman she was wearing a sheer black negligee in memory of her dear departed husband. He'd departed on a business trip early that morning.

The prince's proclivity for performing cunnilingus is understandable at his age, I suppose," sniffed the Lord Chamberlain, "but he really shouldn't indulge himself in that regard with scullery maids, goosegirls and tavern wenches."

"Indeed not!" growled the Lord Chancellor in complete agreement. "It is utterly beneath the dignity of the royal family for His Junior Highness to eat humble pie!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *virgin* as a member of the Moral Minority.

*Said a verbal young man from New York*
*To his girl while inserting his dork:*
*"I prefer you askew*
*As we chat while we screw,*
*So I'd welcome some feminine torque."*

The psychologist said my husband's complex of sexual inadequacy because of his short stature might very well be alleviated," the woman told an office colleague in confidence, "if he took to wearing those special shoes with the built-up heels."

"And have things improved in the bedroom department?" inquired her friend.

"Yes, definitely . . . but still . . . "

"But still what?"

"They make the sheets so dirty."

It's nothing unusual," announced the porno-productions script editor, "just another one of those boy-eats-girl stories."

The tavern braggart was once again relating his sexual exploits. "You know," he said, "I once banged the cutest little Oriental stewardess right there in the plane during an overnight flight. Hey, I really put on a sustained performance that time! I was so damn good they oughta maybe make a movie about it. Let's see . . . what'd be a good title?"

"How about," yawned the bored bartender, "*Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo?*"

When the shrew learned her husband had a mistress, she asked, "Does this mean you've had enough of me?"

"No, my dear," he coolly replied, "It means that I *haven't* had enough of you."

On their wedding night, the honeymoon couple checked into an expensive Gold Coast hotel. Next morning, the groom telephoned room service and ordered a breakfast of bacon and eggs for himself and a plate of lettuce for his bride. "Would the lady care for anything else?" the puzzled clerk asked.

"Not right now," replied the chap. "I just want to see if she eats like a rabbit, too."

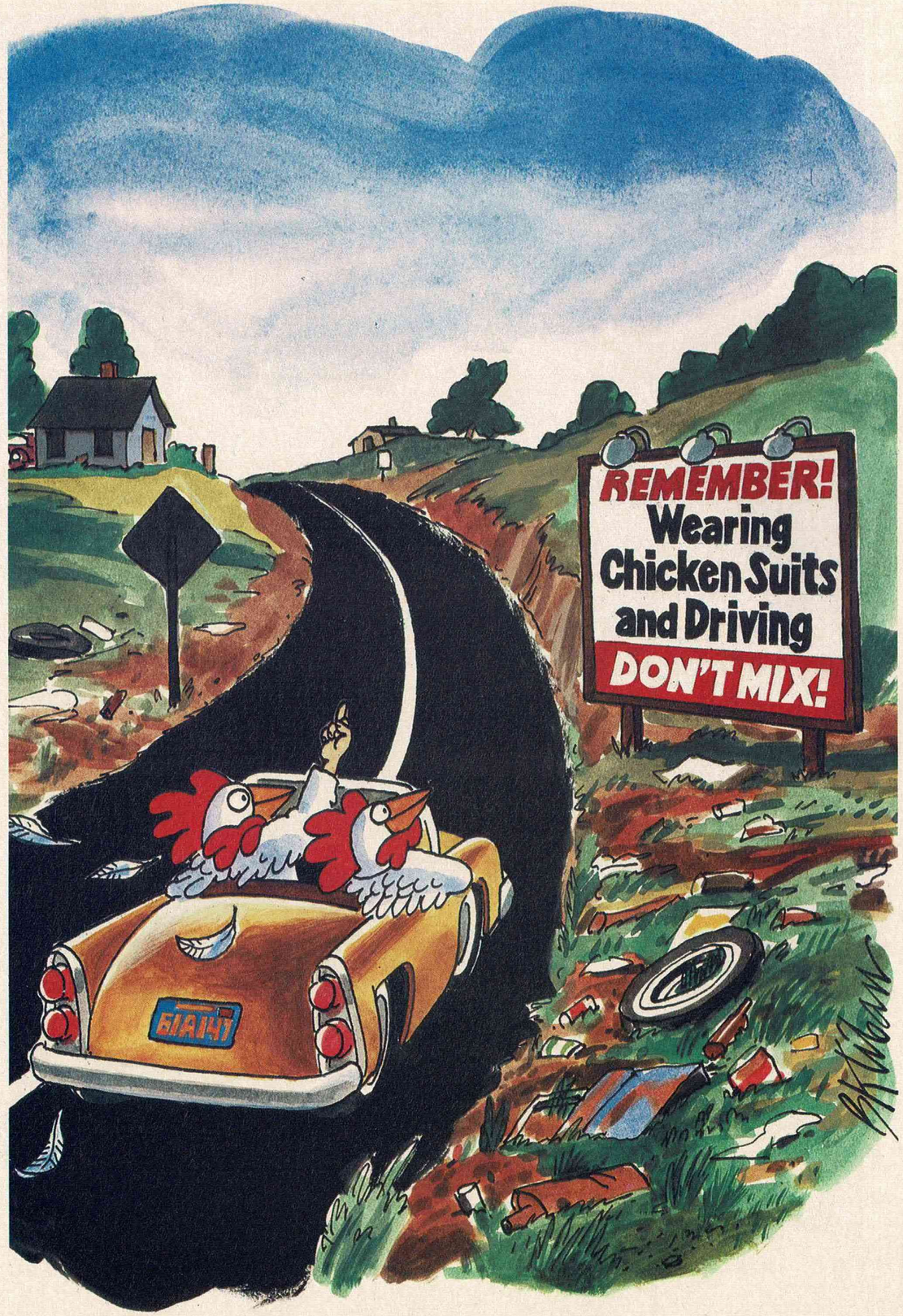
And of course you've heard about the pessimistic historian whose latest book has chapter headings that read "World War One", "World War Two" and "Watch This Space".

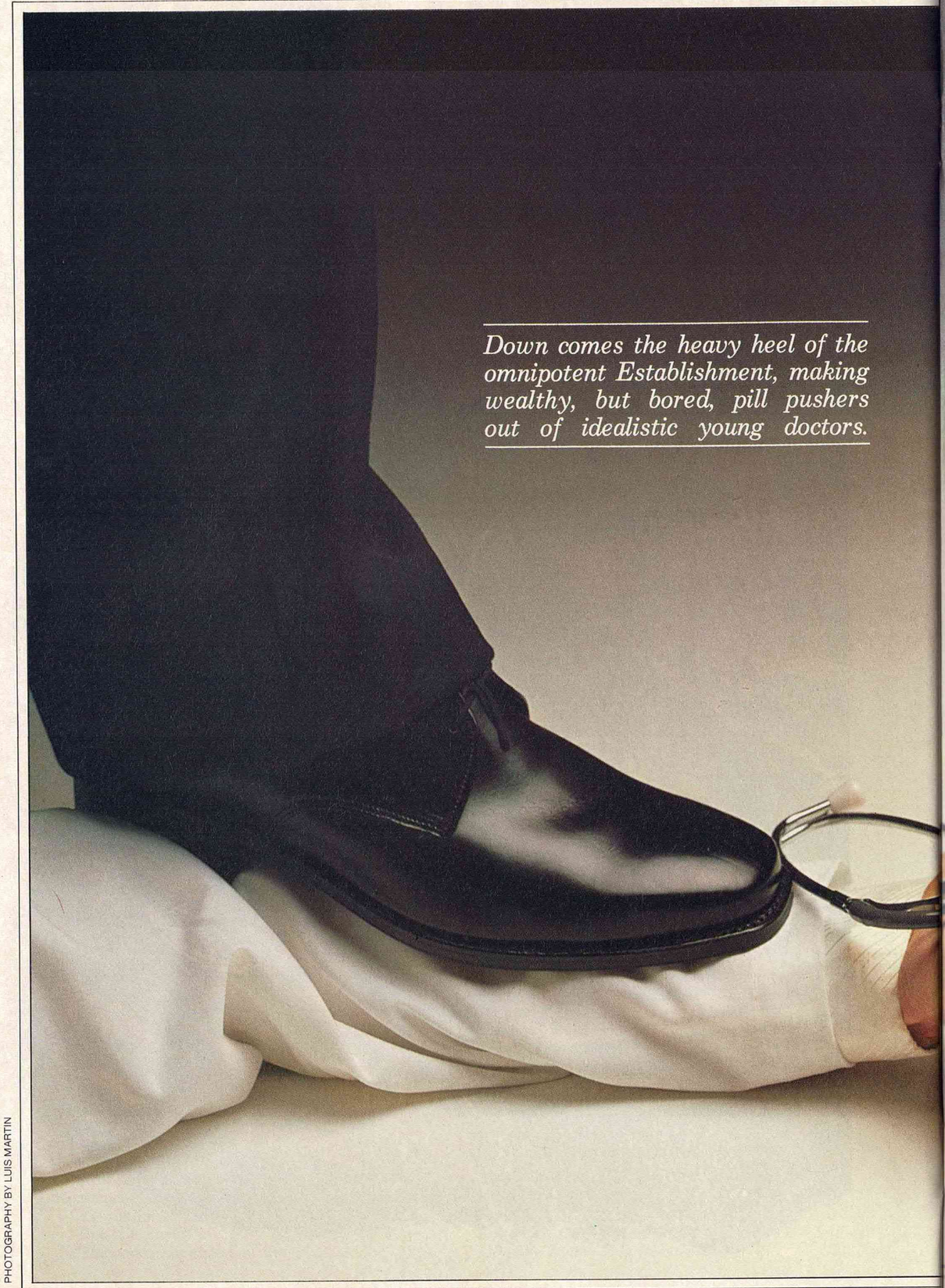
A well-dressed gentleman seated at the bar was quietly guzzling martinis. After finishing each one, he carefully ate the glass and arranged the stems in a neat row. The ninth time this occurred, the bartender could stand it no longer and commented to another customer, "There's a guy who's absolutely nuts."

"He sure is," agreed the other man. "The stems are the best part."

If I had my life to live over again," mused the old gentleman, "I'd make all the same mistakes — but I'd make them sooner."

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian* PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*





*Down comes the heavy heel of the omnipotent Establishment, making wealthy, but bored, pill pushers out of idealistic young doctors.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LUIS MARTIN

# What's The Medical Establishment Doing to all Those Nice Young Doctors?

by Glennys Bell

IT WOULD BE SOMEwhat unkind to call what's going on in Australia a "doctor explosion". Let's call it a rapid expansion with much heat and major damage.

And the victims of the fall-out are them and us.

On the one hand, it looks as though we'll soon have too many doctors, with the attendant problems of more unnecessary surgery and higher — not lower — health costs.

And on the other hand, the new young doctors, who want to get the profession out of its ivory tower, are in danger of being smothered by a blind, nose-in-the-air establishment.

There's a temptation to think snide thoughts like "Physician, heal thyself", and "You're all right, Jack", but when a whole profession goes out sick — especially one as vital as this — then we all have to sit up and take some notice.

Once, the medical profession could laugh at its own paranoia — the demigod delusion with which most doctors then learned to live, some of them quite happily. Today, it is troubled by new traumas and beset by problems less easily diagnosed and treated. Like a surgeon fishing for viscera in an abdominal operation, the medical profession is groping

uncertainly toward the future, for in the '80s doubt has crept into a profession once supremely confident. Dissension and division have fractured its united front. Criticism has injected an unsettling anxiety and change has disturbed its equilibrium. Most of all, it is losing control, not only because its authority is being questioned, but because the intrusion of government and the growth of other health care disciplines are affecting its power base and threatening its independence.

Yet of all the professions, it is the one most intimately concerned with the profundities of human existence. It shares the joy of birth, it monitors the passages of life and signals its end. It can be the most gratifying and the most satisfying of professions, the most compassionate and supportive, the most welcome, as well as the most awesome of them all.

**Yet they (doctors) do not recognise their own role in the loss of respect.**

So what has gone wrong?

Doctors are facing problems for which there is no easy prescription if only because the medical profession is reluctant to acknowledge that, while these are the result of external forces, many are self-induced.

Doctors agonise over their image. Blood-letting has been the medical prerogative and they do not take kindly to the doctor-bashing they believe to be the sport of politicians, media and public alike. It is a threat to their status and respect, and the power they wield as a result.

Yet they do not recognise their own role in the gradual loss of that respect. It began with their public antagonism to Medibank while at the same time reaping huge private benefits from it. It is maintained in their continued affluence, in the indifference of the five-minute surgery visit, and the apparent precedence of their income over patients, best expressed in the lock-up surgery.

More and more, doctors worry about the manpower problem. The prospect of an over-supply of doctors looms ahead, at least in the ratio of doctors to patients which has been set by the medical profession and which, incidentally, helps maintain the level of affluence to which they have become accustomed.

For the public, however, the real concern is not with more competition among doctors, which could possibly be healthy for both the profession and their patients, nor unemployment in this, the highest income group in the country, but rather higher health costs — since doctors are above the normal marketplace and the laws of supply and demand which govern other groups.

Doctors determine their own fees and the government adjusts its benefits to meet their prices. Doctors also control their turnover and the turnaround. They alone decide the time spent on a surgery visit, the need for repeat prescriptions, the frequency of return visits, and the kind of treatment, whether in surgery, house or hospital.

As Dr J. Richardson, an economist, commented on a study conducted into doctors by the School of Economic and Financial Studies at Macquarie University: "Fees do not appear to respond to the supply of doctors. Increasing the supply is not associated with a decrease in the use of each doctor's services and lower fees are not associated with increased demand. In summary, doctors appear to have a freedom of behavior which is, to a large extent, unchecked by market forces."

The survey found doctors worked long hours — about an average of 57 a week by their estimate. They saw about 33 patients a day and averaged 178 surgery and home visits, with office visits averaging only 14 minutes for each.

Though well-established, individual doctors may not suffer any drop in income because of the increasing numbers of doctors, there is a growing concern in the profession at the extra costs more doctors will add to the health bill. It is estimated that every new doctor generates something like $250,000 in costs, but there is a human cost in surplus doctors.

"The more doctors there are, the more operations there are," says one of Sydney's leading surgeons who was also a member of a medical manpower study group. "If there are twice as many gynaecologists in the profession as there used to be, then it's reasonable to assume there will be twice as many procedures as before. A busy doctor doesn't look for work and I believe if a doctor is busy then he is more likely to be conservative about the need for surgery or other procedures."

Doctors are constantly troubled by money and tax problems, as anyone in the $70,000-$200,000 income bracket must be. They are the target of the canny tax accountant because as self-employed professionals there is little straight tax relief. So they suffer the sleepness nights of insomniacs. Should they lease or purchase their Mercedes or Jaguars? Should they invest in art or in antiques, in a penthouse in the city or a property in the country?

Increasingly, however, they are aware that their numbers are being decimated, that the self-employed doctor is declining while the number of salaried doctors is rising, and now stands at around 40 percent of the profession. It is a trend that not only cuts into their incomes, but their independence too.

They are haunted by the spectre of malpractice suits. It is a fear based on the popularity and the prevalence of medical litigation in the US.

The medical profession is well aware that the same climate that exists in America is developing here. As the traditional bond between the family doctor and individual patient breaks down, as doctors become more remote from their patients and the patients less in awe of their doctors, the old reluctance to blame and bring action against them is also breaking down. The medical profession is preparing for the rattle of the consumer backlash.

"People don't sue people they like," explains Brian Bromburger, a senior lecturer in law at the University of NSW. He averages at least one talk a week to interested groups, doctors, students, hospital workers and the health profession, on medical litigation, though as he points out: "There's been very little litigation in Australia. A doctor here can insure for about $100 a year, for indemnity payout of about $500,000, but they are still frightened."

Some doctors are even disturbed by the dilemmas of their profession. Not just the momentous life and death decisions from which melodramas are made, nor even the emphasis on professional etiquette over medical ethics, but rather the moral dilemmas that derive from the evolving nature of medical practice.

Their training entrenches them in the ethos of the individual doctor-patient relationship while increasingly their practice requires them to also consider the more general needs of the wider community. They have to balance individual priorities against costs and resources, and to accept government intrusion as a part of that increasing cost.

Most frustrating of all, while they may treat the individual for disease, they have little control over its cause or even its cure. The great modern killers, like heart disease, lung cancer and alcoholism could be far more dramatically eradicated by changes in social behavior than by drugs or the surgeon's knife.

"If the medical profession continues without reform, without looking at what doctors are doing, and how to do better, it will continue to see its status eroded," says a senior hospital administrator.

"Doctors are apprehensive about their public image. They're worried that the anti-doctor feeling will spread. Their status will be downgraded as a result, and they would lose their bargaining power. At the moment, the medical profession is a closed shop that determines its own market," he continues.

"Yet they can't look at themselves and see why there is this antagonism in the community. They can't see how alienating their show of affluence is. All they see is a lack of appreciation in people."

**Not surprisingly, the AMA tends to take a defensive stand on issues.**

For most of this century, doctors have been the guardians of health and its gatekeepers, with sole power over the paraphernalia of the system, from the dispensing of drugs to decisions on who will have a transplant or when the life support systems should be shut off.

Now it is faced with losing control over the health care system it has dominated so long, for the community is now no longer prepared to accept without question the power and the authority of the medical profession, nor is it willing to allow its performance, nor its own definition of good medical care to go unchallenged.

"Doctors are still working on the impression that the community sees them as the family doctor. But the community doesn't. All it sees is the 9-5 lock-up doctor with no responsibility and no commitment. The profession at the moment is not geared to take a hard look at itself and do something about it. But if it doesn't, there will be this continuing erosion of status, and eventually the doctor will become just another white collar worker. It will be an awful thud for them," says the administrator.

The Australian Medical Association, the body which represents about 16,000 of the estimated 25,000 doctors practising in this country, takes a different view. The Secretary General of the AMA, Dr George Repin, points to several surveys which show that people are generally satisfied with the service they receive from the medical profession. He concedes that issues like Medibank and medical fee rises generated some resentment against doctors but believes the image of doctors today is much better than in the early '70s. "I've yet to find a patient who will speak of his doctor in a bad way. Most of them are happy with their doctors."

It is quite true. Though Australians grumble and complain about the quality of the medical care they receive, and its cost, they are reluctant to take action against doctors. But the heavy use of hospital casualty departments as an alternative to the doctor's surgery is an unvoiced protest by much of the Australian population.

Not surprisingly, the AMA tends to take a defensive stance on nearly every issue connected with the medical profession, from peer review to fees and income. Though fees are an inevitable element in every discussion of the medical profession, the AMA believes much of the heat has been dampened by the regular inquiries which now take place before any new rise in fees.

The AMA is currently presenting its submission for a further rise to the Conciliation and Arbitration Commissioner, Deputy President Isaacs. It is expected the rise will be in the vicinity of 9-10 percent, to be introduced in November this year. At present, the AMA standard consultation fee for a 15-minute visit is $11.40 in all States except NSW, where it is $12.40.

Fees are one of the few areas in which the AMA takes a positive, unequivocal line. It regards itself as a consensus organisation, drawing together the divergent views of the many branches of medicine it represents. The result is that its views rarely go beyond the bland and cautious prevarications that consensus does entail.

Its failure to take a stand on many health and political issues is the main reason it is no longer the single spokesman for the medical profession it was a decade ago.

On community health, for instance, it claims a concern for the general well-being of Australians, yet over the years many of its members have effectively blocked the community health program, including the establishment of community health centres, by their covert opposition.

Now, with the growing snuffle of a cost-conscious virus attacking the huge health and hospital system, the AMA has belatedly entered the community health care area, such as its campaign to reduce the over-prescribing which makes Australia one of the greatest drug consuming countries in the world.

Yet even in this case, its subjective focus defeated it. Instead of putting the onus on doctors, who many critics claim are responsible, it preferred an education campaign for its patients, urging them not to demand drugs on every visit.

The tendency of the AMA to react to pressures from outside rather than take the initiative and to generate programs and policies from within, its timidity and conservatisms have been the major reasons for the fragmentation of the medical profession into splinter groups. Most notable are the General Practitioners' Society of Australia (GPSA), which has about 1000 members and the Doctors' Reform Society (DRS) with about 700, though the influence of both groups goes well beyond their numbers.

Professor Ian Webster, in Community Medicine at the University of NSW, believes the politicisation of the medical profession has been one of the most important developments in the medical world in Australia in the past 10 years.

"At the one end the philosophy of the General Practitioners' Society is based on individual and professional freedom and, at the other, the Doctors' Reform Society, is based on social responsibility and professional accountability. The AMA is at some point in between. Underlying their differences is a serious conflict over the essence of the relation between medicine and society," he believes.

"At present there is little hope of providing health justice in Australia as politicians respond to pressure groups and the profession itself has difficulty in resolving its priorities. The moral dilemmas we face are how to discriminate between the needs and demands of different groups, who should exercise control over the allocation of health resources, and how this should be done," he continues.

"A partial answer is that there can be no justification for discrimination between any people of similar health needs. The allocation of resources should be a public process and not the sole prerogative of any single group or government agency."

The GPSA is a highly individual group of doctors who believe in free enterprise for the medical profession that's based on fee-for-service, with no government interference. It dissociates itself from the AMA, which it believes is in increasing danger of governmental control, because of

compromise on issues like fees and peer review, and from the DRS, which it regards as socialistic.

Surprisingly, however, it does have some areas of agreement with the DRS, particularly on the focus of its political role, as expressed by the former president, Dr Peter Arnold:

"The major problem we've got at the moment is that most Australians will not acknowledge a very simple thing, that their lives depend on themselves. Their health depends on what they do. It doesn't depend on us.

"I suppose that after the war years, with the advent of antibiotics in the '50s, with lots of wonderful new drugs and new techniques, people began to think doctors could solve everything. The simple fact is that cigarettes, alcohol, overweight and the motor car make up something like three-quarters of our deaths. Those are completely outside our control. They've nothing to do with us as doctors. They're purely social problems. The realisation that your health is in your own hands is something most people won't face up to. They're prepared to abuse their bodies, then come to us and say 'make us better'."

The DRS also puts emphasis on the social causes of ill health in its own policy statement.

"Much of the ill health in our society is produced by the way we live as individuals and by the way we collectively order our social and our economic life . . . health is primarily determined by factors other than health services . . . for there is great scope for the prevention of ill health; the DRS believes that efforts in this direction will produce greater benefits to health than increased expenditure on therapeutic measures."

While social problems like alcohol and smoking account for many of the deaths in the country, emotional and behavioral problems as much as organic disease account for many of the visits to the GP's surgery.

It is one of the costs of the health services, and one of its clichés. As the influence of the organised churches and the family clan has broken down, the GP has become a pastor and psychiatrist, family friend and next-door neighbor, confidant and Dorothy Dix. His surgery has become the modern confessional and the way-station for welfare work.

It is also one of the incongruities of medical practice these days. Doctors have never been so highly, and so expensively, trained. It now takes a minimum of five years, and costs about $100,000, to put a medical student through the basic university and hospital training. The profession also considers further post-graduate training essential, both for students going into general practice as well as specialist disciplines, because of the growing body of medical knowledge and the increasing complexity of all facets of medical science today.

Yet the GP is more often confronted by social, emotional and marital problems than major challenges in medical diagnosis. Instead of just treating and curing the physically ill, the GP often offers palliatives for living, and instead of fighting disease, often writes prescriptions for tranquillisers or referrals to specialists.

GPs are often bored, frustrated and disillusioned as a result, for it is not only their training but their expectations which are rarely realised. The suburban surgery is not the heroic front line of *The Citadel,* the novel by A.J. Cronin that idealised the dedicated, consummate doctor and inspired generations of medical students. Today, the book is out of print and the doctor it portrays is out of date.

**The GP has become pastor, next door neighbor, confidant and Dorothy Dix.**

Rather, general practitioners can occasionally be bored by their work, since so much is concerned with the coughs, sniffles and vague complaints of everyday living.

Frustration often comes from the seeming lack of headway doctors are making in changing the unhealthy habits of many of their patients. "Booze, Bex and baccy" is how they define the problem.

Disillusion comes from the limited and diminishing role the traditional general practitioner plays in the medical and hospital process. It is more than the inferiority complex attributed to them because of their position at the base of the medical hierarchy. It is the awareness and threat of change.

*The Australian Family Physician* once published a headline "Be Prepared . . . for the virtual obsolescence of the general practitioner" over an article quoting Jerrold Maxmen's book *The Post-Physician Era; Medicine in the Twenty-First Century.* Maxmen predicts that the general practitioner will be obsolete by 1985 and will be replaced by a collaboration between the computer and a new breed of health professional, the medic, whose education will be around 18 months, and who will be chosen for inter-personal talents rather than scientific sophistication.

Computers and the health professionals: they are two of the major new developments in medicine and two of the major concerns of the profession.

As Dr Greg Goldstein, editor of the Doctors' Reform Society's journal, the *New Doctor,* explains: "The new technology is a major factor in the increase in costs. It increases the numbers and kinds of specialists, like radiologists, needed to operate the new equipment. But it also takes treatment away from the general practitioner who looks after the patients and puts it in the big hospitals, where the big costs are."

Once, health care was in the hands of the medical team, with the doctor at its head. Today, there is a huge range of health professionals concerned with the delivery of health care, among them the paramedicals like community nurses and physiotherapists, the non-medical specialists like radiologists and pathologists, preventive health workers, psychologists and sociologists, plus vast numbers of administrators, policy planners and economists. They all have a role to play.

It is the health profession rather than the medical profession, with its opposition to the community health centres, which has taken the initiative in the preventive health field. Most of the community health projects running in the country, campaigns against smoking, alcohol abuse, drinking-and-driving, industrial accidents, ones for good nutrition and physical fitness, have been planned and also organised by predominately non-medical health professionals.

The change in the balance between the medical and health professions has affected the role of the doctor, but as Victor Fuchs points out in his book *Who Shall Live?:* "Medical education and practice have all too often failed to adapt to the new circumstances.

"It is impossible to make significant changes in the medical field without changing physician behavior," he writes. "The pre-eminent position of the physician in medical care is rooted in law, custom and his more extended training . . . With the growth of more complex technology, the changing nature of health problems and the commitment to serve the total population, a true team effort is required for successful health care."

Entrenched as it is by tradition and training, the medical profession shows signs of being reluctant to give up its captaincy of the health team, while at the same time failing to give a lead in the preventive health field. Yet it is because of their tradition and training that doctors have been predominately concerned with the curative side of medicine, as Professor Ian Webster explains: "The highest status is given in medicine to the doctor who deals with the special problems of a specific disease process in a particular individual and who takes direct action with tangible results for that person, for example, as in cardiac surgery or in neurosurgery."

There are people within the profession who are questioning both training and practice. Professor Bruce Roser, formerly associate professor of pathology at Sydney University, and now at Cambridge University, described medical education as an archaic hangover from the turn of the century in a speech given to health profession students a few years ago.

"There has developed a serious dichotomy between the pattern of medicine taught in medical school and the type of medicine practised at the primary care level to the extent that a medical degree today is virtually a preliminary training for specialist practice rather than for general or community practice," he said.

This emphasis in training has led to a rapid growth in the number of specialists practising in the country, particularly in the numbers of surgeons — one of the reasons, the DRS claims, for the unnecessary number of operations in Australia.

At the same time, the numbers of GPs and the services they provide has seen only marginal growth. In NSW, for instance, the number of GPs rose from 2891 in 1970 to 3899 in 1978, or from a ratio of one GP to every 1637 in the population, to one to 1337. In contrast, specialist numbers rose from 1841 to 3265, or a ratio of 1:2571 to 1:1597, making the number of specialists to population almost as many as GPs.

The division of medical practice into general and specialist has also led to a growing demarcation in the type of services each branch provides. More and more, the GP is being excluded from the hospitals, partly because services they once performed, like delivering babies, have been taken over by specialists, and partly because the hospitals are restricting access to appointed medical staff, generally to the specialists.

Few GPs today perform any operations, except for some older ones in private hospitals, not only because they cannot book surgeries in hospitals, but because they lack practice.

Little wonder that the GP trained in the traditional style often sees himself, in moments of deepest disillusion, as little more than a referral-writing machine, or as one doctor summed it up: "Little more than a paramedic, on about the same level as ambulance men."

Yet there are doctors who believe the GP can still play a major role in the management of his patients, even when they are referred on to specialist treatment. The GP who establishes rapport with the specialist can participate in the treatment of his patients. Nor is it necessarily a courtesy role, since the GP can act as the intermediary between patient and specialist, providing a vital link.

There are, according to Professor Webster, whole areas of medical care that are not being exploited, that could come under the role of the GP. As he says: "Not enough time is being spent listening to and caring for the patients' needs.

"One of the primary things about the GP is that patients present problems to him in an unorganised way. He is dealing with all aspects of human frailty. This distinguishes him from the specialist who is operating on the level where the problems have been sorted out. The GP is concerned with the total human being. Their problems can't be put into neat packages, because patients present him with their own perceptions and only a small proportion of their problems are due to underlying illness, so one of the major arts is to deal with this level and use referrals and investigations with judgement."

It is only in the country practice, or in certain city areas, such as Redfern in Sydney, with a large Aboriginal population, that the doctor comes close to performing the old-fashioned function of the all-round family doctor who knows his patients, and has to cope with all kinds of complications and emergencies. The majority prefer the urban life, living in the A-class suburbs even though their practices might be in C- and D-class, because of the easy and immediate access the city has to the specialist skills and high technology of the sophisticated hospital system. Despite their ambivalent feelings toward them, the specialist services and the hospital facilities are the systems with which their training has made them familiar and confident.

It is only in the present decade that the medical profession has begun to accept the idea that the doctors of the future might need different kinds of training, though it is divided on the kind that should be developed.

The problem is to reconcile these objectives with the needs imposed by the increasing complexity and fragmentation of medical knowledge. Professor Kenneth Cox, the director of The Centre for Medical Education, Research and Development, calls it the knowledge explosion, the fundamental cause of change in Australian medical schools:

"There is so much more information available, and the corollary is that each discipline is growing, and as subjects become bigger, departments become bigger to handle the subject. Look at pathology. When it first started, the idea was to look at the disease processes in a dead body to try to find out what caused them. Today, it's a fantastically complex business. It also deals with inflammation and reparation, with immunology and clinical laboratory studies, so each department is breaking up into the subject departments. There's a limitation to what the human mind can encompass, yet we expect students to encompass what we can't manage ourselves," he explains.

**The majority prefer living in the A class suburbs, with practices in C and D.**

Professor Cox can quote from experience. "I started as a general surgeon, then I was a professor of surgery, but progressively I became more and more unable to cope because the things I used to do became specialised areas, which I was not allowed to handle any more, things like urology, thoracic and pediatric surgery.

"Even I cannot encompass the areas within my own subject, yet we're expecting students to be dealt a smorgasbord of information and come out the other end. We've got a curriculum that's disintegrated into a whole lot of separate pieces and students move from one station to another, like being on a train, shunted from one department to another. The result has been to produce a technician rather than a rounded doctor. But is there room left for more than technical knowledge, to spend time on what it is to be a doctor, on the individual's responsibilities, and on the ethics of the profession?"

There are encouraging signs that the medical schools have recognised the need to balance the technical complexity of their courses. Nearly all schools in Australia have followed the lead of the University of NSW and started community medicine, a course

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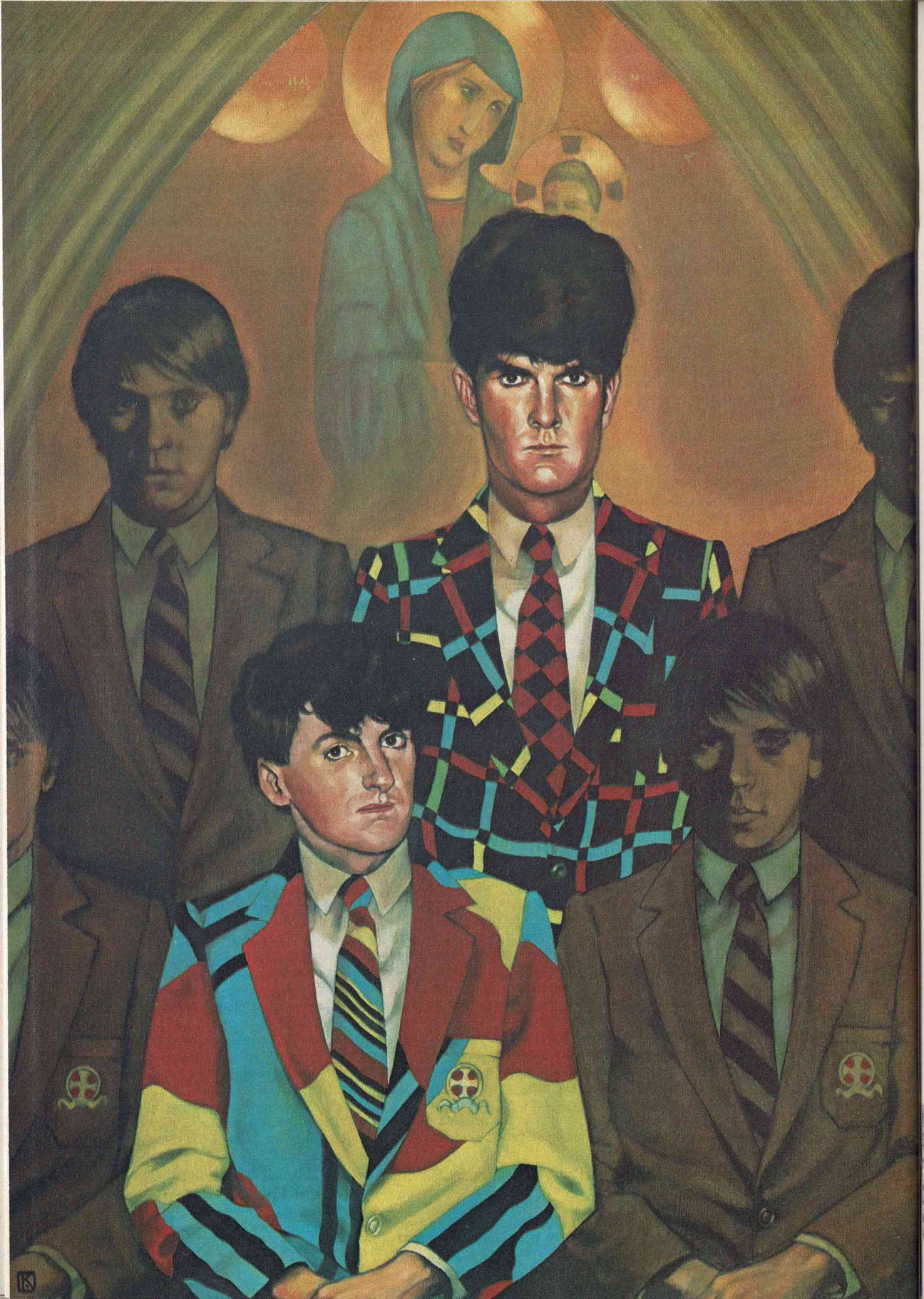


# MEANZ TO · THE · ENZ

## *from rock, to love, to groupies, to piggy muldoon, the brothers finn expose themselves in their true colors*

*NO MATTER what Richard Hadlee, Robert Muldoon and the entire All Blacks Rugby side do in the near future, Split Enz will still retain the title for delivering New Zealand's greatest culture shock of the past 10 or 20 years.*

*When the isles' "best band" lobbed into Australia in 1974-75, the agency immediately read "heavy metal rock" into the name and whipped them straight on to the school dance circuit. Jaws hit floors in disbelief when the Enz code of spectacular popular rock, cracked mirror visuals and refined humor went through its paces. A hasty reappraisal moved them on to better venues, and later in '75 they supported Roxy Music, whose Phil Manzanera was impressed enough to coax them to England, returning to produce their album.*

*New wave England wasn't quite ready for bee-hive hairdos, clown-like costumes, fun music and a stage act which looked like a lift from* One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, *so the boys returned to Melbourne to tone down their show and work even harder on their music.*

*The tangible product of this new image was the monumentally successful album,* True Colors. *The hallmark of its success was that it sold principally on its stunning musical strengths rather than on the band's previous gimmicky reputation.* True Colors *was a huge project for Mushroom Records, receiving great company backing and emerging as the first laser-etched, patterned disc. It also marked the arrival of Neil Finn, younger brother of Enz front man Tim. Although he was seven years Tim's junior, the younger Finn proved, after taking out band membership, that his creative input would in fact dramatically embellish the act. His personality, songwriting prowess and performing ability provided a new depth and direction. After two years, his contribution ranks him on the same plane with his brother as Split Enz' twin-lead image.*

*The band's incurable originality continues to belie the conservative backgrounds of its members. Normal, formal education and straight, middle-class professions have taken the desperation out of their performing, something which meant Split Enz made the transition from unknowns to an international act without too much pain. With tours of the US, Japan and Europe behind them and another album,* Corroboree, *parading up the charts,* PLAYBOY *sent* **Celie Gannon** *in hot pursuit of the brothers Finn to discover the true color of the Split Enz collage. Read on:*

**PLAYBOY:** Split Enz have been growing for eight years and Neil, at 22, has been the guitarist and hit songwriter for two of those years. That's about the time the band started to reap its just rewards. Are you coping all right with this success?

**NEIL:** Well, here I am. I don't know. I think so. I was a bit dazed last year when it all started happening. You get a bit shell-shocked. You don't quite know what's going on. But I think that over the course of the past year, having done so much travelling and having had a chance to be home for the past three months, I'm pretty well adjusted now.

**TIM:** He's had us to look after him, too, to keep his head level.

**NEIL:** Yes, I've got good keepers.

**PLAYBOY:** Tim, who is "us"?

**TIM:** The band. I mean, we are all in our middle to late 20s, and Neil's still younger. He's in his youth really. If he were surrounded by guys who were 19, 20 or 21, and they all suddenly made it big, it would have gone to their heads and it could have been a different story. But Neil's been level-headed because he's had us around him, and he's been able to cope with a lot of the madness of success. It gets in your blood. But I won't take all the credit because he's always been pretty down to earth, and he's the one writing the hits now, of course.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel jealous?

**TIM:** No, I don't feel jealous because everything he is he gives me thanks for. I trained him well.

**NEIL:** Hear, hear.

**PLAYBOY:** You boss Neil around?

**TIM:** No, not at all. Neil's more mature than me in many ways. Like he's more consistent and stable as a personality. If anyone can tell me to stop being stupid, it's Neil.

**PLAYBOY:** But you keep him in check, don't you?

**TIM:** Not especially. I used to in the old days, before I was in Split Enz, and almost before he was out of nappies, we would have these long conversations together. I'd give him what I thought was good advice, but I don't do that anymore. Now, we're more equal as band members and brothers.

**PLAYBOY:** You've been seen on stage, Tim, giving what seemed to be a reprimand to Neil.

**TIM:** Oh, I don't think it was really. Just sibling rivalry.

**NEIL:** It makes it more fun really. It's good for the audience to get involved in a bit of personal stuff. They have a barrage of music and visuals coming at them, and it makes it much more interesting if they are suddenly hit by a bit of bitchy stuff.

**TIM:** And we can be *really* bitchy because we're brothers. That's the good thing. If we weren't brothers then people would see it as me being pissed off because Neil's writing the hits now, but because we're brothers, they *know* that that's the case.

**PLAYBOY:** Did the writing of the hits come naturally, Neil?

**NEIL:** Well, I mean, I had good teachers, like my brother and the band. I was listening to all the same things that Tim was listening to when I was eight and he was 14. I was very lucky to have that interest stimulated so young, I suppose . . .

**TIM:** Falling in love is the best catalyst for writing a hit single.

**PLAYBOY:** Are either of you in love?

**TIM:** Often. It happens all the time.

**NEIL:** Yes.

**TIM:** All I will say is that if you want to

write a song, fall in love and you'll get a song out of it. All right?

**NEIL:** And then fall out of it and you'll write another 10.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you being prolific at the moment, Tim?

**TIM:** I'm always prolific.

**PLAYBOY:** So, you're always in love?

**TIM:** Yes.

**PLAYBOY:** How old were you when you first fell in love, Neil?

**TIM:** You first fell in love with a nun, didn't you, Neil?

**NEIL:** Yes, well it depends what you mean; there's all different sorts of love, isn't there? I love my mum.

**TIM:** What you're trying to ask is when did he have his first sexual experience? PLAYBOY usually likes to ask that question, so why don't you ask us that?

**PLAYBOY:** When did you have your first sexual experience?

**TIM:** No comment. It was in the back of a truck.

**PLAYBOY:** How have you coped with the groupies these past eight years?

**TIM:** Well, we never had them until recently because we were never that kind of band, but now that we are, we just take it with a grain of salt. A lot of them are really nice and intelligent and want to talk about the music.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever have long-term affairs?

**NEIL:** The last person in the world you would go near is a girl that hangs around backstage.

**PLAYBOY:** Why is that?

**TIM:** For a start, we're not chauvinists. We don't believe in the plundering of womankind. We're not like some who boast loudly and proudly of having had a different woman every night. The thing is, women are there in rock 'n' roll and if you want to use them you can. There are girls around who are willing to sleep with you just 'cos you are a pop star. Unfortunately, because of our Catholic upbringings, we just can't look upon girls as anything other than wonderful, intelligent, beautiful human beings.

**NEIL:** Also, the girls who hang around backstage have got a very unreal opinion of you. I can't react to it. The guys who take advantage of that situation have got a shallow reason for being there in many ways.

**TIM:** But let's keep our options open.

**PLAYBOY:** You mentioned a Catholic upbringing. What did that involve?

**TIM:** For me, boarding school for five long years.

**NEIL:** I only went for a year and a half. I escaped.

**TIM:** I was just out of boarding school and full of loathing and vengeful feelings, so I used to pump Neil up with propaganda.

**NEIL:** He used to tell me to write obscenities on the chapel walls.

**PLAYBOY:** If you hated it, Tim, why did you go?

**TIM:** I won a scholarship, so I had to.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your IQ?

**TIM:** I don't know, I don't believe in IQ tests. No, I was taught by nuns. You can't beat a nun's upbringing — even now I fantasise about them.

**NEIL:** I think it's a very provocative way to be brought up.

**TIM:** All those women in brown, thick material dresses, hitting you with leather straps.

**NEIL:** Gives you some funny ideas.

**TIM:** Then, at boarding school it was

The brothers Finn, with Neil on the left.

the Marist Brothers, which is even more strange. Men with these long black dresses on and they laid in with the cane. You had to get it as many times as possible to be one of the boys.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you one of the boys?

**TIM:** Totally. I was very successful at Rugby, and I was very successful at school, but for me soccer was more glamorous, and I was always more interested in glamor than he-manship. Glamor and excitement.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you always have to be the best at everything?

**TIM:** I'm very competitive. I relish competition, but as I get older I find it more of a strain. When you're Neil's age, for example, it's easier to have a healthy attitude, whereas when you get older, you get bitter and twisted about competition. But, I'm still very competitive. I like winning. Boarding school crushed a lot of things out of me. I used to be very funny but boarding school made me serious and I've been fighting that ever since.

**PLAYBOY:** Your sense of humor certainly comes across on stage. What type of humor would you call it?

**TIM:** Very primitive. I like slapstick, bellylaughs and guffaws.

**PLAYBOY:** The housewife phraseology that you use on stage is like that of Dame Edna Everage.

**TIM:** Well, that's very flattering. Barry Humphries is one of my heroes.

**NEIL:** Tim just prattles on. He doesn't think about what he's saying.

**TIM:** But not to pursue the housewife connotations any further because I'm so butch, I refuse to be labelled as a housewife.

**PLAYBOY:** In what ways are you butch?

**NEIL:** Look at his chest for a start.

**TIM:** I've got a hairy chest, but Neil hasn't got any. Well, he's got about twenty actually, one on his left nipple which is about three inches long and he occasionally plays with it backstage. It's like a tendril, he just wraps it around his fingers.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you know all of Neil's nervous habits?

**TIM:** Yes. I am responsible for most of them.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that another example of that fatuous Finn sense of humor?

**NEIL:** A good strain of humor runs through the family. Our mother's Irish, so she's got that Irish devilishness to her and our father's got the most obscure sense of humor of anybody we know.

**TIM:** If you're Irish, you're either a poet or a drunk. There are no in-betweens.

**PLAYBOY:** Where do you fit in?

**TIM:** Well, we don't drink much.

**NEIL:** I very rarely drink actually.

**TIM:** On the road you tend to get drunk every night, but by the normal day's standards, you're not really drunk, you just have a few before you go on.

**NEIL:** I'm never drunk and I'm not really silly. I don't indulge in drugs.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you, Tim?

**TIM:** No . . . well. What do you call drugs? Aspro?

**NEIL:** We do as much as the guy who works in any office.

**TIM:** I find that the main thing in life that I exist for is to write songs. I'm always either writing or I'm thinking about them, so I don't want to get too clouded up. I get up in the morning, have a nice breakfast, sit down at the piano and write.

**PLAYBOY:** How does songwriting work for you, Neil? Does a song just come, or do you have to work at it?

**NEIL:** I usually write on guitar. I get the melody first and then the words. I'm finding it more difficult to get words than Tim does at the moment. I'm still learning the craft of it, just like an apprentice.

**TIM:** Neil's words are great, but he doesn't have any self-confidence.

**NEIL:** It's a real panic. Usually whenever we are recording an album, I'm writing my lyrics one hour before we put the vocal on. I really freak out about it. But when I read them through about a month later, I think they are not all that bad.

**PLAYBOY:** Neil, some of your hit singles, History Never Repeats, One Step Ahead and I Don't Know seem to have unusual, if not to say offbeat, lyrics. Do they come naturally to you? Where do the words come from?

**NEIL:** I start with a phrase and, if there's an obvious meaning, then I usually discard that and look for some other way that I can approach it. I usually like to have a twist in there somewhere or other.

**TIM:** Yes, it's nice to have one line at least that seems really out of place.

**PLAYBOY:** You underestimate your hit-writing ability, Tim. It was written recently that your ballad, Hope I Never, has the strength of composition to become a lasting standard. It strikes some as very romantic. Are you a confirmed romantic?

**TIM:** Very, but not sappy. Blood and guts romantic. Romanticism is to me the strongest philosophy, the strongest attitude of all. And what could be more romantic than a good melody? A lot of music is built around tough-sounding lyrics or a tough-sounding guitar lick, but I reckon a melody, a tune, is, like, the toughest thing of all.

**PLAYBOY:** In what way are you personally romantic?

**TIM:** In so far as I believe in the power of good as opposed to believing in the power of evil.

**NEIL:** That's why our music's positive. We don't believe in wingeing.

**TIM:** I hate negativity in rock 'n' roll because the spirit of rock is joyous.

**NEIL:** It should uplift people going to see a band. I mean there are bands that subscribe to the theory that you should bring out people's aggression or something. It's pointless. There's so much aggression in people's lives.

**TIM:** We are very old school in that we believe in entertaining people and giving them a good time.

**NEIL:** I think that's an attitude that's coming back. Bands like Adam and the Ants are starting to bring back that sort of feeling into English music. Make them leave with a smile.

**TIM:** I think it's a good thing. It's right in tune with what's going to happen over the next five years.

**NEIL:** We believe that emotion in music is the most important factor of all.

**PLAYBOY:** And does the emotion in your music affect the emotion in your personalities, or vice versa? And, in the final analysis, in the end product, how is this displayed?

**NEIL:** Tim's a very intense person, which is why I think that he's such a good performer on stage.

**TIM:** Yes, I'm very black and white.

**NEIL:** He's all peaks and total highs which is probably a very creative state to be in. It's very inspiring.

**TIM:** It's a drag.

**NEIL:** Well, it's a drag for you, but it's a very important factor in this band, because we are very influenced by it and it makes us feel more determined to get in there.

**TIM:** Sometimes I'm a pain in the arse.

**NEIL:** Yes, but other times you are a very inspiring person to be with, so it's worth it.

**PLAYBOY:** You're very positive, aren't you, Neil?

**NEIL:** I try, but I have my moments.

**TIM:** He's very positive, especially when I'm feeling low. I've never seen him depressed.

Tim: "The main thing I exist for is to write songs."

**NEIL:** No, I do get depressed, but I'm usually at home where nobody can see it.

**PLAYBOY:** But surely your lifestyles wouldn't allow that much opportunity to be alone. Do your girlfriends go on the road with you?

**TIM:** No.

**NEIL:** Occasionally.

**PLAYBOY:** There's seems to be a difference of opinion.

**TIM:** It's just that if people are on the road with us and they are not directly involved with the tour, it becomes difficult for them. They feel like a bit of a spare fairy. We do it whenever possible. If somebody wants to take someone, then we can work something out.

**PLAYBOY:** Long relationships must be impossible in those situations?

**NEIL:** It's obviously difficult.

**TIM:** Travelling inevitably leads to long separations, doesn't it, Neil? If you try to have a relationship with someone and you don't see them for five months, it obviously puts a big strain on it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you like touring?

**TIM:** Yes, ultimately, it's good, it's fun.

**NEIL:** Certain aspects of it are loathsome, like feeling very unhealthy because you have been travelling all day and then not being able to find a decent restaurant.

**PLAYBOY:** Having travelled most of the world, and having been residents for a considerable amount of time in England, Australia and New Zealand, do you have any interest in politics?

**TIM:** We don't concern ourselves with politics. It's so boring. The only thing that fascinates me are the characters in politics and New Zealand does have one in Muldoon. Whatever you think of his politics, and most people our age don't think much, he's such a character that he brings a bit of humor into the whole thing.

**NEIL:** Yeah, he's really entertaining.

**TIM:** Muldoon is funny. Maybe he's dangerous, but he's funny. But then, I guess Idi Amin wasn't that funny.

**PLAYBOY:** You are New Zealanders, but it was said recently that you now consider yourselves Australians.

**TIM:** It's not as black and white as that, but we're proud to be seen as either now. At one time we would have said don't call us Australians, we're New Zealanders. But we owe a lot to Australia, and we live here now. But I suppose we are New Zealanders as people.

**NEIL:** Yes, we sort of have emotional ties there.

**TIM:** We're their mascot. The epitome of the local boys made good. That's not arrogance 'cos we've worked eight years for it. We've worked real hard for it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do the eight years of Split Enz seem worth it?

**TIM:** I look back over the eight years and see that we've made a big monster and it's grown up alongside us.

**PLAYBOY:** Is this band a dream or a reality to you?

**TIM:** Everybody's got dreams lurking behind their eyes. You've just got to look for them really. But I always find myself believing in fantasy as opposed to so-called reality. It's just a part of me and I can see it going on forever, with a lot of variations. Once we have established our world-wide empire, once we've cracked it in America, as they say, then we'll do films, we'll do solo projects, we'll do all sorts of things. But at the moment, we're just Split Enz.

**NEIL:** It's very hard to see an end for the overall thing.

**TIM:** It's gonna be great for the press though, when we do end. All the headlines will be full of phraseology like: ENZ SPLIT or ENZ END.

# AH, INDIA

*If Paradise and Purgatory exist on Earth they are here, they are here . . .*

*Travel by Ronald Rose*

*AIR CONDITIONED coaches transported the delegates from their five-star hotels to a farm on the outskirts of Delhi. The guests were received at the gates of the farm by two men mounted on camels and dressed in the regimental uniforms of the Camel Corps of India. As the delegates entered the gates, they were greeted in the traditional manner by Indian women in colorful costumes, who splashed the visitors with rose water and then pressed small caste marks on to their foreheads.*

*Beyond the women stood elephants with howdahs swaying on their backs. Behind the elephants came the snake charmers, jugglers, puppeteers, and at every turn the 5000 international hoteliers and tour organisers were met by folk dancers from different parts of India, doing boisterous dances to the music of travelling musicians. If anyone was bored by the splendor of the reception, the hospitable host consoled them with a choice of the finest cuisines and stimulants of three continents.*

*"It's how I've always dreamed*

*that India would be," exclaimed one enchanted travel expert.*

From *Karma Cola* by Gita Mehta

YOU CAN STILL see a tourist's India, protected from the impact of crushing poverty, disease, death and the smell of decay. You can isolate yourself in luxury air-conditioned hotels, moving from one to another in the protective cocoon of a coach.

Only when you step out to inspect a palace, a fort or a tomb will you get a whiff of what life is like in this festering, beguiling country. But then you can retreat yet again, as most travellers do, away from the beggars and the lepers, the pitifully-undernourished children, retreat from the smells, the grubbiness, and the dirt, retreat to your reassuring tour leader.

In the manicured rose gardens and lawns of your hotel, isolated from the mendicants and the misery outside, you can take a gentle ride for about 100 metres on a superannuated, but richly-caparisoned elephant, kicked into reluctant activity by a clean, smiling *mahout.* Or you might prefer a camel ride, or a jaunt in an iron-wheeled cart drawn by a ribby horse. You can be entertained by the hotel's pet snake charmer with his sluggish, underfed, well-disciplined and fangless cobra, and his overfed and very sluggish python. Or you can get an attendant to release some scruffy peacocks just for you to photograph.

Pay out your rupees (*prix fixe* — no bargaining here) and retreat . . .

No, not yet. There's another coach-load of exhausted tourists arriving, Japanese this time, most wearing cloth medical masks. On their stubby legs they plod up the red carpet as you did yesterday. Beautiful Indian girls — with that wheat-colored skin so highly-prized in brides — wearing flamboyant and silver-spangled *saris,* throw rose petals over the visitors and press caste marks on to their foreheads, just as they did to you yesterday. Ah, India!

I do not recommend that India be seen this bland and inconsequential way. Some 800,000 visitors do it already and the government aims to increase the number to 3.5 million annually by 1990. Nor do I recommend the other extreme, the one that has attracted so many devotees, who voluntarily place themselves almost on the bottom of a social caste ladder for visitors, struggling from one vermin-ridden hotel on to another, battling bouts of debilitating dysentery and risking malaria, hepatitis, and God knows what else daily. There are other ways to explore India, somewhere between the package tour and the hepatitis horror.

*Nothing that you have read about India beforehand can prepare you adequately for the shock of experiencing it.*

But no matter how you see India, you will never see it completely. Carl Jung declared that Occidentals who believed that they saw the real India deceived themselves. All Westerners lived in bottles of Western air, he said, protected from India by objectivity, causality, and all the other intellectual apparatus of the West.

India should be seen. Its problems, so far as we can understand them, should be contemplated; its beauties enjoyed; the physical remains of its noble, and sometimes ignoble, past studied. An attempt should be made to understand its diverse peoples and their problems of caste, religion, and of poverty. They will all raise in any thoughtful observers profound disquiet, indignation, wonder, anger, and despair — perhaps even a deep sense of shame.

Nothing you have read about India beforehand can prepare you adequately for the shock of experiencing it. You may read about the poverty, the squalor, the beggars — these are words on paper. The poverty you will see is profound and tangible.

Today about 45 percent of India's population (of well over 600 million) survive below the poverty line.

I did not see poverty at its worst. It is at its ultimate and its most cruel, Indians told me, around Calcutta where perhaps a million people live, love, sleep, and die in the streets. But in Delhi, Jaipur, Agra, Bombay, where I did see it, it was bad enough — close, I thought, to the very extremes of human degradation.

The poverty is made all the more distressing by the enormous wealth of some other Indians, and most foreigners, existing side by side with it.

The Raj is alive and flourishing in India — there are corners of New Delhi, Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras that are forever England. Many Europeans living in India are like princes and princesses in a fairyland of *ayahs, syces,* bearers, clubs and polo matches, bridge tournaments, and eternal entertaining. And many very wealthy Indians, living in their mansions, surrounded by servants, seem to be more British than the British. In fact, Malcolm Muggeridge Englishmen were Indians.

Out of the poverty arises beggary. Officially outlawed, like the caste system, it shows no sign of declining. In most countries the visitor may take a quiet, relaxing walk from his hotel, around the block perhaps. This is not once said that almost the last true



possible in most parts of India. When you leave your hotel grounds you are immediately surrounded by beggars, touts, and hawkers, imploring you to give, to buy, to see. They pull at your clothes, stand in your way, hustle you. They beg and whine, and curse you when you try to ignore them. It is not so bad in the big cities or at modest to poor hotels in other places. Stay in a luxury hotel in a tourist centre like Agra and you are in prison.

Some of the beggars, particularly children, are pitiful. Many have had their limbs broken by their parents (or by a *sadhu,* or holy man, who has abducted them at a tender age), have had nails pushed right through their cheeks, or have been blinded.

Do not give to beggars. There are more worthy objects of your pity, and your *paise* (pence) is the official precept, but it is difficult to resist the pleas of a maimed child, even when you know that it will benefit little if at all from your charity. By signs they ask for money to buy food. I once gave a begging child food. It was accepted, but reluctantly — the demand was for money. Possibly she later suffered a beating for accepting food.

One of the things that can startle a newcomer to India is to find his mild-mannered relatives and friends who have been living there for some time shouting, actually shouting, at the Indian beggars. After a week or two you are startled to discover yourself doing the same thing. The harassment becomes too great and all dignity then completely disappears.

There are some beggars, however, who provide a *quid pro quo* for the money they try to extract from you, the ubiquitous snake charmers, for instance. There are also magicians, or "magic men" as they are called. Like the one I saw in the beautiful Lodi Gardens in New Delhi, they will go through a repertoire of tricks — in some you will easily perceive the *modus operandi;* others may leave you puzzled. Good entertainment value: they are worth engaging for a children's party. There are dangers in having some types of indigenous entertainment at such functions. One New Delhi businessman thought an elephant would be great fun for the kids, but he hadn't reckoned on its weight. His lawn has not been the same since.

Looking over the Red Fort at Delhi, my attention was attracted by a rattle of gourds and two fellows put on a patently fake but well-done levitation display. I told some Indians about it later and one of them responded in the best Peter Sellers fashion: "My goodness gracious me!"

And on the way to Jaipur, the magnificent "pink city" of Rajasthan, I saw two Indians with a scruffy, but yet magnificently trained, performing bear. He went through his paces, boxing, falling over, begging. An act worthy of high billing in any circus. I did not begrudge his master and the other entertainers of their few rupees.

I am not so sure about unofficial, and illegal, self-appointed guides. At every place of tourist interest locals will begin to walk with you and proffer information. "This place is very old, *sahib.* It was built back in 16 . . . by Shah . . ." If you listen to more than a sentence or two without making it very plain that you do not want a guide, a fee will be demanded and an ugly scene could develop. On the other hand, official guides are often most knowledgeable, articulate and interesting — and quite necessary if you wish to understand some complex structure such as the remarkable observatory built by Jai Singh II at Jaipur.

The "change" racket that occurs in many tourist countries is especially blatant in India. Attendants at any museums, palaces, zoos, where an admission charge is made, bazaar traders, and some shopkeepers, will often claim they have no change. Usually the amount is small and the soft tourist will forgo his two, three, or four rupees. This is theft; it doesn't even have the dignity of begging. The answer is always to have plenty of small notes and coins. In former times, beggars would not beg from castes lower than themselves. That seems to be breaking down a little — but it's not a weakening of the caste system, rather a deterioration in the pattern of begging.

India is a country ravaged and made impotent by the religions, customs and outlook of its people. Of all these, the Hindu caste system is probably worst.

This rigid order of life has now dominated Indian lives for almost 2500 years and it will take more than the 26-year-old Protection of Civil Rights Act to crush it, for Indians revere the established and ancient, however awkward and inefficient it may be. This is the land of the *status quo* and sleeping dogs.

There are four main caste classes, headed by the Brahmins, the preceptors or priests; then comes the Kshatriya, the warrior class; the trading class, Vaishya, follows; and at the bottom there is the Sudra or working class. The religious concept is that the highest caste emanated from the mouth of the primeval being, the warriors from its arms, the artisans from its thighs, and the serfs from its feet. Each caste has its own functions and code of behavior.

Within each of these broad orders there are further subdivisions. The distinctions and the discriminations between them are most pronounced at the bottom end of the scale. Caste determines occupation. The people are tainted by their caste, but they accept it. The stenographer who takes down your letter in immaculate shorthand will not type it; he dictates it again to a lesser mortal to whom the task of typing is caste-acceptable. The chauffeur will, if requested, clean out the inside of the car but he will throw the tissues and fruit peelings on to the ground. It's not his job to dispose of them; that's for the sweeper. An Indian writer said of the sweepers: "They are dirt. They wish to appear as dirt." The *dhobi,* the wash man, who sullies himself with other people's dirty clothes, despises the lowest of them all, the cleaner of lavatories.

Castes recognise each other, not only by the caste marks, but by appearance, dress, occupation, and demeanor. Man in India finds stability and security in the exacting bonds of this system, but they are bonds nevertheless and, from birth until death, his freedom is limited, circumscribed, denied. In Hindu religious theory a man can pass from one caste to another (particularly between incarnations) but in actual practice it does not occur.

The modern Indian philosophers recognise that the caste system "was no more than a practical application of the insight that people by nature differ in temperament and character".

The Hindu word for caste is *varna,* which means "color" and, while the social discriminations of the system are not officially countenanced, they continue to find expression. Thus matrimonial columns in the press refer to the prospective brides as "wheaten colored", "with wheatish complexion", "golden color", or else merely "fair".

Many advertisements state that caste, and even sub-caste, is no bar; but others that "only family of class may apply".

On India's national day, which falls on the same date as our own, splendid displays are put on in all cities, particularly in the capital. In the pageant I saw in New Delhi this year were some children, riding proudly on elephants, recipients of Mrs Gandhi's recently instituted bravery awards. One little girl, I was told, had rescued a baby who was being abducted by a holy man.

But in modern India it is difficult to get candidates for these awards, for the idea of bravery performed by just anyone offends the principle of caste. Children do not want their parents to

know they have been brave; bravery is the function of the warrior caste and no one else. It has been common, and still is, for people to ignore completely a drowning stranger, to walk past an injured person who lies writhing in the street and, in the reverse situation, to refuse assistance themselves from someone of lower caste, although it might cost them their lives.

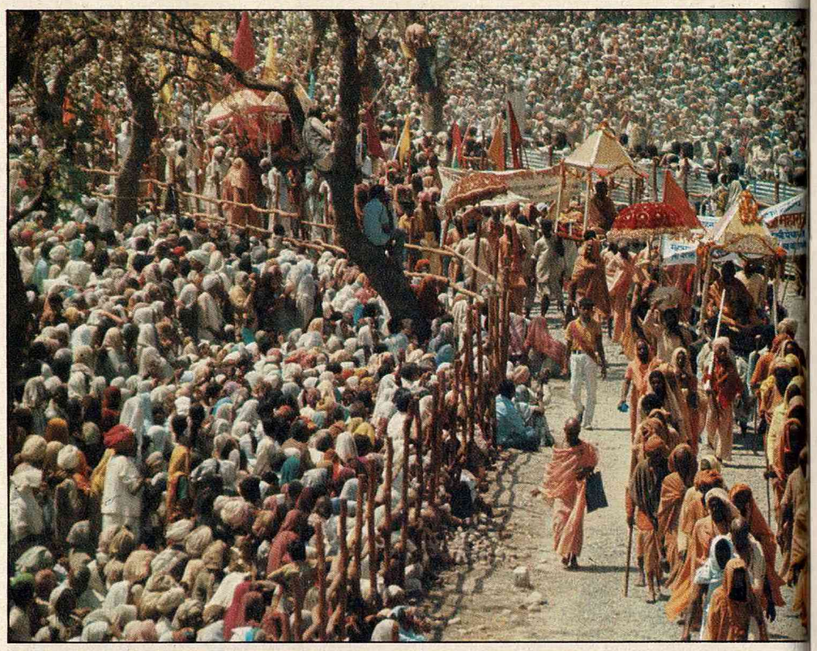
Recently, in the state of Gujarat, there were caste riots. Thirty people were killed (a small number by Indian standards) and some 2000 people were arrested. Trains were burnt, shops and offices were looted. Upper-caste Hindus were protesting against the government's pampering of the lowly Harijan untouchables. For centuries these people (10 million in that state alone) have been exploited, persecuted, spat upon. Now the government is providing special scholarships and academic privileges for them; the irony is that few of them are qualified, or indeed desire, to take advantage of them. Fatalism has long been the saving philosophy of serfs and untouchables; now it binds them to the past.

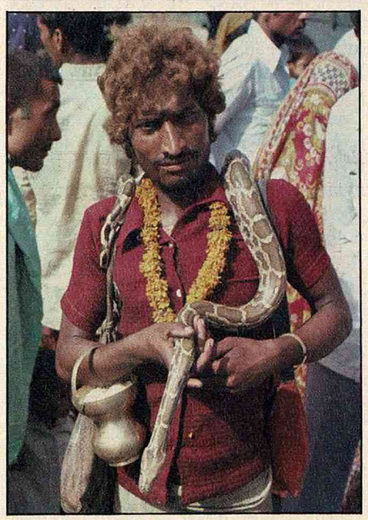
Caste attitudes bubble over dangerously in many areas. One Indian writer pointed out that, in Lucknow, he noticed that ministers of the state considered it beneath their dignity to stop at traffic lights. The lights became useless decorations, particularly as some other high-caste Indians thought they should not be outdone by mere ministers who were sometimes lower than themselves on the caste ladder. Probably this attitude accounts for much of the traffic chaos in all Indian cities. And what can low-caste policemen do about it, anyway?

In the past, caste may have served useful social and economic functions. Now it is clearly inefficient. It has created a psychology among the people, an outlook, that will frustrate plans for improvement for many years to come.

Allied with caste, but not part of it, is an interesting custom. *Hizra* ("people who are neither men nor women" was how one Indian described them to me) go to wherever a male baby is born and inspect it. If it is normal, they bless it, accept a fee, and depart. If it is sexually deficient, they will claim it as one of them and, later in its life, return, take it, and look after it. A sort of gay social security, but based solely on physical aspects.

The Hindu precept of *ahisma,* non-violence to any living thing, arose historically at the same time as caste, about 2500 years ago. Sitting beneath a *pipal* tree in what is now the state of Bihar, Buddha said that man's mind must embrace all living things. All creatures great and small should live.





*Appearance is reality — not a surprising attitude when the prevailing religion teaches that life is an illusion.*

At an experimental cattle breeding station at Hissar, in Haryana, I saw cattle in advanced stages of foot and mouth disease. The afflicted animals could not, by law and especially by custom, ever be killed. Scientists were frustrated in their work.

The holy cow is the supreme example of *ahisma.* These beasts are everywhere. They lie, chewing and content, on the streets in the midst of chaotic traffic, fed by people who are often themselves starving. They are revered, for they provide some milk, but mostly they are prized for their dung, which is hand-modelled into regular pats, known as *oopla,* that are artistically stacked for storage and later used for fuel and for the construction of huts.

The cow is holy. An Indian writer pointed out that even if one is knocked down by a lorry and lies dying slowly in a pool of blood, villagers will stand by to see that no one attempts to take its life.

Foreigners living in India will tell you that all Indians are pathological liars. They may cite the applicant for a job who, told that he is under or over age for it, will return a few hours later with a new (forged) birth certificate. They may point out that the health campaigns are useless because, for instance, vaccination certificates may be bought for a few rupees. Similarly, academic status is easy to come by.

But these are obvious examples of what is a complete philosophy. Sweepers do not sweep to make things clean — I have seen paths and lawns dirtier after their attentions than before — they simply go through the motions, and to them and their employers that is enough. The law requires that confectionery shops all have glass cases. They have, but often the sweets are outside the cases, covered with flies. A contractor may supply telegraph poles, say a metre shorter than what the specifications provide (taking other people down is almost like a game), and rapidly gets them shallowly into the ground so that they are the required height above the surface.

Appearance is reality — not a surprising attitude when the prevailing religion teaches that life is an illusion anyway — and corruption is a way of life. It has been estimated that a third of development funds in India are lost in graft and corruption.

The Hindu is required by his religion to bathe daily. Often he does this in filthy, stagnant water. If he is taken to task in a friendly way he may point out that we Westerners are really much dirtier. We use our right hands for toilet purposes, in making love, and also for eating. Don't we know that the left hand is for all functions below the waist and the right for clean things?

To Indians defecation is more than a disagreeable bodily function. It has a religious significance and is often a social occasion. V.S. Naipaul wrote: "Indians defecate everywhere. They defecate, mostly, beside the railway tracks. But they also defecate on the beaches; they defecate on the streets; they never look for cover. Muslims, with their tradition of purdah, can at times be secretive. But this is a religious act of self-denial, for it is said that the peasant, Muslim or Hindu, suffers from claustrophobia if he has to ever use an enclosed latrine. A handsome young Muslim boy . . . had another explanation. Indians were a poetic people he said. He himself always sought the open because he was a poet, a lover of Nature, which was the matter of his Urdu verses; and nothing was as poetic as just squatting on a river bank at dawn."

I drove from New Delhi to Agra. The beautiful, wide, treelined avenues of the capital are as much like Mugga Way, Canberra, as any I have ever seen. In the soft light of the early winter morning (with champagne in the air, as an Indian acquaintance put it), the squatters defecating in the gutters or standing urinating against the tall mansion walls seemed out of place.

We passed through the suburbs — squatters again, mostly in little happy groups. Out into the countryside with its yellow mustard fields — a veritable sea of bare-bottomed squatters.

The main highways in India are generally quite good. Public carriers, lorries, all brilliantly painted with "Horn please" printed on the back, as well as other slogans, belt along them at a hair-raising pace, overtaking the squat Indian-made Ambassador cars, the camels, and the oxen. The lorries are made in India, too, have a high centre of gravity, and are usually overloaded. Indians drive fatalistically, as their religion indicates they might. Soft edges, wandering cows, goats, pigs, monkeys, Indians oblivious to the traffic and fatalistic also, add to the hazards. The highways are littered with wrecks. Every few kilometres there are badly broken down vehicles, with stone markers around them to warn other motorists.

Villages are squalid but colorful. Women in gay *saris* balance brass water pots on their heads, laughing children up to their elbows in it shape the cow dung into pats. And there are curious and laughable signs to instruct or edify travellers. Some, like "make the desert green — plant more treen" have more rhyme than reason.

The Taj Mahal is, rightly, India's major tourist attraction. This beautifully-proportioned, albeit functionless, structure has sent travel writers into ecstasies. It has probably worn out more superlative adjectives than any other building in the world. It was built by Shah Jahan in memory of his wife Mumtaz Mahal who, after bearing him numerous children, died in childbirth. Its construction began in 1632 and took 20 years.

Like most such buildings in India — palaces, forts, tombs, even a complete deserted city of various degrees of magnificence — the Taj has been allowed to fall into disrepair. The whitish marble is now a polluted grey and, when I was there, the plumbing for the reflecting pools had broken down completely.

"See the Taj Mahal by moonlight," everyone said. We tried, at the full moon indeed, but pollution (mainly from the dung fires) made it really a non-event.

At the Taj, however, I did see something that threw more light for me on the Indian way of life and death. From the platform on which the Taj is built I saw some dogs on the muddy banks of the Jumna River fighting over a carcass. It took me a moment or two to realise they were tearing chunks of flesh from the buttocks of a human corpse.

I learnt that there was a burning *ghat* just upstream. Often poor families cannot afford to buy sufficient wood and the clarified butter called *ghee* to ensure that their dear departed is reduced to ashes. Merely singed, the corpse is tossed into the river to be disposed of by dogs, vultures, fish and the processes of decay.

"India is probably the only country in the world that allows tourists to treat death as a spectator sport," wrote Gita Mehta. "Few places are more spectacular than the burning ghats at Benares . . ." At Benares, I was told, corpses floating in the river are sometimes a navigational hazard.

Beautiful though it may be, the Taj Mahal is but one of dozens of such structures in India for the tourist to enjoy. The now abandoned city of Fatehpur Sikri is an entire collection of them. The erotic carvings of the temples of Khajuraho, crude in the extreme at the base, but becoming more artistically refined at higher levels, give some idea of the usefulness of yoga in achieving unusual postures. With Indian muscular control the range of possible copulative positions staggers the imagination.

Conservationists complain that India's animal population has declined dramatically in recent years. This indeed may be so, and certain species may be in danger of extinction, but one of my greatest impressions of India was the extent and variety of its wild life. The sky seemed always to be filled with birds — vultures and kites planing on the thermals, great flocks of pigeons, in places peacocks by the score, and in the gardens the ubiquitous *hoopoe.* And squirrels and monkeys almost everywhere, with working elephants, camels, donkeys, and oxen clogging the narrow roads, pigs rooting in the rubbish heaps, and dogs. In the wild life reserves it is possible to see deer and the big game — tigers, rhinos, leopards.

And, lest it be thought that all tigers are tamed in reserves or behind bars, in the Lucknow region alone in December and January last, 10 people were taken by them.

At the Keoladeo Ghana bird sanctuary at Bharatpur there are an estimated 400,000 resident birds and, in the wet season, 200,000 migrants. There seemed to me to be almost as many at the Delhi zoo.

Animals. Animals and people. A census was conducted earlier this year. More than a million census takers had their figures totted and the government arrived at a population of 684 million — more than the combined total of Russia, the United States and Indonesia. However, whole groups of people have complained that they were not counted.

Birth control is encouraged and the birth rate has declined since 1956,

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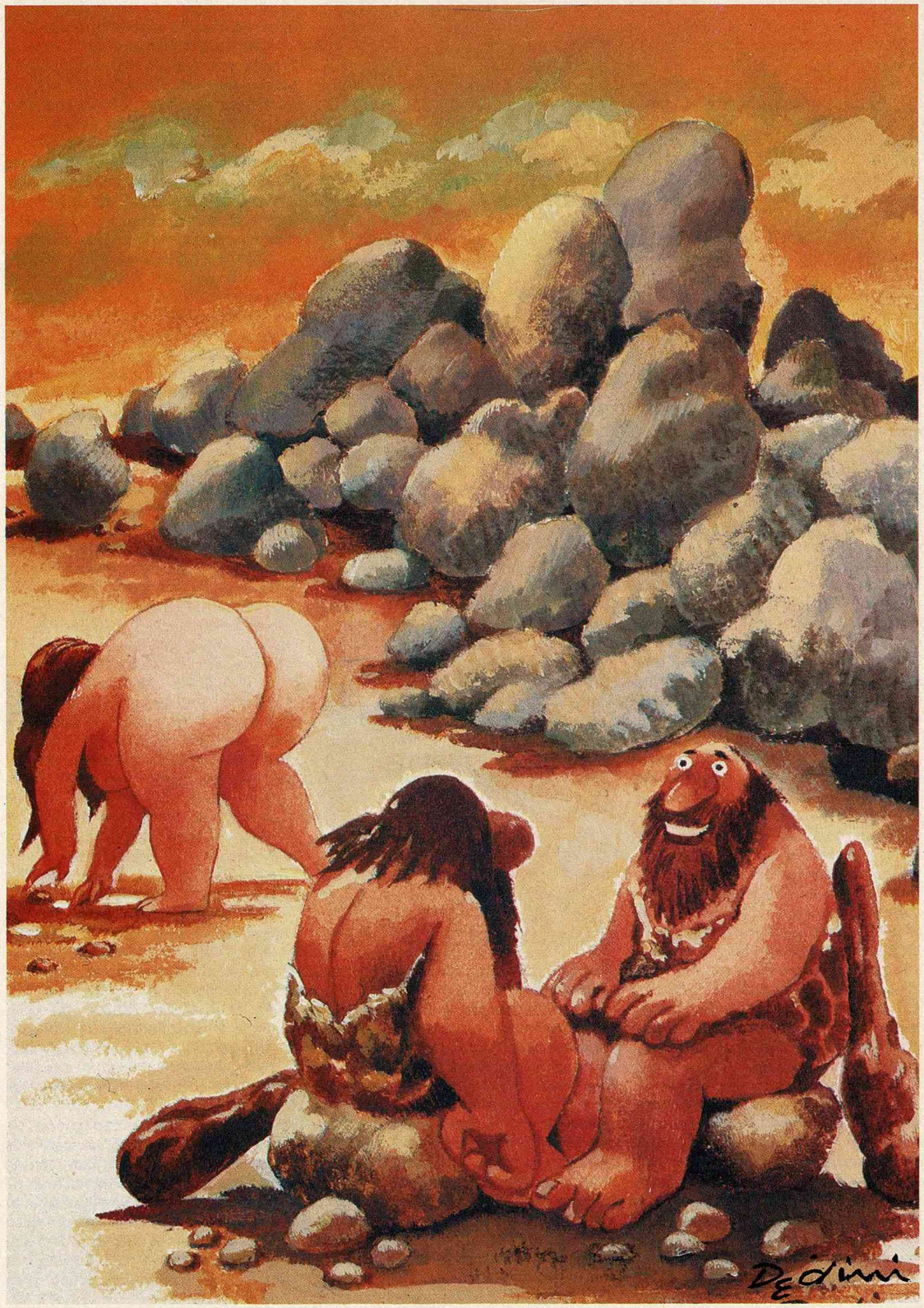
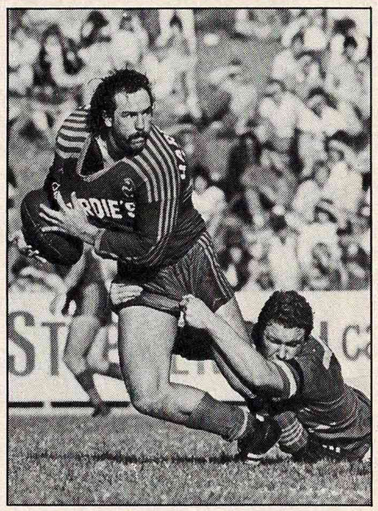


"I've always had the feeling the world is round."

# NICE LEGS, SHAME ABOUT THE FACE



*nothing fazes mike gibson anymore, even the sight of mincing macho men*

*"RUGBY LEAGUE has got to be the most violent game on earth. How do those players keep getting up off the ground after all those beatings? They don't wear padding. They don't wear protective helmets. Those guys are the toughest sportsmen that we've even seen."*

— Jack Faulkner and Jerry Rhea, leading American gridiron trainers who visited Australia in July.

"Hey, who's pinched my dress?" shouts Johnny Hammond. "Don't get yer tits in a knot," a voice down the corridor roars back.

We are inside the dressing-room backstage at the Cronulla-Sutherland Leagues Club, one of Sydney's biggest poker machine palaces, a plastic and plaster monument to the local residents' love of booze, gambling, a cheap night out and Rugby League football. Tonight the entertainment is not only second-rate and tacky, it threatens to plumb new depths in bad taste, as prominent Sydney footballers take part in Rugby League New Faces, a televised show in which Australia's allegedly most macho males disport themselves in drag and generally make first-grade galahs of themselves.

Johnny Hammond is built like the proverbial brick shithouse. He plays in the front-row for Manly, and even at the tender age of 21, has the scars to prove it. But tonight he adjusts his

wig as the make-up artist lavishly splashes the mascara around his eyes.

"Yer tits are gonna be nice and stiff when that stuff dries," sniggers one of his mates, as Johnny paints his hairy nipples with electric-pink nail polish. It does seem a peculiar thing to do. But, packing down in the scrums each weekend, Johnny is obviously not a stranger to discomfort. Stiff tits seem the least of his worries as he tarts himself up like the most bizarre bird, to bring the utmost in grotesqueness to the act.

It is a strange feeling, to say the least, standing in a dressing-room full of Rugby League players, watching them climbing into women's clothes. The traditional smell of liniment and sweat is replaced by the aroma of face-powder and cosmetics. Instead of pulling on their boots and socks, those hairy legs are enswathed in fishnet stockings. The act is called Martin Bull and his Boilers.

"You might think we'd find it hard to get blokes to take part," says Martin, "but we wound up with so many, we had to hold auditions." With a moustache drooping over his lipstick, Martin Bull looks the sort of guy who could give transvestism a bad name. Martin plays in the front-row too, the same position in which his famous father Roy packed down for Australia against the Poms.

"He told me not to tell anyone I'm his son tonight," chuckles Martin. Not that Martin seems too hung-up about the act. It was his idea to do a drag show. It was his idea to use the old Ernie Sigley hit Hey, Hey Paula as musical accompaniment.

"No one in the club has a shred of musical talent," says Martin. "It seemed the logical thing to do."

In the dressing room next door, having the powder puff dusted over his bald pate so that it doesn't dazzle viewers' eyes, well-known television personality Bernard King is gearing up to be as nasty as he possibly can. For the past four years, Bernard has been one of the judges in this quest for jockstrap talent. Each Sydney Rugby League club enters an act. Not all of them are in drag, but some of Bernard's critiques have been so scathing that souped-up fans have attacked him after the show.

"The first Rugby League New Faces I did was extremely hairy," Bernard recalls. Even though the program was televised in a studio at Channel Ten, many of the audience were liberally lubricated. A group of drunken women, after urinating in the carpark, proceeded to try to beat Bernard up as he dashed for the safety of his car.

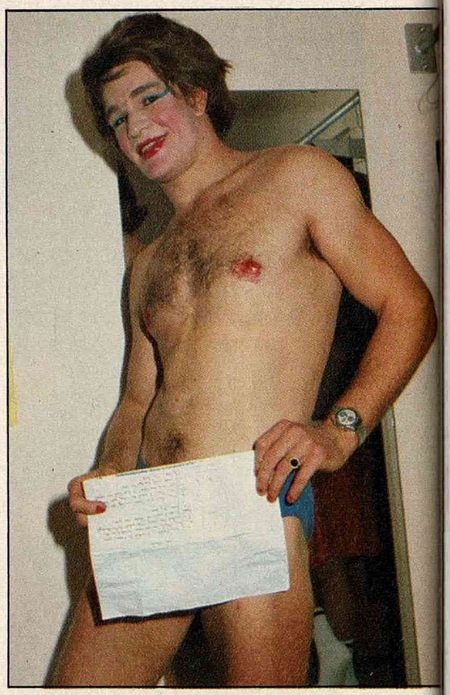
"That's why they now hold the show in places like this," Bernard sighs, rolling his eyes at the ceiling and leaving us in no doubt as to what he thinks of Leagues Clubs.

"That's why I also bring these two friends of mine," he adds, with a toss of the head. Bernard's two "friends" are professional purveyors of punishment who look like slightly pinker versions of The Incredible Hulk.

Although there is a variety of entertainment on tonight's program, I asked Bernard why he thinks that drag acts always seem to dominate the show. Having seen some of our sporting greats, notably our tennis players, cavorting about in women's clothing at parties before, what is it about ladies' clobber that holds such attraction for Australian sportsmen?

"Oh, how naive you are," exclaims Bernard. "It's not just Australian sportsmen who love running around in women's clothes. Most Australian men get the urge, and let me tell you, it is all happening out there in the suburbs.

"My first experience was many years ago. I'd compered a Lions Club fashion show in Brisbane. When it was over, I was invited back to one of



Now if Australian men — including rough and tough Rugby League footballers — are so keen to whip on black suspenders and lace panties, wouldn't it stand to reason that Australian women are out there in suburbia, climbing into the old man's jockettes, three-piece suit and collar and tie?

"Oh, heavens above, no," Bernard purrs knowingly.

"Most Australian women look so butch, it doesn't matter what they're wearing anyway!"

As the band warms up, and the waiters start trundling the jugs of beer out to the tables of the 900 members of the audience (predominantly women) who pack the auditorium, I chat to Sydney advertising whiz-kid John Singleton. He is the man, Singo, who first foisted Rugby League New Faces upon us.

"Ya know, mate, of all the mad ideas I've ever had, this is the most successful," Singo beams.

"The first year started out like a disaster. We had to beg players to take part. The 0-10 network must've been petrified just before that first show. We hardly had any players there. Talk about rough. Barry Wood, a Newtown player and a mate of mine, rehearsed a poem called *Trees,* at the last minute. While he was reciting it up there on stage, his wife walked out and threw eggs in his face. He was sensational. He won first prize — a Pacific cruise for two. Now, it is a two-hour show every year, an enormous success."

I guess the best thing that can be said about Rugby League New Faces is that all proceeds go to assisting the Spinal Research Foundation. The worst things that can be said would fill this entire issue of PLAYBOY. A typical sample of the standard of humor came from players representing the Penrith club. One, who was supposed to be well-known Rugby League commentator Rex Mossop, asked another, "And tell me, who's the worst coach that you have ever played under?"

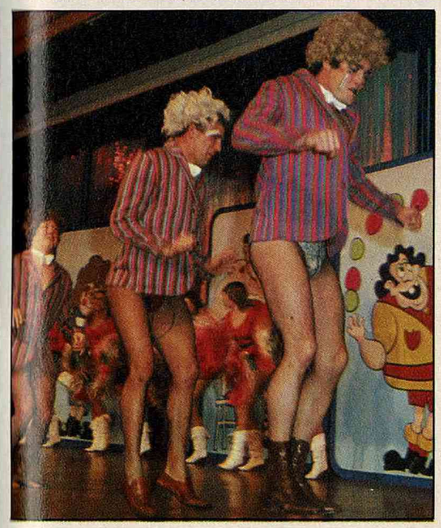
"Bernard King," came the quick reply, "he pulled the whole side off at half-time!"

The audience roared its approval. Bernard King played the part of the wounded queen.

"You're on, girls," yells a technician, and Martin Bull and his Boilers totter out on stage to open the soiree.

"Have a look at 'em," roars Singo.

"Mate, this will be sensational. Gonna rate its bum off."

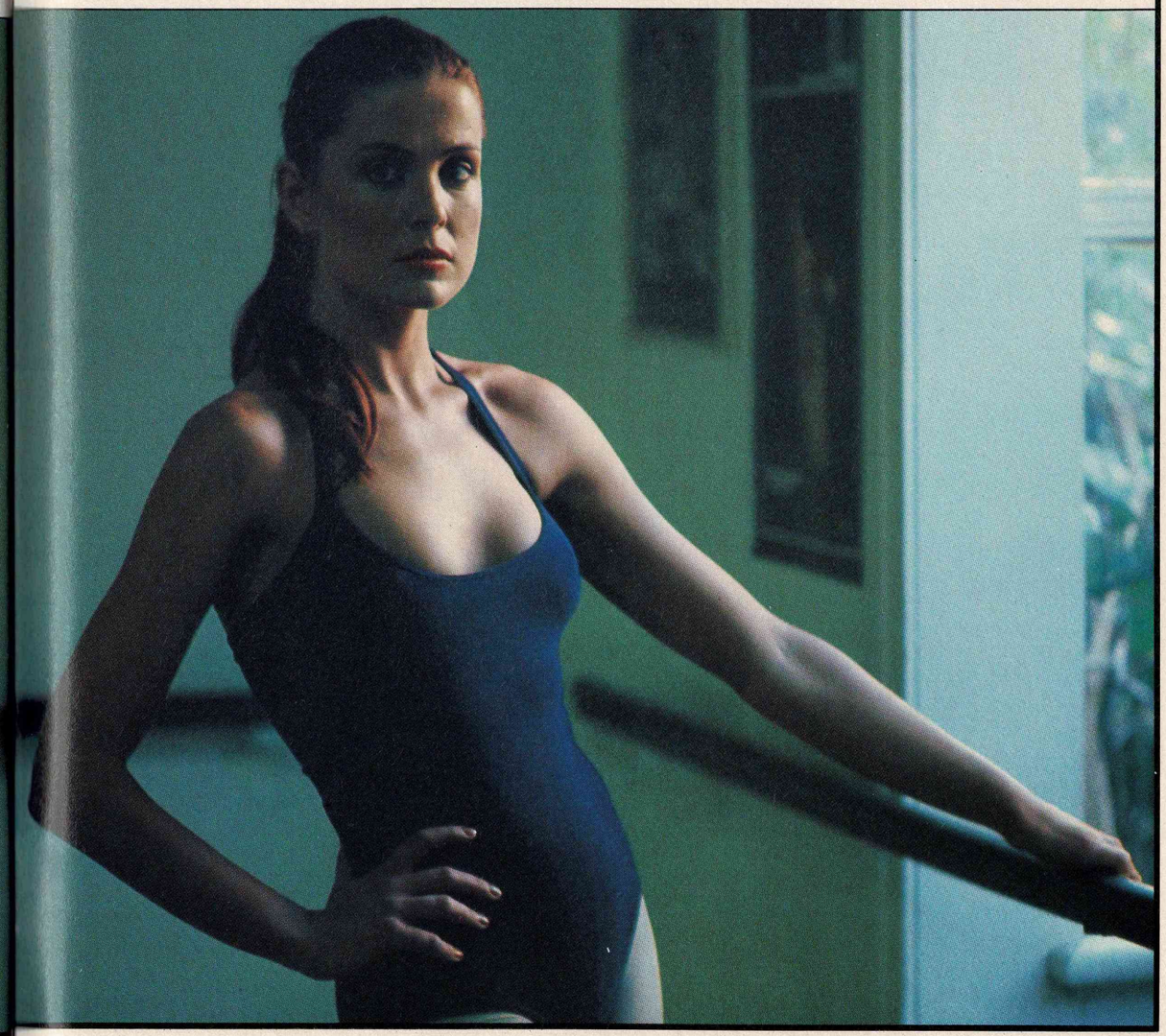


the organisers' homes. Now, you've got to bear in mind, these were the straightest, the most square mob of Brisbane suburban dwellers you'd ever see. Well, next thing, no sooner were we home, than the men got the frocks from the fashion parade and started climbing into them.

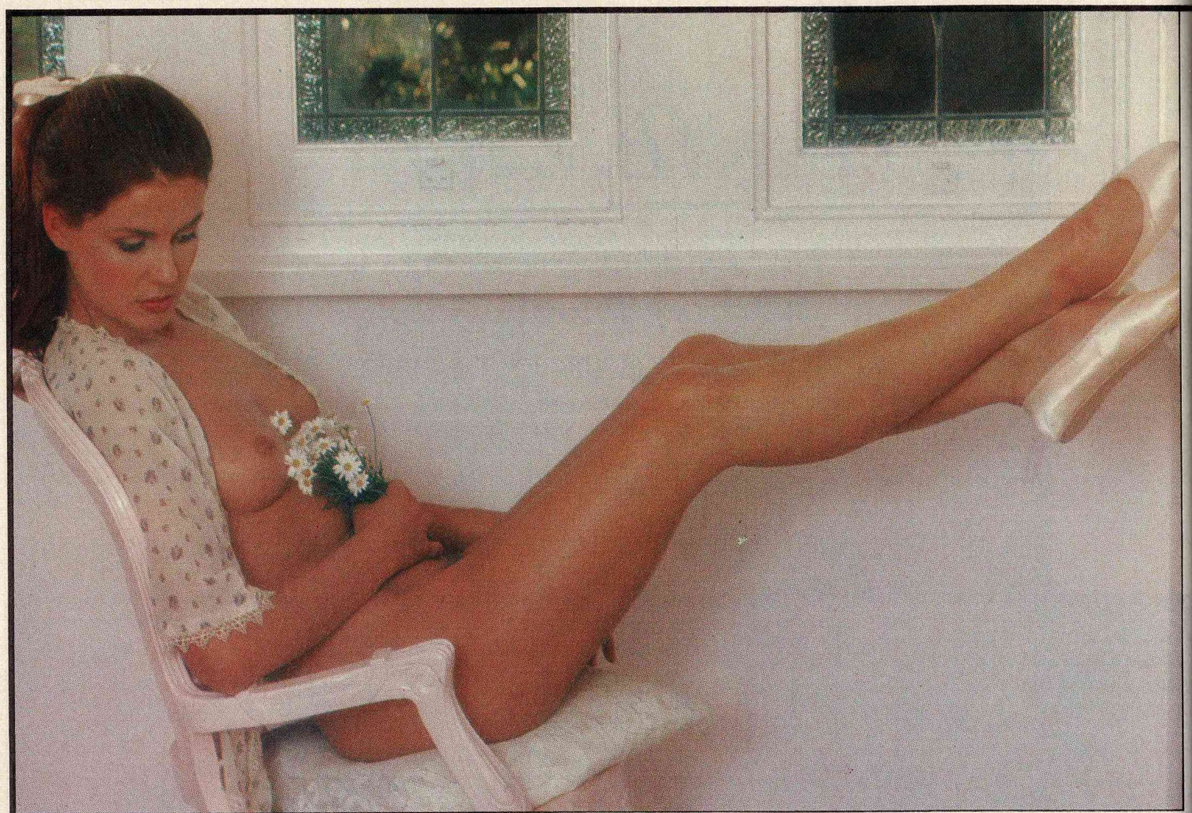
"They walked around all night in drag, making the coffee and serving the savories. Their wives absolutely adored it. You've got to remember that the two most popular one-man shows in Australia have been those starring Barry Humphries and Reg Livermore. These two spend all night wandering all over the stage in women's clothes. The longest-running cabaret act in Australia is *Les Girls.* It's the great Australian pastime. It's part of our national culture. Straight men love getting dressed in drag."

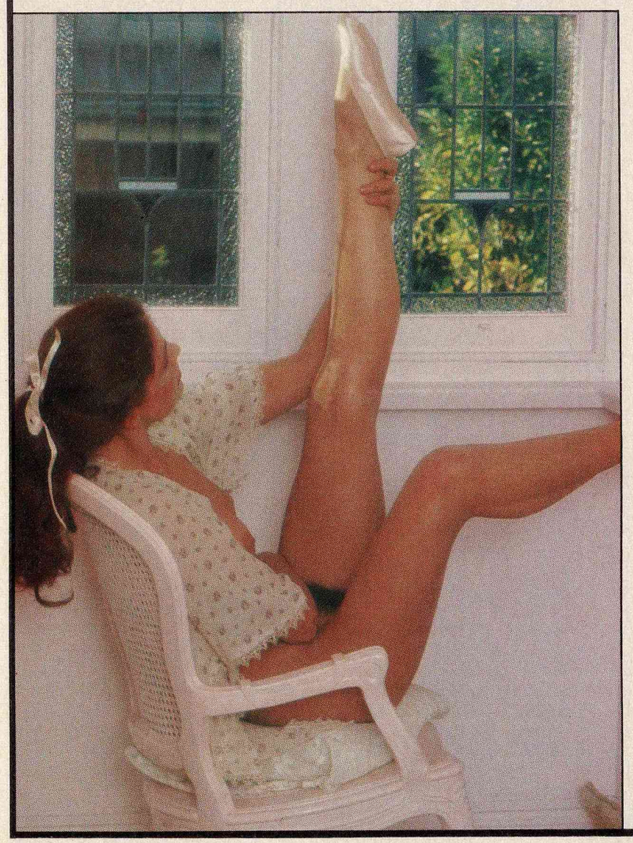
# CHERIE, RIPE...

*sweet, delicious . . . a girl for all tastes. She didn't begin to study dance until she was 20, but as you can see, she's no late developer. An expert in both contemporary and classical techniques, Cherie shows us a few points . . .*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL HARRINGTON





Cherie is totally committed to the rigors of the dance because, as she explains, "it is the most immediate, straightforward means of creative outlet for me. It makes me feel good — and isn't that what life's all about?"

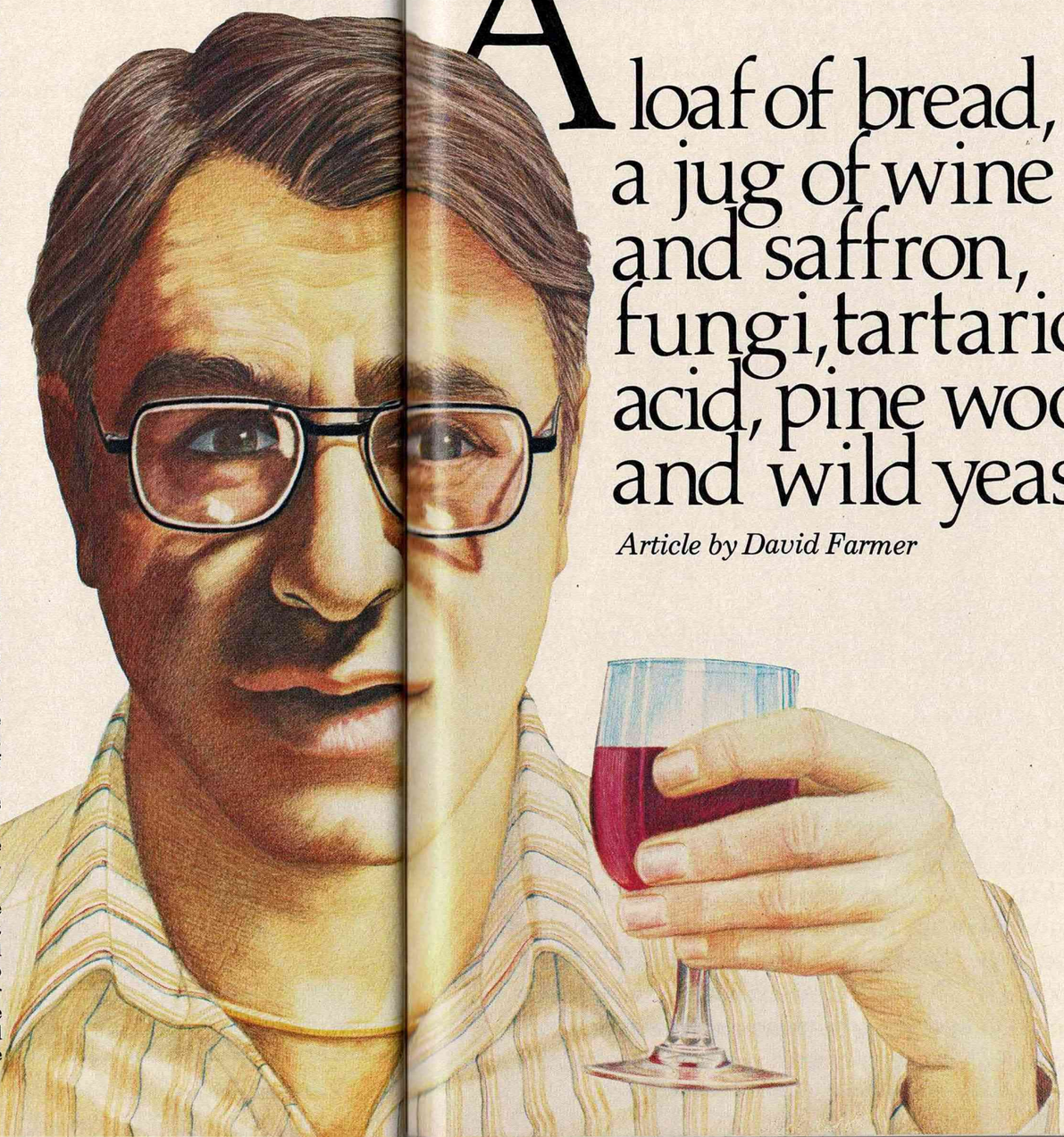
"Being a dancer means I must live a very disciplined life because my body must always be healthy, strong and supple. It requires constant attention — and care."

"I love the feeling of my body when it is well-worked and sweating and challenged to do something that is both innovative and difficult."

# A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and saffron, fungi, tartaric acid, pine wood and wild yeast

*Article by David Farmer*

Illustration by Mark Nichols



WE WERE AMUSED to discover recently the secret of a noted winemaker's amontillado sherry. To get the right color, he adds a dash of saffron. That's right. The yellow powder that cooks use to color their rice. It gives just the right glow to the aged amontillado.

Which led us to muse upon other things about wine which are not always what they might seem. For wine is not just the pure juice of the grape. Many of the highly sought-after tastes, those that are part and parcel of a good bottle, are additives.

Sugar may be added to the grape juice to increase the alcohol content. Concentrated sweet grape juice may be used to boost the sweetness. Tartaric acid is often put into the mixture to increase a wine's acid level.

Red, and some white, wines can be greatly improved by ageing them in oak barrels, with the taste of the wine absorbing some of the taste of the barrel. Madeira, marsala and sherries all have flavors imparted to them by the wine-making process. Saffron is, I believe, a secret known only to my Australian friend who, I hasten to add, makes amontillado for his own enjoyment and not for sale. The burnt, tangy taste of madeira is just that. The burning comes from the warming, indeed cooking, of the wine in the heated estufa at wineries.

These additives and wine-making methods that impart tastes to wine are controlled by the winemaker to improve the product and make the style of wine required. As well, there are a range of smells and flavors that are attributable to regional styles — additives that have subconsciously developed in an area or have been deliberately introduced. Some of these can be attributed to bad wine-making.

Take the term "sweaty saddle" that people equate with the regional character of the Hunter region. Old and even not-too-old Hunter reds develop a curiously sweet, "rotten" nose which has come to be much admired by New South Welshmen and a few outsiders. It is a smell which is best described as a "sweaty saddle".

Curiously, with the opening of numerous new wineries in the Lower Hunter in the late '60s and early '70s, it was noted that they were unable to show this regional character in their products. It was reasoned that the wines from the new wineries such as Saxonvale, Hermitage Estate and Hungerford Hill would begin to display the Hunter character in subsequent years. Perhaps the wines were not old enough; perhaps the soils were different; perhaps the winemakers had not learned the correct methods. And perhaps not.

These new wineries still have not developed this admired regional character in their reds. The new Hunter reds that are being greeted with such applause, like those of Brokenwood, are made by Hunter traditionalists but have none of the traditional "sweaty saddle".

Obviously there has got to be some explanation, and I am indebted to Doug Lamb for drawing to my attention the origin of the term "sweaty saddle" and the way it was originally interpreted.

In the early '50s, at a NSW Wine and Food Society luncheon held at the Hermitage Restaurant, the last speaker of the day was summing up a Maurice O'Shea Hunter Red. It was referred to as a typical Hunter red with a "sweaty saddle" character on the nose and the palate. Mr Harry Manuel, a noted wine-lover, who was sitting next to Douglas Lamb, exclaimed: "My God! I must get up to the Hunter and see Maurice. He's got a bad stave in his cask which is imparting this character."

Very clearly it can now be seen that this traditional Hunter character developed from excessive use of sulphur, uncontrolled malolactic fermentation and wild yeast flora imparting a flavor during fermentation. The new wineries don't have it in their wines because they are better made!

It is, of course, quite possible and acceptable to like these additional characters and whether some of these old Hunters do well in the wine shows or not depends on who is on the judging panel. We believe, however, that the fabulous Hunter reds, like the fabled Lindemans River Burgundy 1959, shows that there is no need for additional flavors.

For those who would like to taste the traditional Hunter styles we would suggest the wines of Draytons, Elliotts and the older McWilliams reds, particularly the Mt Pleasant Pinot Hermitage and Robert Hermitage in the red wines, and the Anne Riesling. The new Hunter taste is perhaps best shown in the wines of Saxonvale, Hungerford Hill and, particularly, the 1977 Lindemans Hunter River Burgundy.

Let us examine more closely those flavors which are consciously introduced by the winemakers.

Let us look at another of those favored Hunter terms — the "burnt toast" character used to describe old Hunter semillons. We confess to having a fondness for this character which develops in many Hunter white wines as they age. It can be described as a faint to strong, rather dry, coarse smell which bears some similarity to the smell of freshly-made, slightly burnt toast.

We have always been puzzled, however, why the same character could be discovered in old South Australian Rhine rieslings and, horror of horrors, even in some French champagnes. Alas, this character must be at least partly explained by premature oxidation during wine-making, and is heightened by poor cellaring conditions. In the case of the French champagne it is produced by bad storage in Australia and quickly occurs if a container of wine is caught up in a Sydney wharf strike during mid-summer.

The best old Hunter whites in our view show no toasty character but rather a soft, sweet honeyed bouquet — infinitely more pleasurable.

The regional character of wines from Old World countries is probably also partly due to traditional wine-making practices that impart an additional flavor. We wonder whether the strong "herbaceous" character of some upper Loire wines is not just such a character that is imparted on top of the Sauvignon Blanc flavor of the region's grape.

Oak Ageing of Wines —

The most important additive to both red and white wines comes from ageing of the wine in contact with wood or, more precisely, oak.

Ideally, the flavors are imparted by ageing in small oak barrels. New barrels for the greatest extract, used barrels for weaker flavor extract. Penfolds Grange Hermitage is aged in new oak, which is used afterwards for the ageing of Penfolds Bin 389 (the so-called poor man's Grange).

The great first growths of Bordeaux, like its Chateau Lafite Rothschild, naturally use new oak but as these barrels are very expensive, the lesser chateaux buy the used ones from the first growths.

We are indebted to Brian Croser for a description of the flavors that the various oak types impart.

American Oak —

Strong, obvious character, woody to volatile. Imparts a sawdust to vanilla oak character.

French Oak —

*Limousin Oak:* high-lifting vanilla character, frequently with a charred tone, a flavor imparted by the barrel makers who char the staves in the making of the barrels. The overall character is one of cognac oak.

*Nevers Oak:* vanilla character with a hessian to cedary tone.

German-Yugoslavian Oak —

A burnt biscuity character.

Alas, new oak is very expensive and great use is made in Australia of oak chips which are off-cuts from the making of the barrels. The flavor produced by chips is never as good as a barrel lacking the final integration and overall flavor. It does, however, allow us to drink well-priced wines having some oak character.

A winemaker who travels widely around Australia informs us he has spotted synthetic oak essence in the odd laboratory, but doubts whether it is much used. It apparently has a vile vanilla-marsala smell.

Sugar, Sweeteners and Alcohol —

The addition of sugar is permitted in Europe to boost alcohol content of wine in poor vintages. While making the wine more palatable, it can have some unfortunate side effects which manifest themselves in red wine in the prematurely aged tones of pale tawny brown and also a peculiar caramel-like sweetness. While this sugar should be fermented completely through to alcohol, invariably traces of sugar remain. The addition of sugar is not permitted in Australia and, indeed, is not needed because of our climate, although a case could be made for its use in cool areas such as Tasmania.

To increase the sweetness of wine it is permissible to add, both in Europe and Australia, concentrated grape must, the *suss* reserve of the German wine industry. This concentrate is responsible for the sweetness of the popular German wines like Blue Nun and Black Tower.

The addition of these sweet grape juices to wine is widespread in Australia both for the manufacture of our cheaper moselle and sauterne wines and at times for those of our up-

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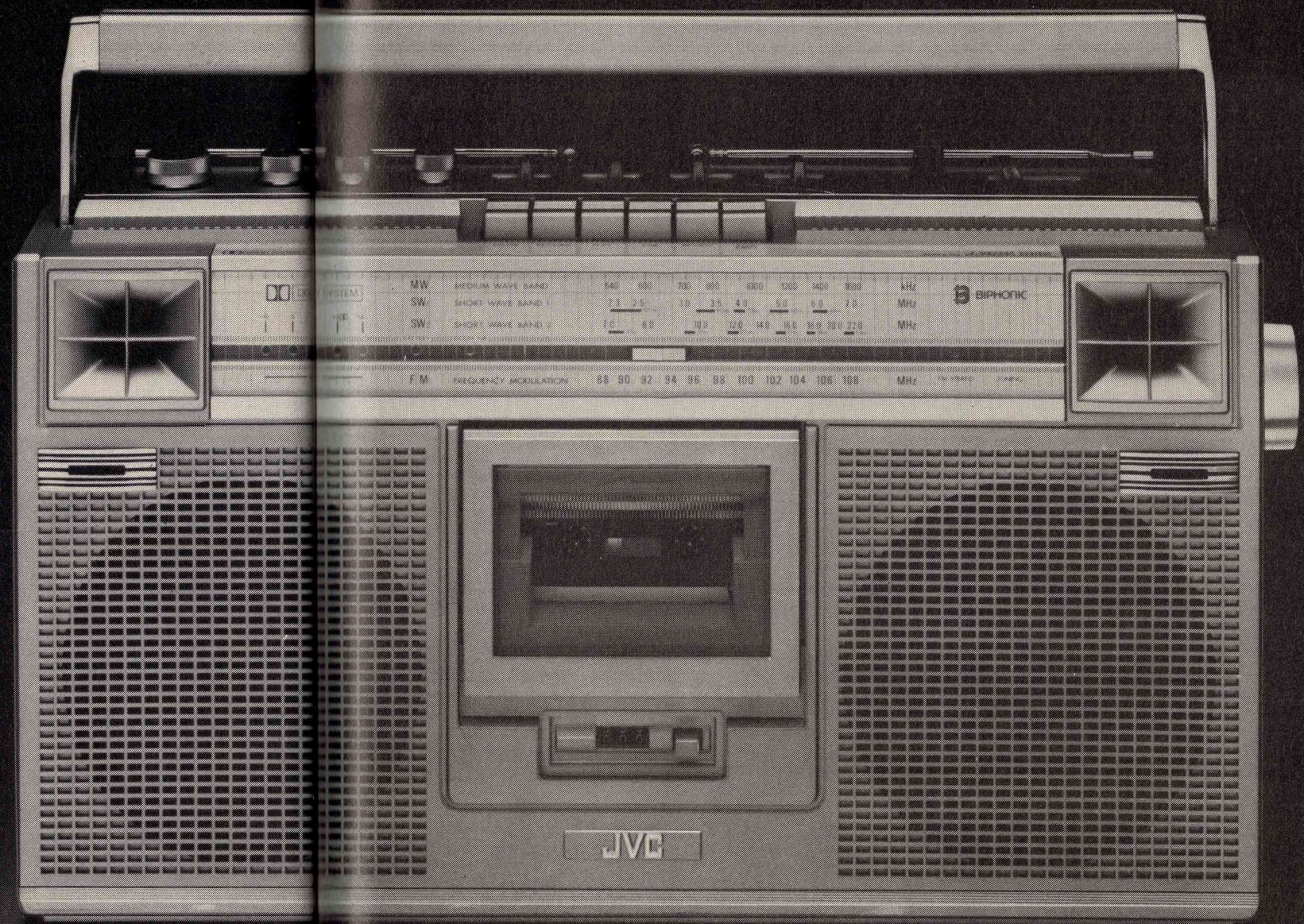


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# The ELSINORE Caper

*Crazed prince,*
*mad mum,*
*dead dad,*
*evil uncle:*
*just the case for*
*Denis Whitburn's*
*super sleuth . . .*

ON NIGHTS like this when it feels as if the world is slipping into another ice age, I'm a sucker for a quart of Scotland's finest, a warm dame and a meandering conversation on the true meaning of life.

We live in hope. And that alone was all I had going for me as I trod the damp, desolate parapet of a fog-bound castle out in the wilds of Denmark. The scrawled message pinned to my office door had told me to be at Elsinore castle just before midnight. It smelt of a case, but who could tell? There was no signature on the message. Being a nice guy, I obeyed.

Fumbling in my trench coat for the shamus' best friend (apart from his rod), I pulled out a packet of Lucky Strike plain and tapped one between cold lips. I lit up.

Somewhere to my right, the on-duty fuzz noted that it was one o'clock and all was well. Which is nice to know when a guy could be in the sack making out with one or other of the various court floozies.

One o'clock. In just on an hour I'd been wearing down the leather. An hour too long for my liking. What with a part of my anatomy both near and dear to me in deep sympathy with a brass monkey's sensitive regions. Satisfied I'd been made a monkey of in more ways than one, I turned to go back

Illustration by Collide

down the steps to the drawbridge. Before I could move another inch, I was stopped by a voice, husky with the cold, calling my name. I answered.

"You received my message?"

"I'm here, ain't I?"

"One must be sure of these things."

Oh, must one? I thought, trying to fill in some detail of this dark, faceless form now almost at my side. Here comes next week's rent! Worth the cold tootsies after all. The Lucky had gone out in the damp. I quietly stuck another light.

"Out with that flame!" The voice snapped at me.

I'm not in the habit of taking shit from anyone, I have to tell you. Least of all from a prospective client, but it had been a long time between jobs. What the hell. I was trying to cut down anyway. I decided to be pleasant and make with the small talk.

"How did you find me, pal? I come recommended? Or did your fingers do the walking?"

"Quiet!" It was a hissed, urgent command. A bossy type, I thought. Army? Or a cop maybe? What were we waiting for? The second coming?

"Have it your own way, pal," I whispered between clenched teeth. "Just so long as you realise my time's coming out of your pocket . . ."

"There! Now!" His hand gripped my arm. Whatever blood was left in my thin veins was getting a hell of a bruising. I was seriously contemplating defensive action (had I bought into a mugger's cute idea of a frolic in the fog?) when something ahead stopped me. A white, luminous movement out of the curtain of grey.

"See it?" My client was hushed, in awe of this . . . presence.

"I see, pal, but what is it I see?"

I could feel his warm breath at my ear, smell the knockwurst, as he said the ominous words: "Hamlet's father."

"Hamlet?"

"Prince of Denmark!"

Warning signals went ding-a-ling and headlines waltzed inside the freezer box that only hours earlier had been a reasonably together head. I should have flown over it. Instead, I had walked right into a cuckoo's nest.

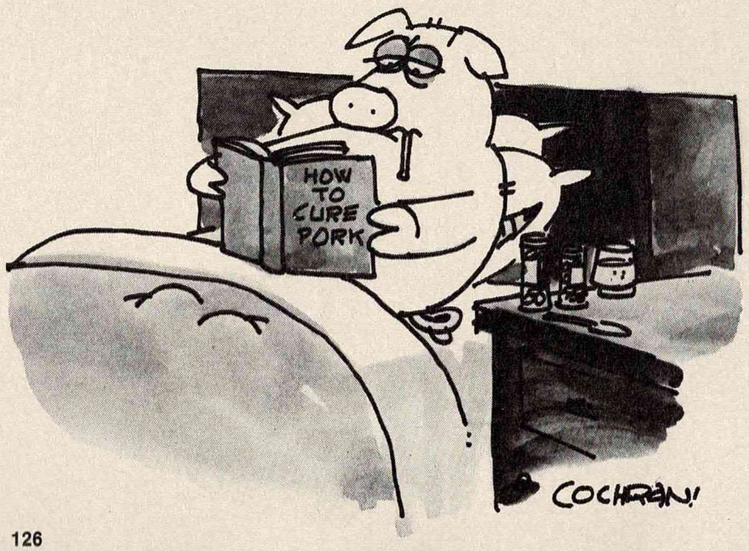
Hamlet's father, former chief honcho in this neck of the woods, had been dead many, many moons.

I AWOKE next morning around 11 after a restless few hours shut-eye. I had a crick in my neck, a cough in my throat and an uneasy feeling down in my gut.

The crick I rubbed away in two minutes. The cough I helped along with the first Lucky of the day. As for the feeling in my gut, I knew I had problems. It came over me around the time I was brought face to face with the ghost of the deceased King of Denmark the previous night.

While events fell into some kind of order, I busied myself with the morning chores. Washed behind the ears. Brushed my teeth and gargled the cobwebs away with a slug of black label. On two counts out of three, mother would have been proud of her wayward son.

It turned out my stranger in the night was a guy called Horatio, a close buddy of Hamlet's. Since the death of the Prince's old man and the hasty marriage of his mother, Gertrude, to the deceased King's brother, Claudius, there had been a noticeable change in the boy. For the worse. And for good reason. Hamlet had been dudded of his rightful inheritance as successor to the throne by swift manoeuvring on his uncle's part. Events like that are enough to take the jollies out of any prince, making him melancholy.




The official version of the King's death had him being struck by a serpent while taking an afternoon nap. The way Hamlet saw it, Claudius was the snake behind the death — and now he was safely ensconced on the throne, out of the way of harm and justice. Nice work, if you can swing it.

How did Gertrude fit into it? I asked Horatio this very question, but he was none too keen to expand on her role in this grab for power. What Horatio did tell me was this. Hamlet and his father's ghost got together a few nights earlier and shot the breeze. Later, Hamlet filled Horatio in on what transpired.

The way the ghost told it, his mortal self was taking his usual afternoon nap in the castle garden when Claudius crept in and poured some poisonous concoction into his ear. Enough to send him on over to the next world. Now the ghost was urging Hamlet to avenge the murder. With one proviso. Lay off Gertrude.

"So where do I fit into this little seance?" I asked, concerned citizen that I am.

"I want you to watch over the Prince," Horatio explained, using a tone that told me it was a dumb ass question to have asked in the first place. "Watch his every move. Who he talks to. Where he goes — and most importantly — his moods. I fear only the worse can come out of this apparition. Who is to say it is not some trick of Claudius?"

So there it was. I had myself a case. If you could call it that. File this one under "N" for "nursemaid" or maybe "nutcase", I told myself, reaching for my rod and trench coat. Time to clock in at Elsinore.

I slid the rod into the shoulder holster and had one arm in the coat before I remembered something else Horatio had told me:

"One more thing. The crowd that Hamlet hangs out with are flash types. Get rid of those clothes. Otherwise they'll smell you for a private dick a mile off."

SHE WAS the kind of dame a loving father with a mortgage on four kids, house and home throws everything away for — given the chance.

An angelic face moulded from finest porcelain, framed by long, flowing hair. And those eyes! Baby blues that promised nothing while tempting a man to places angels feared to tread. To round off Miss Perfection, petite breasts jutted from beneath a figure-hugging neck-to-toe white dress.

Her name was Ophelia, daughter of Polonius the Lord Chamberlain. From the list of names given to me by





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COLT
Loads more cheek.
V&RANE29 Mitsubishi Motors (Australia) Ltd.
Cheeky Mitsubishi Colt.
A totally unexpected pleasure in Room.

Horatio, I had chosen her as the place to start my inquiries into just what Hamlet was about.

"They say that he's mad." Her voice was honeydew. It went with the scent of jasmine she carried.

"Who does, ma'am?"

"Oh, everyone. Members of the court." Her voice was hesitant. "But I don't believe them."

"Why should they think that?" I felt stirrings a man in my position can ill afford, not when checking out a prince's girlfriend.

"The way he has changed since his father's death."

I inched my way back along the seat without making it too obvious.

"He was such an open and good humored man. He couldn't get enough out of life. Always on the move. Learning everything there is to know and . . ." She faltered, lowering her baby blues to the flowers clasped in her lap. "He was so open in his affection toward me. Flowers. Letters. Even jewellery."

Right about this point, I'm ready to hock all my worldly possessions (which would fit into your average overnight bag) for this dame.

"I know he *loved* me."

"Loved?"

"Yes, *loved*." Her babies met mine. I just hoped she was no mind-reader. If she was, I was in line for having my face slapped. "Now I am no longer sure." She slipped a hand to her waistband and brought out a folded letter. "And this only complicates matters." She unfolded the letter. "He writes of his love in the most honorable fashion, giving countenance with all the vows of heaven. He bids me doubt the sun moves, truth to be a liar . . . but I'm never, never to doubt that he does love me. Then . . ." The words caught in her throat.

"Go on, ma'am," I prompted her.

"I was sewing in my chamber when Lord Hamlet came by. In such a state. His doublet all unbraced. No hat upon his head. His stockings were foul'd, ungartered and down to his ankle. Pale as his shirt. His knees knocking at each other."

I had the picture. She was painting an image of yours truly the morning after too many nights before. She went on. "And a look so piteous, as if he'd been loosed out of hell."

That's right when the dam burst. Suddenly the lady was playing with fire. Her face fell against my chest. Tears soaked my frilled shirt. (Damn that Horatio and his strange ideas on how I should dress on the job.) What could I do? Right off, I could give you the names of a dozen people who will try to persuade you to the contrary, but I am only human. My hands found their way to her head, stroking her silken hair.

"Promise me you'll find what ails him," she sobbed. "Promise!"

I promised. As the minutes passed, I had an education in self-control no man deserves to be put through.

A LAYOUT the size of Elsinore may look forboding, but a royal household is just like any other big combine. What is whispered between any two people over morning coffee moves to the top of the menu in the main dining room come lunchtime.

It was accepted among all the courtiers, guards, servants and ladies in waiting that the cause of Hamlet's strange dress and even stranger behavior (talking to himself in the corridors and so on) was his feeling toward Ophelia. The guy was suffering from the oldest ailment known to man, common gossip said.

This got me to thinking. I'm on a hundred a day plus expenses and all the knockwurst I can eat. My job is to tail the Prince in case he tips his hand and makes a move in the general direction of Claudius. Should said move occur, my orders are to restrain Hamlet and call for Horatio. He will take over from there.

It sounded simple enough when I took the job, but after a day or two picking up the buzz around Elsinore, I wasn't so sure. A guy who prances around dank castles dressed only in ballet tights and silk shirts, talking to himself in anagrams ("To be or not to be, that is the question", was one that came easily to mind), sounds about as genuine as a three-dollar note.

I couldn't help thinking, something rotten in the state of Denmark. And it ain't only the knockwurst.

For now, I would keep my ears to the ground, nose to the grindstone and my thoughts well clear of lovely Ophelia's pert breasts. These three occupations should be enough to keep any man out of trouble.

I just didn't know how wrong I could be.

IT WILL come as no surprise to you if I say, a theatre or a play is the last place you'd expect to find yours truly. In defence I might add, I was there on business. Along with almost everybody who was anybody around the castle, including King Claudius and Queen Gertrude.

It was my first look at Claudius. I've seen loan sharks who spend most of their days in hash houses eating pasta and collecting their dues with a lot more going for them than this character. Just what Gertrude saw in him was one of life's more ponderable questions.

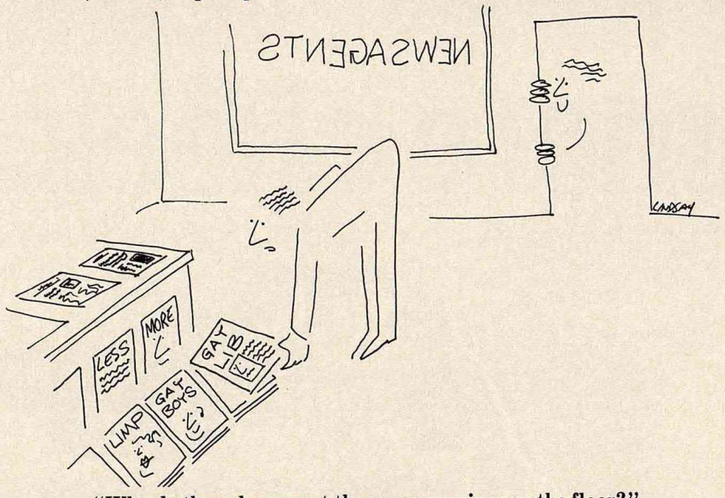
The shindig was by courtesy of Hamlet and any thoughts I had about dozing in the back row were quickly forgotten as I started to get the gist of the play. It concerned the murder of a duke by a close relative in a garden in Vienna. Just by coincidence, the murderer then turned around and married his victim's widow. Cosy.

All but three sets of eyes were on the play. Horatio and I had ours on Hamlet, whose never wavered from Claudius. That warning bell sounded in my cranium again. Hamlet was being none too subtle about making his next move.

Comes the point in the play where the murder takes place and suddenly Claudius ups from the throne, an expression of abject terror adding injury to nature's insult.

"Give me light!" He cries out frantically. Away! Away!

Pandemonium erupts. It is like what happens when the champ goes down for the count in the first round. Everybody is everywhere. The King




**"Why do they always put the gay magazines on the floor?"**



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has spoken. Light he wants — light, or maybe I should say, *lights*, that's what he gets. Dozens of them. In seconds, Claudius has departed through a thick barrage of naked flames.

I moved back into the shadows and studied the smug expression upon Hamlet's face. This was no madman. I was ready to place book on that.

"YOU WITNESSED the whole awful thing?" Horatio asked later that night when we met back on the parapet. He sure had a knack for choosing his meeting places. This time there was no sign of wandering spirits.

"Yeah, I saw it and I think your buddy should be talking to one of two people."

I caught the quizzical look in his eyes by moonlight slipping between parted clouds.

"The chief of police — or a shrink."

Needless to say, my observation didn't go down too well. Horatio said something to the effect that it wasn't my place to judge, only to make certain the Prince made no hasty move. I came back with the opinion that staging the play that way didn't exactly pick up the Level Headed Strategy Award for the year. And so it went.

When I got to thinking about it later, I realised, if I had been doing the job I was being paid to do instead of standing around debating the pros and cons of Hamlet's sanity, maybe I could have prevented the homicide taking place right about that time.

Ophelia's father had bought the big one. The news of Polonius' death travelled through the castle like one of those cold chills that blow in from the North Sea and can't be stopped. Exactly how, no one was saying.

I picked up the details later when Horatio came by the office to pay me off. He had no further need of my services. Hamlet was leaving that night for a much-needed holiday in dear Old Blighty.

Horatio settled up the account and was about to leave when I blocked his way. I can be a persuasive guy when curiosity gets the better of me. How did Polonius die? He hedged for a few moments until my grip told him I wasn't playing penny knuckle. I wanted answers.

"Last night, while you and I were meeting," he started, "Hamlet and the Queen got together in her chambers. They had a quarrel over his conduct before Claudius. One thing led to another and Hamlet finally came out with it — called Claudius a murderer. He lost his temper. The Queen became frightened. Next thing, there's a cry from behind the curtains. 'Help, help, the Queen!' Hamlet drew his sword and lunged at the figure hiding there. It was Polonius — eavesdropping . . . and you know the rest."

"And that's all that took place?"

His mouth gave me a yes. His eyes told me differently. I made a fist of his collar, tugging him upward so only his toes touched the ground. It was my friendly way of telling him I didn't like being lied to.

"Okay, okay," he then whispered. "There was something else. Just put me down. I'll tell you."

Hamlet, according to Horatio, had poured his sane little heart out, laying it on his mother how heinous it was of her to rush into marriage so soon after his father's death. They tossed the guilt back and forth. Then the ghost up and reappears and reminds Hamlet of his earlier request. Hands off Gertrude. By some strange quirk of the spirit world, only Hamlet saw the ghost.

Rather than open a whole can of worms, and because of Hamlet's popularity with the taxpayers, Claudius was whisking the Prince away until things cooled down.

What did it matter to me? Where the moneyed gentry are concerned, they have their own way of cleaning up any social indiscretions. Including murder. I was off the payroll. What went on at Elsinore had nix to do with me now.

NO SOONER said, and I've been done. Again.

Arriving at the office a week later, I was about to enter when I heard movement from within. I stood back from the door and slipped my rod from the holster. I released the safety, aimed one foot at the door, the gun straight ahead — and kicked. I exploded into the room ready for anything. Except what awaited me.

Horatio stood at the filing cabinet making himself a cup of coffee. He was as startled by my entrance as I was to see him there. Regaining his stately composure, he reached calmly for a second cup.

"Milk *and* sugar?", he asked. "The sign on the door reads 'nine to five'. I waited outside until 10.30, then decided to make myself at home." Then he added, "Hamlet is back in town."

I got the idea I was back on the princely payroll.

Over coffee, he filled me in on what had transpired since the Prince's hasty departure. Claudius' purpose in getting him out of the way was not so much to save embarrassment among the serfs as it was to arrange for Hamlet's demise at the hands of the English brotherhood of royalty.

Hamlet had got hold of a letter outlining Claudius' wishes, but before he could act on it, the ship he was travelling on clashed with a band of pirates. Hamlet was captured, but the pirates figured they might come in for a royal favor or two by setting him free. That made sense. We can all do with some muscle at the top when the heat is on.

Along the active Elsinore grapevine, Horatio heard of a letter sent to Claudius from Hamlet telling the King about the pirates being set free and how he intended lobbing back at court any day now. Before I knew it, I was being dragged out of the office and back to Elsinore.

On the way, Horatio happened to mention a funeral taking place that same day. My stomach had that sinking feeling again as he told me of the circumstances surrounding the death of . . . Ophelia.

I was thrown headfirst into a whirlpool. I saw her face next to me. Heard that honeydew voice. Smelt the jasmine. Touched my chest where her tears had fallen. Some part of me I thought I lost years before then snapped inside.

Horatio's voice was far distant, coming at me down a long tunnel.

Ophelia's grief over her father's death had thrown her off the deep end. She spent her days flitting around the castle in some kind of witless spell, handing out flowers, singing the type of "life or death" anagrams Hamlet had traded in.

Her body had been found floating quietly in the river. Putting the pieces together, the fuzz reckoned she had been on a bough overhanging the river. The bough had broken and for some reason, known only to herself, Ophelia made no attempt to free herself of the river's killing current.

I had another smell in my nostrils. The sickly permeation of death. Like the river that had taken Ophelia's life, winding its own natural course all through this cursed house of Elsinore. The question begged asking. How many more would have to take the big sleep before this was wrapped up?

HORATIO TOLD ME to keep well out of sight when we arrived at the cemetery while he joined Hamlet. We caught sight of the Prince, looking no worse for wear, as we turned into the driveway. I was prepared for anything, for Hamlet knew nothing of Ophelia's death.

As I watched, the two friends ambled across to a grave being dug by two gravediggers. A white object came up with a shovel of dirt. Hamlet leaned over, picked up whatever it was and studied it. Minutes passed.

From out of the castle, the royal



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entourage filed past in a funeral procession. Claudius, Gertrude and a young guy I recognised as Laertes, brother of Ophelia. Priests, mourners. Hamlet and Horatio gravitated in the general direction of the procession.

I walked over to where the two gravediggers worked in the hole. I stood over them. One of the men looked up through a Black and White Minstrel face of grime.

"The guy standing here a minute ago," I said.

"What about him?"

"What was it he had in his hand? You dug it out of the ground there."

"A skull. A human skull. Things like that tend to turn up now and then . . . a collar-bone here . . . knee-cap there. Odds and sods."

I flipped a Lucky and lit up.

"What was he doing with it?"

The gravedigger shrugged. "Talking to it."

The Lucky fell from my lips into the hole. The gravedigger picked it up, broke it in half and handed one section on to his companion who said, "Ta, mate," and sucked on it like there was no tomorrow.

"You putting me on, pal?" I tried my best to contain the amazement. "Talking to a skull? What on earth was he saying?"

The gravedigger doing all of the talking scratched his head and then squinted his one good eye up at me. "Er . . . something along the lines of 'Alas poor Yorick . . .' "

"He knew him well," the other guy chimed, leaning on his shovel and puffing on the Lucky.

I got no further than that. A wailing and a general commotion around Ophelia's grave distracted me. Laertes, in his grief, had thrown himself into the hole, shouting: "Now pile your dust upon the quick and the dead." He, I took it, being the quick. Hamlet, having just realised it was Ophelia everybody was here to bury, went in after Laertes.

I lost track of the uproar that followed. It went by me in a haze. I was, more or less, making up my mind to do some serious career reappraisal.

THE WHOLE unwieldy affair was like some itch that would not go away. The few times I managed to sink into sleep, I had visions of Ophelia that one time we met. I suffocated from the heaviness of honeydew and jasmine. And awoke with a start. Countless packs of Luckys, endless cups of coffee laced with cheap hootch helped me make it through the night.

Like Hamlet, I was hooked on a ghost that would not leave me alone. An apparition I was sworn to appease by oath. I had to snap out of it. And did. Fast. Once I saw the headlines of the morning rag:

ROYAL TRAGEDY

The story went on to report the tragic deaths at Elsinore castle of King Claudius and Queen Gertrude, Laertes and Prince Hamlet. All in the same night.

I stared at the story in a trance, reading it over and over, adding up the score since that night I'd been called to Elsinore by Horatio. Taking Hamlet's father into account, along with Ophelia and her father, and now her brother and King, Queen and Prince, that came to seven stiffs in anybody's language.

As usual, the newspapers said it all without saying a thing. A cloud hung over actual cause of death. A full investigation was being conducted by Elsinore's finest. As they used to say in Chicago, the best police force money can buy. I could see it coming a mile off. It had "cover-up" written all over.

I knew I had to ride this one out to the end. If for no one else, I owed Ophelia that much.

I SHOWERED, shaved, splashed on the best lotion, slicked down my hair, brushed my shoes and matched tie with suit. I was dressed to kill.

I found Horatio without too much confusion or trouble.

He was in no shape to tell me what I needed to know. I smelt him long before he came into view. Cheap rye. The cheapest. The kind a man keeps around for visiting relatives.

"Come on, pal," I said, grabbing at his jacket, screwing it in clenched fists. "You and me are going to have a quiet chat."

He stared up at me with unseeing eyes. Had I time, I could have read my way across the map of Denmark lined in both optics. He tried to pull against me. I put a right hook to his unshaven jaw and, as he slumped forward, I moved in and hauled him up over my shoulder.

Not the most ceremonious way for a member of the royal court to leave his favorite drinking hole.

TWO POTS of coffee and half a dozen Luckys later, Horatio was as close to sobriety anyone was likely to get him. Not surprisingly he was in no mood for chit-chat, so I had to bring my rod into the conversation. My metallic friend doesn't say much, but what he does pry out of people by inference comes in handy.

At first Horatio's words were slurred and faltered, given between urgent drags on the Lucky. "It happened like this. The suggestion was made that Laertes and Hamlet get together for this duel. Nothing serious, mind you. Something to entertain the court. Get people's minds off recent events. What we didn't know, until too late, was that Claudius had instigated the match. He also gave Laertes a poison-tipped sword.

"They parried. Claudius egged the court on. Throwing in bets. You know what it's like when gambling fever breaks out. To and fro. Laertes and the Prince clashed steel. I could see it was getting out of hand. Laertes thrust. He hit the Prince. Blood was drawn. Hamlet struck back, not knowing he had been cut with a poison tip. There was a scuffle. They lost hold of their swords. I saw Hamlet pick up Laertes' sword by mistake. He plunged. Now Laertes was mortally cut. They both staggered. Then a cry pierced the air. God! I'll carry the horror of that shriek with me until I die. I swear to it. A cry from the belly of hell itself. The Queen. She too was poisoned. She had drunk from a cup meant for Hamlet. In case his plan failed with Laertes' sword, he must have meant the Prince to die by drinking from poisoned wine."

He stopped and lit another Lucky, hand shaking.

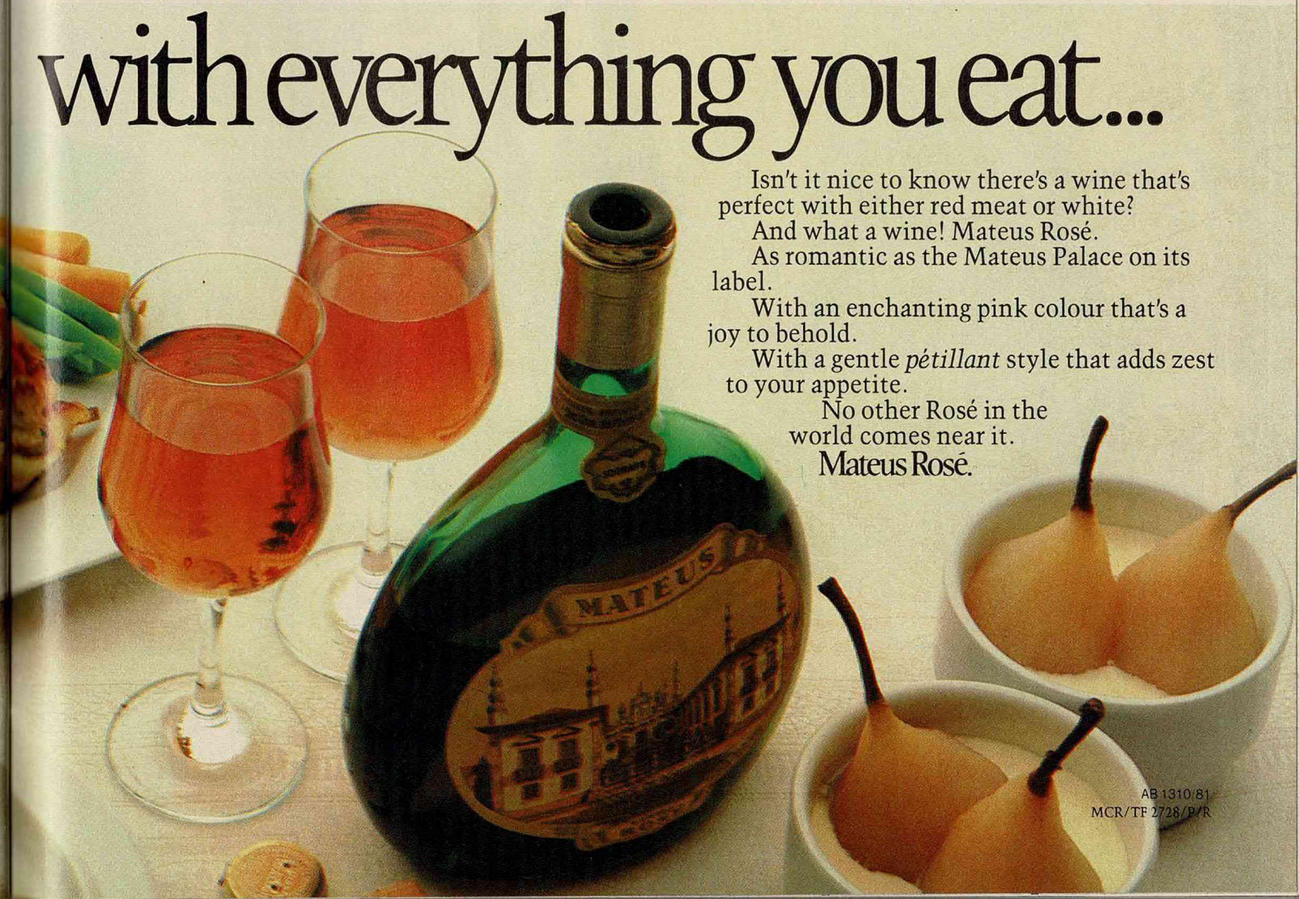
"With his dying breath, Laertes confessed to his part in the foul deed, pointing the finger at Claudius. Hamlet, knowing he had little time left himself, thrust the poisoned sword at Claudius."

Nothing more needed saying. I had the picture. I could see the reason behind the papers playing the story down. The working stiffs were better off in their ignorance. They would march on Elsinore with pitchforks and anything else they could lay their hands on if the truth ever came out.

They would never know their taxes were paying for a huge cover up. I knew the scenario off by heart. A public investigation. A judge or two on the court payroll handing down a "tidy" decision. In a month or two, the dust would have settled and the horror would be forgotten.

I left Horatio to his conscience and strolled across the drawbridge leaving Elsinore behind. Maybe, just maybe, he would find it within himself to tell the truth on the witness stand and blow their lie to the other side of hell. Yeah, maybe.

The air smelt cleaner than I could remember it being in a long, long time. And not a hint of honeydew or of jasmine bothered me now.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AS HARD AS IT IS TO BELIEVE... THIS HAPPY FAMILY OF AUSSIE TOURISTS YOU SEE ABOVE ARE HEADING FOR... DISASTER!!!

WATCH ON IN HELPLESS HORROR, THIS MONTH, AS NORMA (NEWCASTLE MOTHER OF TWO)... IS SHANGHAIED BY REBEL GUERRILLA INSURGENTS AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE SIN SPOTS OF SAIGON....

THRILL TO THE EXPLOITS OF HER FEARLESS FAMILY AS THEY SELFLESSLY COMB THE FLESHPOTS OF ASIA... LEAVING NO 'BONE' UNTURNED... UNTIL THEIR MUMMY IS SAFE & SOUND...

IT WAS A QUICK, 2 HOUR, TEN MILE, TRAM TRIP OUT TO NEWCASTLE AIRPORT... "LEAN-TO INTERNATIONAL"... WHERE A CROWD MORE THICK SET THAN JET SET WERE SETTING OFF ON A BUDGET-CONSCIOUS, HOLIDAY OF A LIFETIME...

NO WORRIES ABOUT DYSENTRY EITHER, MUM, WITH THESE NEW **BUM TAMPONS** THE ONLY TOXIC SHOCK SYNDROME YOU GET IS WHEN YOU REALISE WHAT YOU MUST'AVE EATEN THE NIGHT BEFORE!

AH, DAVE! ISN'T IT GREAT TO BE TRAVELLING ON **AIR OZ** AGAIN..? THE ONLY AIRLINE THAT GUARANTEES **WIDER-BODIED SEATS**...

...ON ALL THE HOSTIES!

HOLIDAYS FOR NORM, HOWEVER, MEANT LITTLE MORE THAN TURNING HIS STOMACH INTO A GARBAGE DISPOSAL SYSTEM FOR FOOD & ALCOHOL...

ER.. STRUTH! I FEEL LIKE I'VE HAD A BOOZE TRANSPLANT AND IT'S REJECTED MY BODY!

DO YOU THINK THIS SECOND HONEYMOON WILL BE AS GOOD AS THE FIRST... 'SNOOKUMS'?

I DUNNO... ..SNUFFLES... A FORTNIGHT AT WERRIS CREEK WITH YOUR RELATIVES IS A PRETTY HARD COMBINATION TO BEAT!

THERE WAS NO "GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL" AT THE HOTEL MAJESTIC... ..A RECENTLY CONVERTED REFUGEE HOSTEL THAT MADE AN AUSTRALIAN MIGRANT CENTRE, BY COMPARISON, LOOK POSITIVELY **PLUSH!**

TRUST YOU TO BOOK A HOTEL WITHOUT AIR-CONDITIONING... **BIG SPENDER!!!** THIS IS LIKE BEING LOCKED IN A COUNTRY DUNNY DURING A HEATWAVE!

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS MUM... THERE'S STAINS UP ON THAT CEILING THAT I'D BE EMBARRASSED TO FIND ON A PAIR OF SHEETS!

WHAT A FLEA-PIT... I BET AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL GIVE THIS JOINT A 5 STAR RATING

JUST AS THE BROCHURE SAID, MATE, EVERYTHING'S BEEN LAID ON FOR US... USUALLY BY THE PREVIOUS GUEST?

IT HAD ONE THING TO RECOMMEND IT THOUGH... ...AN ATMOSPHERE WHERE MORALS... LIKE THE DEPOSIT ON A ROOM KEY... COULD SOON BE FORGOTTEN!

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED... JET LAG MEANS YOU'VE ONLY GOT ENOUGH ENERGY LEFT TO PICK UP THE HOTEL CLEANING GIRLS!

HAVE WE CROSSED THE INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE OR SOME'IN...? THIS HANG-OVER'S ARRIVED TWELVE BLOODY HOURS EARLY!

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IT'S NOT LONG HOWEVER UNTIL EVEN THE MOST PEEVISH OF TRAVELLERS IS LURED OUT INTO THE TEEMING, HUMAN MORASS OF HONKAPORE... THAT CARNAL, LEISURAMA OF VICE AND DESIRE... THIS OPHIR OF DUTY-FREE JUNK, SET JEWEL-LIKE IN THE STEAMING, TEPID WATERS OF THE SOUTH CHINA SEA...

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM

HONKAPORE HILTON

HO CHI MINH MEMORIAL VD CLINIC DR LONG DONG

JOY OF SIX SENSES MOTEL

24 HOUR SAUNA MASSAGE

PIZZA

FAITH HEALER DR NO

BUT DOCTEUR... I AM ZE FRENCH AMBASSADOR?.. CAN'T I EVEN CLAIM... DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY?

YOU'VE GOT REAL PROBLEMS! YOUR 'OLD FELLA' LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE A CROCODILE SKIN WALLET I DOUBT YOU'LL GET IT BACK PAST AUSTRALIAN CUSTOMS!

QUEUE HERE FOR CLINIC

I JUST THINK OF THIS PLACE AS THE GENITAL AREA OF ASIA... HOT... AND FACING SOUTH!

SHARK PATROL

LIFE GUARD

BERYL, BABY NO ONE BRINGS SLEEPING PILLS TO HONGKAPORE... EVEN A GLASS OF THE LOCAL WATER IS GUARANTEED TO KNOCK YOU OUT COLD FOR 8 HOURS!

LOOK MATE, I'M A FAITH HEALER... NOT A PSYCHIATRIST! WHY DON'T YOU JUST REGRESS BACK TO THE PERIOD BEFORE YOUR OEDIPUS COMPLEX WAS FULLY DEVELOPED... ...YOU KNOW... WHEN YOU JUST USED TO LIKE YOUR MOTHER'S FRIENDS?

OF COURSE IN THE BROCHURE THEY CALL THEM PACKAGE TOURS... BUT REALLY THEY'RE JUST SEARCH & DESTROY MISSIONS FOR SEX-STARVED, SWINGING SINGLES!

I'M NOT A TOURIST I LIVE HERE!

THAT WAS THE WORST SCREW I'VE EVER HAD!

YEAH, BUT LOSING ONE'S VIRGINITY IS ALWAYS A TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCE!

IT MUST BE AN ASIAN GAY BAR... I CAN HEAR SOMEONE INSIDE HUMMING SHIRLEY BASSEY SONGS!

WC

MEN

ONE COULD SENSE THE COUNTDOWN TO DISASTER BEGIN WHEN NORM, ...FACING THE MENTAL CHALLENGE OF WRITING A FEW POSTCARDS... HAD A RUN-IN WITH THE LITTLE WOMAN.

AW... SHIT, I DUNNO WHAT TO SAY TO THE BASTARDS!

YOU KNOW... YOU MAKE ME SICK!.. THE MIND IS JUST A **CONCENTRATION** CAMP AS FAR AS YOU'RE CONCERNED... THE HARDER YOU THINK, THE MORE PAINFUL IT BECOMES!

EE R.. AR-K! (CHOKE!)

THE ANCIENT ART OF MACRAME

COME ON... YOU OL' **LOVE BIRDS!** ...DO YOU'S WANNA GO ON THE **ANZAC** WAR CEMETERY TOUR... OR THE ½ DAY, LUNCH PROVIDED, AIR FOOD DROP TO STARVING ASIAN CHILDREN? ACTUALLY I THINK THEY JUST DROP WHAT'S LEFT OF THE 'CHICKEN MARYLAND' DOWN THE BACK CHUTE... THE KIDDIES LOVE FINDING ALL THOSE PLASTIC KNIVES & FORKS!

ACTUALLY, EILEEN, I THINK YOUR FATHER MIGHT **PREFER** A TOUR OF THE SACRED MONKEY TEMPLE... I HEAR THE GUIDE IS... BI!

BI-LINGUAL... STUPID!

SUDDENLY! IT HAPPENED... ALL OF NORMA'S AUSTCARE NIGHTMARES SEEMED TO COME AT ONCE AS SHE WAS DRAGGED OFF TO A FATE, IF NOT WORSE THAN DEATH... AT LEAST MORE INTERESTING!

THESE FORTUNE TELLERS ALL PREDICT THE SAME THING FOR US, HEALTH, WEALTH, & HAPPINESS?

YEAH! ISN'T IT NICE TO BE REASSURED!

STRUTH, EILEEN, I'M FEELIN' A BIT CROOK!

PROBLY DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TO DRINK LAST NIGHT!

HEY, DO YOU SCREW?

NOT NORMALLY, BUT FOR A SMOOTH TALKIN' BASTARD LIKE YOU I MIGHT

AAGH! NORM! THEY'VE GOT ME!

SHUT YA MOUTH, IMPERIALIST, RUNNING DOG OF CAPITALIST SUBURBIA!

OF COURSE THEY WERE DISTRAUGHT...

I CAN SEE IT ALL NOW, DAD, ...SERVED UP TO THOSE COMMIES ON A BED OF RICE... HER DEAR OLD BODY BEING ABUSED!

AW... GIVE OVER YA NARK! A CHANGE IS AS GOOD AS A REST... BESIDES, SHE MIGHT BE ENJOYING HERSELF!

STRUTH! BY THE TASTE OF THIS SPRING ROLL I'D SAY THE VIETCONG ARE STILL IN CONTROL OF THE KITCHENS!

JUST WHAT NORMA NEEDS IF YOU ASK ME... SOMTHING HOT AND FILLING

WITH THE TIDES OF S.E. ASIAN IMMORALITY LAPPING AROUND THEIR ANKLES (JUST FOR STARTERS!) THEY SET OFF ON THEIR THANKLESS, SELF-APPOINTED MISSION OF RESCUE...

STREET OF A THOUSAND GIRLS

HUNG FAT SAUNA MASSAGE

IN A TOWN WHERE ALL ROADS LEAD TO SEX... WHERE D'YA START LOOKIN'?

ER.. HOW ABOUT RIGHT HERE, DICK?

I THOUGHT THEY SAID... EAST IS EAST, AND WEST IS WEST AND NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET?

HAVE YOU SEEN THE WOMAN IN THIS PHOTO?

WOMAN! I HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN A DRAG QUEEN THAT UGLY SINCE THE SIXTH FLEET PULLED OUT!

ACTUALLY THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE THE POLITBURO LIKE US TO RETAIN A LITTLE BIT OF THE FRENCH COLONIAL INFLUENCE!

YEAH, BUT THAT WAS BEFORE OUR NEW RATES APPLIED!

WHEN IT COMES TO TOUR GROUPS THIS WHOREHOUSE PROVES THE 'DOMINO PRINCIPLE' WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL!

PARISIENNE UNDERWEAR?

WHAT'S THAT, GIRLS?

IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING DOWN ON SOMEONE WITH THAT ON.. THINK AGAIN, CHARLIE!

I SHOULD'VE WORN MY CONTACTS, DAVE... I GOTTA FEEL EVERYTHING IN HERE BEFORE I CAN SEE IT!

IF YOU GUYS ARE IN TOWN FOR MORE THAN 24 HOURS IT'LL WORK OUT CHEAPER IF YOU GET A 'SEASON TICKET' TO THIS JOINT!

BACK AT THE HOTEL MAJESTIC NORMA'S FATE SHRUNK INTO INSIGNIFICANCE AS EILEEN RAN A HOTEL HOSPITALITY GIRL TO GROUND...

YOU SLIT-EYED, LITTLE FLOOZY! ARE YOU ENTERTAINING... MY HUSBAND?

WELL... LETS JUST SAY I'M DOING MY BEST..

EILEEN! EILEEN, HONEY! DON'T JUMP TO ANY RASH CONCLUSIONS... SHE TOLD ME SHE WAS INCLUDED ON THE TOUR ITINERARY!

...FIVE FLOORS HIGHER UP ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF WESTERN IMPERIALISM WAS LURKING IN THE CORRIDOR... WAITING FOR EASY MONEY..

HELLO BIG BOY!

ARE YOU SURE YOU HAVEN'T SEEN MY WIFE 'ROUND HERE?

POSITIVE!

GREAT! YOU CAN NEVER BE TOO CAREFUL!



ELSWHERE IN THE SAME HOTEL, ALL ATTEMPTS TO MAKE NORMA DRINK, SMOKE, WEAR MAKEUP AND USE UNLADYLIKE LANGUAGE WERE FAILING... THEY EVEN TRIED TOUCHING HER IN PLACES THAT NORM WOULDN'T EVEN DARE TO LOOK!

SHES NOT PUTTIN' OUT, SARGE... RECKONS SHE HASN'T GOT THE ENERGY!

WHADAYA MEAN... HAVEN'T GOT THE FA*%$! ENERGY!

...NORMA'S VOICE CARESSED THE HUMID NIGHT AIR... LIKE A MILD ASTRINGENT...

THERE'S A WORLD SHORTAGE!!! OR HAVEN'T YOU LOT HEARD?

HER CHANCE TO ESCAPE CAME UNEXPECTEDLY ON SATURDAY NIGHT, WHEN HER CAPTORS... A LITTLE WORSE FOR DRINK... DECIDED TO LIVEN UP THE TOWN'S FUN SPOTS WITH A SUSTAINED MORTAR BOMBARDMENT...

HOTEL MAJESTIC

BOOM BOOM

BEVERLEY, DOES THIS HOTEL USUALLY SET FIRE TO IT'S SWIMMING POOL?

ONLY WHEN THEY'RE EXPECTING ESTHER WILLIAMS!

WITH LITTLE MORE THAN A BIT OF BLACK BELT KARATE SHE'D PICKED UP WATCHING "CHARLIES ANGELS"... POW NORMA... THE NEWCASTLE MOTHER OF STEEL! MADE A DESPERATE DASH FOR THE HOTEL MAJESTIC CABARET-DISCO... WHERE INSTINCT TOLD HER THE LOVING BOSOM OF HER FAMILY WAS AWAITING HER...

BOOM

CRACK

AW SHIT.. MUMS BACK!

WATCH IT, MATE!.. THAT MAY BE 'GOLDEN CIRCLE' BUT IT'S NOT A PINEAPPLE RING YOU'RE PLAYING WITH!

I SHOULDN'T REALLY COMPLAIN I S'POSE.. I'M REJECTING A MUCH BETTER CLASS OF ASIAN NOW THAN WHEN I ARRIVED!

OF COURSE, YOU REALISE THAT ASIA'S OVER-POPULATION PROBLEM IS ALL CAUSED BY WELSH CONDOMS!

WHAT ARE WELSH CONDOMS?

...FRENCH ONES... WITH LEEKS IN 'EM!

OKAY, KNUCKLE HEAD! WHERE AVE YOU BEEN FOR THE PAST WEEK.. OR IS THAT A RUDE QUESTION?

ASIA'S JUST CRAZY! SORTA LIKE THE SECRET BURIAL GROUND OF THE ELEPHANTS... ONLY THIS IS WHERE ALL THE PLATFORM SHOES IN THE WORLD GO TO DIE!

BOOM BOOM

FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION IT... WE HAD SOME BOAT PEOPLE THROUGH LAST WEEK AND THEY DIDN'T LIKE THE SHOW THAT MUCH EITHER!

I DON'T GIVE DISCOUNTS ANYMORE... I'M SICK OF EVERYONE TRYING TO STRETCH THEIR DOLLAR FURTHER AT MY EXPENSE!

IF YOU THINK THIS IS GOOD YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN IT IN THE YEAR OF THE COCK!

WITHIN MINUTES A COMMANDEERED 'GETAWAY RICKSHAW' WAS WHISKING THEM AWAY FROM THE PLEASURE HELL OF THE ORIENT...

ER.. WHAT ABOUT OUR DUTY FREE, GROG, NORMA?

AIRPORT

I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT YA MUM, EILEEN. I DOUBT IF SHE'S BEEN INTIMATE WITH ANYTHING HOTTER 'AN A BOTTLE OF GIN IN HER ENTIRE LIFE!

EER... POO! I THINK DAD'S STILL GOT A TOUCH OF DYSENTRY! EVERYTIME 'E LETS OFF HE SMELLS LIKE 'ES TRYIN' TO PUT THE ROSELLA CHUTNEY FACTORY OUT OF BUSINESS!

YOU KNOW, DICK, IF THEY EVER GIVE YOU A MEDAL FOR THIS... I BET IT'LL BE FOR... UNPRECEDENTED SEXUAL ACTIVITY IN THE LINE OF DUTY!

AW... SHUCKS! DAVE.

...AND AS THEIR PLANE ROARED SOUTH THROUGH THE STRATOSPHERE...

NIGHT WAS ROLLING ACROSS THE AUSTRALIAN DESERT ..LIKE VEGEMITE OVER HOT TOAST...

..DON'T 'BUT' ME NORM... IT'S FINAL! NEXT YEAR WE'RE GOING BACK TO KATOOMBA!

TUNE IN AGAIN - NEXT MONTH - WHEN DICK AND DAVE DISCOVER... THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS... ESPECIALLY IN AUSTRALIA!

ON·THE·SCENE
*what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen*

# I HEAR MUSIC
## but there's no one there

*Hi-fi by Norman Eisenberg*

IF YOU'RE IN a situation in which you're deprived of your regular hi-fi system, you still can enjoy an aural fix, thanks to a new kind of stereo rig that goes wherever you go. The means for enjoying really good stereo — from a mini-system that weighs not much more than your wallet — are here.

You can get the general idea from many of the model names: Sony's Walkman, Sanyo's Sportster, the Stereo-to-Go from Panasonic, Toshiba's Playtime, the KLH Solo, and GE's Stereo Escape.

About two years ago, Sony's Soundabout, now the Walkman, was introduced and was heralded as the world's smallest player for standard stereo cassettes. It weighed just under half a kilo and was of a size that you could sling it over your shoulder, loop it on to your belt or even slip it into a large pocket. It played the standard cassette, and you heard the sound through ultra-lightweight stereophones linked to the cassette unit by a signal cable fitted with a mini-stereo plug. The thing ran on AA cell batteries and, via adapters, from car electrical systems, a rechargeable battery pack or household power.

That unit set the pattern for the wave of similar products that has ensued. With a few variations, the basic format is similar among all the brands. The cassette fits into a normal-size cassette slot and the entire unit is not much bigger than the compartment. Along one edge of the device are the controls for start, stop, fast-wind, volume, and so on. Another edge has the connections for headphone cords and any adapters for use with external power sources. The unit fits into a protective case with openings that let you get at the controls. The headphones are so light that, when turned off, you might not even be aware you are wearing them.

Most units have a tone control — a single two-position switch on the lower-priced models, a variable control on the costlier versions. Basically, they all provide for treble cut, probably for reducing the highs to compensate for a lack of Dolby when playing tapes that were recorded with Dolby noise reduction, or simply to reduce tape hiss. Hardly sophisticated, but this feature is still quite effective. With today's miniaturised electronics, it is possible to design reasonably wide-range and low-distortion playback response in a compact space; and since the sound is through headphones, very little audio power is needed to produce loud listening levels. The ultra-thin materials used for the headphone diaphragms respond to the low-powered signals and the result is convincing stereo.

Another common feature is a built-in tiny electret-condenser microphone and a button that, when it's pressed, lowers the cassette volume and turns the microphone on for external sounds that are reproduced over the reduced volume of music through the headphones. This feature allows someone to interrupt when you're wrapped in *Cosi Fan Tutte*.

Some units boast special features. For example, the KLH Solo has a digital tape counter. Panasonic has two versions: the RS-J3 offers "cue and review" (you can run the tape at faster-than-normal speed and yet still hear what is on it by way of getting quickly to the portion you want to hear). The costlier RS-J1 sports "soft-touch" transport controls and a three-position tape selector for normal, chrome and metal tapes.

Some accessories have been announced for expanding the capabilities of the mini-stereo systems. One novel item is an FM transmitter that may be attached and will then broadcast the sound to any FM receiver within 30 metres. In that way, you become — in addition to a walking concert hall — a walking radio station. Less whimsical are the add-on speakers for listening to your deck when you finally come to a halt somewhere.

For a trend as young as this one, the mini-cassette already has spawned some quite intriguing variants. For instance, if you want to record as well as listen in stereo, there's the big-brother version of the Sony Walkman, known as the TCS-300. Developed originally as an on-the-spot audio tool for newsmen and for interviewers, it is now offered to the general public. Similar versions have been announced by Aiwa and Technidyne.

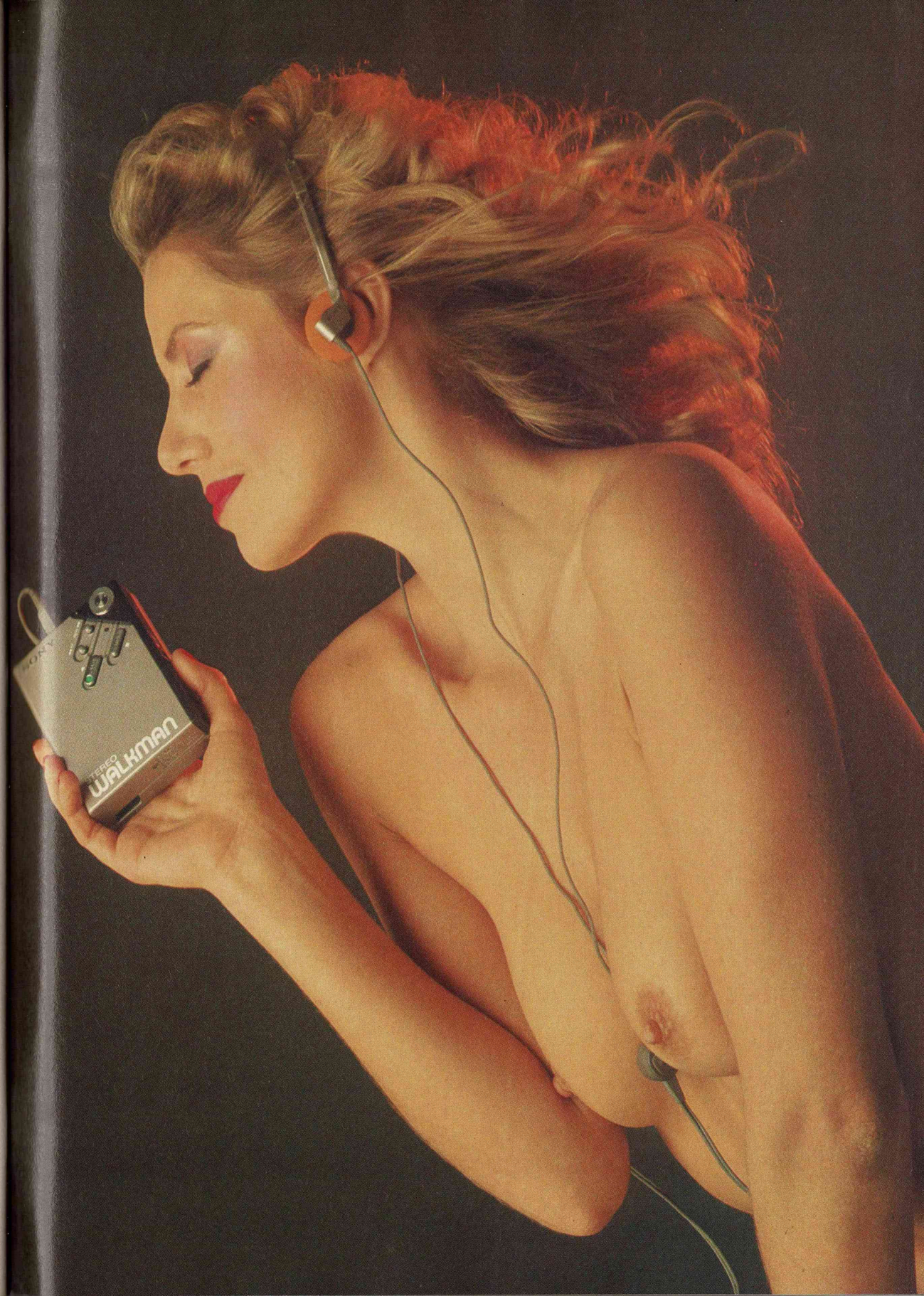
If you want stereo on the move without the need to carry cassettes, you can use several of these systems for tuning into stereo FM with the insertion of a special FM cassette or module. Units offering that option include (so far) the Toshiba Playtime, the Technidyne Hip Pocket Stereo, the Alaron Rhapsody Stereo-to-Go, the Caprice Walk-A-Rounds, the KLH Solo and also the Infinity Systems' Intimate Stereo.

Yet another spin-off is the growing spate of mini-stereophones from companies not yet making the cassette systems. The cassette units typically come with one headset. Using two pairs of stereophones from one cassette player carried by one person presumes some kind of real intimacy — on the move or not — but that seems to be an intriguing extra-musical aspect of the game. Anyway, the new mini-headsets do come with a clever gimmick — a plug adapter that lets you connect the stereophones to the mini-cassette deck, or to the standard-size socket on a conventional deck.

One model can be fitted with fluffy Eskimo ear muffs for those intrepid listeners who must have their stereo in sleet or snow.

As with conventional tape decks, the mini-models that are higher-priced are likely to have sturdier transport systems which means they will be less subject to wow and flutter (which you hear as a wavering of musical pitch), even when you're in motion.

Walk on!



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aimed at introducing students to human beings with all their quirks, and inconsistencies, as well as the dissected parts of their anatomy.

There are also attempts being made to teach students how to relate to their patients as human beings. It may seem a singular sort of course for human beings, but the image of the aloof, even unfeeling and unsympathetic doctor — "a prescription or a pat on the back" — is as pervasive as the image of the money-grabbing doctor which ebbs and flows with the increases in fees.

Sydney University began a course in behavioral science in medicine in 1974, with the object of helping doctors gain a balance during their clinical training. The behavioral science course is aimed at complementing the increasingly scientific training of our doctors which has accompanied the growth both of technology and science in medicine.

**There are attempts being made to teach students to relate to patients.**

As associate professor, Wendy-Louise Walker, who is head of the department, found in her first surveys of students, nearly half of them had family members or relatives who were doctors, while 60 percent of the 1977 intake had fathers with university degrees, and 36 percent had mothers with degrees. Project work in the course is designed to encourage students to meet groups of people with different backgrounds to those the students have known.

She also found that the majority had difficulty focusing on the whole person as a subject for study, even though nearly half of them had said that helping people and working with them was the main reason for entering the field of medicine.

It is, of course, much easier for the students to deal with cold, hard facts, and immerse themselves in the scientific branches of medicine. The lecturers in the behavioral science course have the students for only four hours a week, in the first five terms of the preclinical years, which the university department thinks is too early in their medical course.

The aim is to help the student focus on the whole human being. As Professor Walker comments: "In learning about human behavior and about the community at large, we believe there is no substitute for properly guided real-life experience."

It is too early yet to assess the effect of the courses on future doctors at Sydney University or any other universities, particularly Newcastle University, which is experimenting with an intake of students selected not only on their academic results — the familiar elitist top 10 percent of the intellects in universities — but for their personal qualities as well.

Many academics, and doctors who have contact with the students, agree that there is a change in the attitudes and aspirations of medical students in these times.

"There's been a change in outlook in the past few years," says Dr Trevor King. "Students and young doctors coming into the system are more socially aware of the problems in the community and the community's resistance to present trends in medicine. The only problem is the establishment of the profession is not changing and young doctors might not be able to practise what they believe."

Professor Cox believes the young medical student is concerned about the image of doctors, and concerned about changing it. "The thing that strikes me about them is that they are all beautiful people. They're much more caring, more thoughtful and more socially conscious than when I was going through, or my colleagues. I think it's a general social change that is going on."

The socially aware, idealistic and humanistic medicine of the student and young doctor brings a new element into the scientific and entrepreneurial medicine that seems to dominate the profession these days. Whether the idealism will survive the pressures of the medical community to conform to the status quo or bring about a change in the profession depends not only on the relative strengths of the conservative and progressive groups in the profession. There is also the possibility that change will come from outside, from economic and social pressures in the general community.

One of the great ironies is that the young doctor, after a highly scientific and expensive training, finds little chance to practise it in his surgery, particularly in city practices. For example, a doctor who has now been five years in his own practice in an outer Sydney suburb contrasts his training with his day-to-day contact with patients. "We had courses in esoteric clinical medicine, but not bread-and-butter medicine. I spent hours and hours listening to heart murmurs, but never saw a case of measles."

Today, 30 to 40 percent of his time is spent talking with patients about their problems — marital ones, isolation, sociological and psychological problems. He finds it satisfying, the most satisfying part of his practice, because he is helping people, but it was not included in his student training. A graduate of the University of NSW in 1973, he studied before community medicine was incorporated in the medical course.

The most unsatisfying part is that he cannot use much of his clinical training in his work.

"There's not much scope in a city practice for pursuing the more interesting aspects of clinical medicine, working up diagnoses or investigations before passing them on to specialists or hospitals. The general practitioner now has the choice of handing out prescriptions and shoving patients out the door, or spending time with them and helping solve their problems, and that means knowledge of their background. Attempting physical treatment for problems that are psychological or sociological in nature doesn't work."

Health costs, the huge sums needed to run the hospital system and the increasing disparity between the incomes of doctors and health professionals, particularly the nursing staff, are contributing to the growing dissension within the health system of this country.

Even if he wanted to put his clinical and technical training into practise, he doubts whether he would ever have the opportunity. After his internship in a teaching hospital, his disaffection with medical services and with the structure of health insurance in Australia led him to help form the Doctors' Reform Society. His confrontation with the medical establishment ever since means that he has fairly little chance of entering and becoming a member of the hospital system.

"There are a lot of tensions in the medical world today," says Professor Webster. "But to me, the greatest dilemma is that medicine has established a powerful ethic, based on the strong individual patient-doctor relationship. Now the doctor is being asked to balance the needs of people against resources and costs. What is the responsibility of the individual doctor to the community and to disadvantaged groups? These are moral dilemmas which doctors have yet to accept and with which they have yet to come to terms. There has to be a balance between professional responsibility and social responsibility."



# AH, INDIA

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when it was introduced. Nevertheless, the population is increasing by more than 13 million a year. Experts predict that India will achieve zero population growth by 2081. But by then more than 1600 million people will be living in the sub-continent.

No one knows how the country will stand the strain upon its resources over the years ahead. India's forests, for example, mainly due to the construction of dams and the development of industrial complexes, are dwindling at the rate of 155,000 hectares a year.

Most Indians are philosophic and resigned, however. This fatalism gives them a peculiar national resilience. This is their *karma.* Originally karma meant retribution for deeds done; now it is usually thought of merely as being destiny.

This philosophic outlook early-on attracted our Western intellectuals to India. Aldous Huxley explored drugs, notably LSD, but he also tried to expand his mind in India. So did the mystical poet, William Butler Yeats, and the American Allen Ginsberg. So did the Beatles.

Gita Mehta, who is one of the most incisive thinkers and witty commentators on modern Indian mysticism, says it was no coincidence that Asian 'flu and Asian philosophy hit the West about the same time — the double whammy, so to speak.

Hippies and others poured into India. *Ashrams* (schools) burgeoned just to meet the demand. *Gurus* and *swamis* pulled up their *dhotis* and got to work. Fine lines of mystical thought became blurred. Tenuous, but serious, essays into self-discovery and inner enlightment rapidly became mumbo-jumbo. Cults developed. Hare Krishna drumming and chanting began to echo through the Western world. For a decade or two there was "the heady excitement of passing off any stray thought as wisdom".

The industry of mysticism got a shot in the arm. As well as the prophets there were the profits and one aged *guru* commented sagely: "Religion is not for the poor."

Western devotees adopted Indian dress, Indian hygiene and Indian names, which amused the locals no end. One said of Westerners that they came to India seeking a mind full of mysticism and left with a belly full of dysentery.

The Indian equivalent of encounter groups developed. One such group, devoted to controlling personal violence, urged disciples to get rid of their anger by acting it out. Gita Mehta described an American novice's experience at an *ashram:*

"He was asked if he would like to sit in on one of the meditations. He eagerly accepted. As a result, he found himself locked into one of the leather-padded cells with eight people, all of them armed and in a state of spiritual excitation. He had also been given a weapon, a two-foot long cosh made of thick wood covered with rubber padding and wrapped in green cloth, green being the Indian color of peace.

"The fact that he was thus armed and had personally invented these techniques for self-realisation proved to be very little defence against the mystical fervor and physical determination of the other meditators. The meditation lasted one hour, during which time the doors remained firmly barred from the outside. The ashram discourages meditation interruptus. As the end of the session, the shaken Californian savant emerged with a broken arm appropriately terrified by the demons he had unleashed."

Westerners find countless opportunities for narcissism in Eastern philosophy, but they fail to recognise that the annihilation of self-worship and the achievement of *nirvana,* a detached, impersonal, and permanent peace, is Eastern philosophy's main aim.

The contradiction of the West looking toward the East for solutions to its problems, and the East looking toward the West, has moved Victor Anant to comment:

"This is the age of things turned upside down, inverted ecstasies, visions swapped and reversed: the mystic East clank-clinking toward a steel-clad future and stamping out the embers of old narcotic dens, the girdered West trembling for a heroin needle or inhaling marijuana for a ceaseless second of *nirvana;* Indians learning French or German in foreign universities and solemn Europeans devoting themselves to midnight-oil study of Swahili or Chinese . . . east of Suez a rising tide of sloganised, nationalistic hope, west of it a cave-crawl of despair . . ."

India is filled with contrasts and paradoxes. Poverty lives side by side with unimaginable wealth; as I saw at the Jumna River, concepts of mortality and immortality fuse into one; in the temples profanity mingles with piety; commerce and charity go hand in hand in industry and the bazaars; and in the philosophy of the beggars poverty and sanctity become united.

Properly-qualified Indian scientists consult their astrologer before taking up university appointments; medicos and businessmen seeking brides give as much importance to the lucky girl's date and time of birth as they do to her *dhama* (virtue) or her dowry.

Yes, India should be seen, however inadequately. Tourist brochures do not help much. In them the poverty and the problems are magicked away. They invite tourists to join *ashrams* — the in thing a decade ago, not now. They concentrate on customs, culture, cuisine, and cuteness, ancient buildings and exotic art. It's the old soft sell again, bland and inconsequential. They miss the point that the attraction of India today is its beguiling people and their terrible problems.

India has an impact in its own right. Whoever observes it thoughtfully will be profoundly moved by the experience. Those who come to love it will love it passionately. They will echo Shah Jahan, who had this verse cut into the stone of his audience hall in Delhi —

*If Paradise exists on Earth*
*It is here, it is here, it is here!*

# SIERRA
## VROOM AT THE TOP

*Motoring by Rob Luck*

"YOU CAN'T go up there."

"I can."

"Don't be bloody idiotic. It will fall off the goddamned mountain."

"Just watch."

"Okay, from the outside. Lemme outta this motorised tin can."

He got out, stood by the edge of the dirt track, arms akimbo, a contemptuous smirk spreading across his face. He expected a full-scale three-star disaster. He was to be disappointed.

I grabbed four-wheel-drive high range, eased the little grunter over the mound, plunged into the creek bed in second, shuffled for first and blasted up the rockface incline. The little Suzuki bucked and skipped, crabbed sideways across the uneven terrain, wheels clawing madly at the scrabbly surface, spewing stones and sand out the back.

Halfway it balked momentarily at a foot-high rockshelf, charging over it one wheel cocked high in the air, three-wheeling sideways into a sand-pocket before the scratching tyres bit and rocketed us over the top.

We were up and over. Almost easily. Straight up a 30 percent incline, criss-crossed with bare rock seams, some of which were standing straight up in front of our path. Huge boulders dotted the course, trees lined it on both sides making a narrow path. There were no escape routes.

My erstwhile passenger was at the bottom, hands waving, jumping up and down excitedly.

"Okay, okay, fantastic. I believe you, I believe you. Now come and get me and I'll ride up with you."

"The law of the four-wheel-drive jungle says you ride up first time or walk. And hurry."

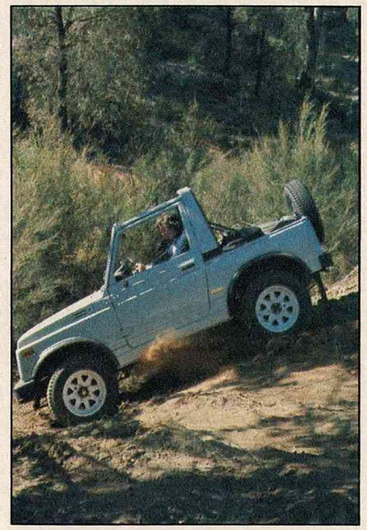
Converting sceptics is a part of Suzuki's stock in trade . . . it has been for years. Even I had to be converted. Big Pete Geoghegan did the job some years ago. We were roaring around Drummoyne in this little LJ50 swapping motor racing fibs, when he just turned sharp right off the roadway and put the thing straight over a five foot rockwall into Sydney Harbor.

You could hear me hyperventilating over the engine noise, but Pete just grinned and said in his halting way: "L-Lucky it was low-tide huh, otherwise it'd be wet where you're sitting."

We tooled round the sandflats for a bit and then charged the almost-vertical rockwall again. It just went over the top like the carriages climbing the big hill on the Big Dipper at Luna Park. No sweat.

That was seven years ago. When gradeability was good but performance wasn't. Kids in Cyclops could almost race your chugging Suzuki LJ50 three-cylinder 593cc two-stroke

*At last, the first "nearly civilised" 4WD charges out of the bush into the city market.*



up steep hills. At least you could choke the little blighters in the smokescreen Suzy One was a bit like nervous foal too. It bucked and lurched on even smooth suburban roads. On rough bush tracks it flew. It was narrow-gutted and cramped inside. If the ride was bad, the handling was worse. It was positively agricultural in its equipment level.

But even then it was cleverly aimed at the market. Right away it looked like a scaled-down World War Two Army Jeep (Willys and others made them). In the States it was even cheekily called the Jimny — a World War Two nickname for the beloved all-American Jeep.

And it was purpose-built with a rugged full-chassis, nice big 16-inch wheels which moved it out of the toy class. And a proper transfer case with straight-line shifter for the four-wheel-drive ratios.

And of course that remarkable all-terrain capability. But that was seven years ago.

A lot of Suzy owners have scared a lot of passengers spitless since then. Each one making a small contribution to the developing legend that a Suzuki 4WD is unstoppable.

Of course it isn't. But it goes about as close as you can get. The factory claims the latest model Sierras will clamber up a 43 degree incline. That's damn-near one in two. What's more, the cheeky little bastard can be turned sideways on the same slope and also parked on the handbrake without falling off the mountain.

Suzuki enthusiasts claim the car will better 45 degree inclines. Something you notice in the Australian bush is that gradients are rarely marked. So, unless you have your trusty surveyor's theodolite and pegs (set-squares are notoriously unreliable in these situations), you might consider erring on the conservative side. The alternative may well be some practice at inverted flight, or if you are already well-up the hillock, perhaps an extended course in aerobatics.

Even if you are the sort of individual who constantly has to prove the size of your pumper and/or testes, you don't have to go this far. In reality, the Suzuki is capable of taking on some terrifying terrain well within its design specifications. A far better test is of your driving talents and the Suzuki allows plenty of leeway here.

Start with the power. The new Suzuki Sierra punches out a "monstrous" 33.5kW of power at a fairly high 5500rpm with 73.5Nm of torque at 3000rpm — up some 25 percent on its predecessor. (Suzuki Two — a 797 cm³ four-stroke.) Some V8 four-wheel-drives quadruple that, yet the Suzuki has almost as good an outright gradient ability. On really nasty surfaces, it may even be better in some cases.

It is also extremely light — to give the tiny 970cm³ OHC engine a chance to drag it around. Lightness does not make for good traction in most situations. And when a really rough gradient has to be charged, the little car may shift into "kangaroo overdrive", leaping over boulders and uneven surfaces. There are bonuses — it's the best thing since hovercrafts on sand, and if you dump it badly in a big hole there is always the chance you can lift it out!

Lots of anticipation, a delicate right foot, and planned gear-selection are great substitutes for brute force and ignorance.

I found out on a special course cut out in the natural bush of the four-wheel-drive section at Amaroo Park Motor Racing Circuit at Annangrove near Sydney. Terry and Bill munched their tractor-grader into what looked like a vertical hillside and cut out a nice fresh course on the jagged rockface. The Suzuki Sierra used four, three and sometimes two wheels to amble easily up and down. Midway stops were no problem, and the handbrake held on every climbable surface.

Ground clearance was a key reason. The little gadget could straddle big

obstructions without jamming on the top. The low point is 9.4 inches (240mm) under the front diff, but there's a lot more height than this under most of the underbody so the "really truly" breakover angle is probably much greater.

The real clincher though was overhangs. The front and rear sheetmetal seems to stop almost level with the tyre extremities. It means the little monster will go through scooped dips shorter than the overall vehicle length — it sort of undulates over mounds and dips like a caterpillar.

Curiously enough, there's damn-all evidence of the vehicle's off-road ability in these situations to be found in the factory literature — and not much more from the factory itself. The blurb-sheets concentrate more on cosmetic, equipment and luxury (luxury?) data, which helps to feed the gnawing suspicion that the vast majority of these jiggers are destined for the carports of the Pitt Street Posers, or at the most, your friendly average hobby-farmer.

The whole slant of the literature is certainly angled in this direction, so the serious customer has to look elsewhere for support data. I'll endeavor to assist . . .

At the priority end of the business is the revamped engine. Its 50 percent capacity increase (gained by both boring and stroking the "old" four-stroke, 797cm³ engine) still only qualifies it as suitable for splicing into the average Japanese super-cycle.

Suzuki's answer to that is to strip every ounce of weight from the package for an overall kerb mark of 810 kilograms. Using the same chassis as the old LJ80 model it replaces, the Sierra's extra 60 kilogram gain on the old model is all in the cosmetic and equipment levels. The 12 percent gain around the girth is more than offset by the 30 percent power boost, and if you want to put your car through the weightwatcher's program, you can trim-it down by de-optioning the package, and then even doing a bit of stripping. Really, it's not worth it. The Sierra has adequate performance for most situations.

Admittedly, out on the road, that means "barely adequate". At 5500 rpm in top gear, which is just about the engine's useful maximum, the gearing gives you 110km/h. Genuine, that is. Incidentally, the gearing is now "taller" than before (that means it has longer cruising legs). This turns out to be Australian-inspired — the Japanese test drivers got tired of shuffling along at a whopping 80-90km/h for hours on end during their local test stints.

The Suzuki gets to its maximums via gear ratios that have been stretched a little for more highway flexibility. First is good for 40km/h, second for around 65 and third for about 90km/h. Don't believe the speedo if you see more — it tells lies. The biggest one is off-the-clock down hills in top. No sir, this is not 130km/h as indicated.

Off-the-line acceleration is now at least as good as the rest of the traffic around town, and 60km/h is reached in around nine seconds.

Getting all this action out of a slot car engine in the face of major stumbling blocks like the NSW Clean Air Act is one thing, but the fuel economy is something else.

The Sierra has been rated for 9.6l/100km (21.2mpg) on the EPA City cycle standard and 8.13l/100km (34.5mpg) for the Highway cycle with this model. That's down a fraction from the previous model but still way ahead of anything in its class.

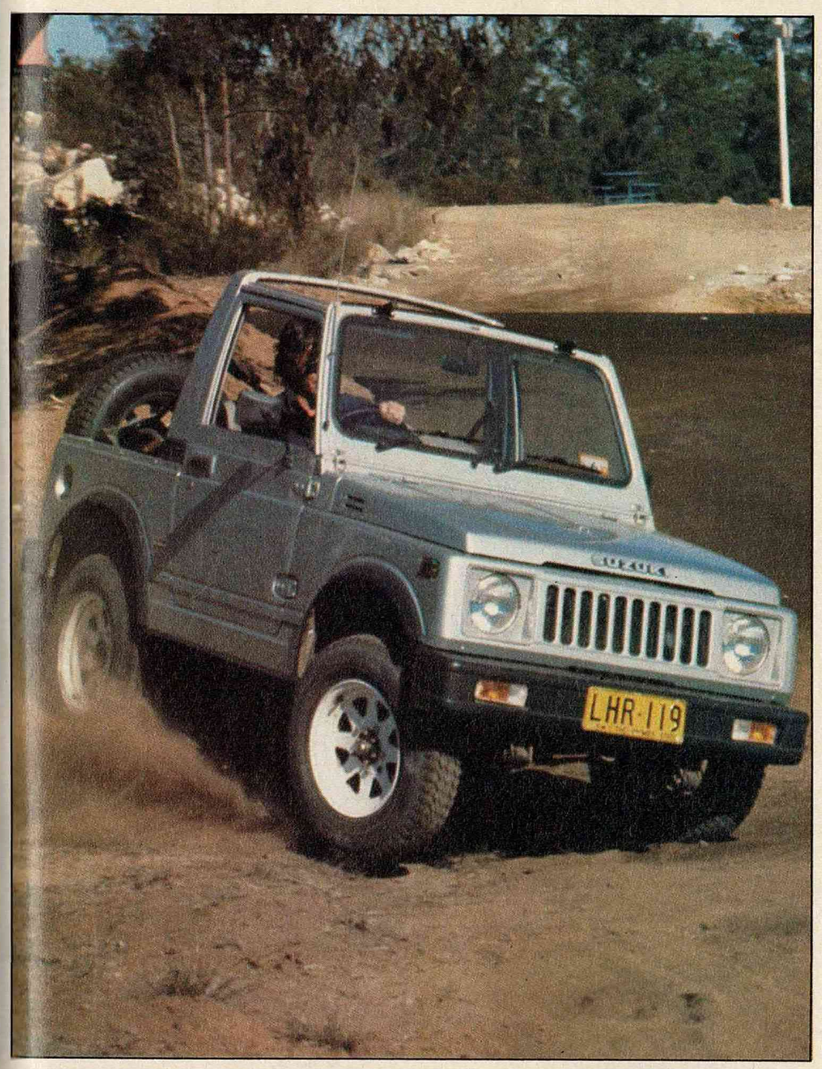
Perhaps an important contributor to all this power, performance and economy is an item which goes largely unsung — the new transmission and transfer case. In the cockpit this shows up as a second lever that now moves through a J-shift pattern with Low-4WD, Neutral and High-4WD down the long-side of the J, H4 at the bottom and High-2WD on the return.

On-the-move shifting can only be conducted between High 2 and High 4 which are actually on the same vertical plane. And only with the tiller straight ahead. And cautiously if you're not carrying a spare transfer case. For the rest you have to be stopped. Even so it is light, fast and accurate. Like the main gearbox, which is probably the nicest to use.

Scrimping weight to get performance has caused some subtractions. In the past, LJ50s and 80s have suffered crimped panelwork when worked hard. Inflicting panel damage through the slightest bump or pressure is also all too easy. Consequently most off-roaders specify full bars front and rear with brushguards for the side when going bush seriously with a Suzuki.

Much the same applies to the new Sierra. Most noticeable is the lack of some sturdy (and preferably wrap-around) bumper protection. Sure the bumpers are a bit bigger, and the optional over-fenders with the wide, spoked 15-inch wheels offer more side protection, but it's not enough.

But the all-new body skin is built around one big advance — the integrated roll-over bar. Besides injecting safety without add-on after-costs, it increases structural strength, gives a solid location for the seatbelts, and greatly simplifies the operation of demountable hoods on the soft-top models. And it looks bloody marvellous too. Very macho.




If the real market for this car is on the boulevard as suspected, then it is the advances in body design that will have the most impact. They are significant — making the Sierra the first nearly civilised small 4WD vehicle.

A businesslike appearance covers regular sedan-type equipment like the solid doors, available with wind-up windows on the full metal door model (all doors are retained with straps). Instead of being tied down with a couple of old thong straps (okay, I know it's verrry macho), the bonnet now has a proper interior pull-catch, cleverly concealed inside the glovebox which is lockable (another important feature in the open models).

Instrumentation and switchgear is up to small sedan standards, with good wiper/washers, headlight flashers, et cetera. And the heater/blower, fresh air system, though complicated, works well (except for fresh-air delivery in closed models). An AM radio is standard. And, no, you don't have an ear blockage, it's normally scratchy like that. Like most radios in small Japanese cars.

The seats are incredible. Incredibly bad. Some billycarts I have driven have better ones. These have no support — except for a steel cross-bar at the base of your spine. Sure they have a jinky little cantilever device that pitches them forward at the touch of a lever to improve access to the rear, but otherwise they are murder. They practically eliminate all of the ride advantages gained by the newly redesigned and relocated gas-shock rear suspension longer wheelbase and wider track. Just forget them. Get a set of Recaro orthopaedic chairs when you take delivery. Or marry a chiropractor. The Recaros are cheaper. And they have headrests.

Other manufacturers of sports cars should consult the Suzuki system of soft-tops. It is superb in its simplicity. Grooved tracks along the windscreen and rollbar vertical pillars instantly accept stiffened sections sewn into the soft-top. These are inserted and the rest clipped in place. Velcro fastening makes for virtually perfect wind and weather sealing.

It used to take two people 15 minutes to wrestle a Suzuki soft-top on or off. It now takes one person two minutes. Once up the vision is outstanding through huge clear panel-inserts like the very best American optional after-market roofs (the Bestop).

There are also zip-up sections to open. Don't. Some exhaust pipe relocation is required; otherwise it's more effective than lying in front of a snuffed gas heater.

Of course, it all costs a little more. You don't have to wade through masses of model serialisation any more — Suzuki has dropped this tricky terminology. You just need to know the half-door is $6350, the full metal door is $6400 (they are soft-tops) and the van (hardtop) is $6550. Cab-chassis and ute models are $6700 and $6900.

This is about $500 upwards on the last LJ80 model. For that, you get a bigger engine, new transmission and transfer, longer wheelbase, a wider track, better ride and handling, gas shocks, bigger brakes, a lot more equipment, and an all-new glamor-pack envelope. Two features alone justify that price increase — the standard roll-over bar, and the panavision soft-tops which would collectively cost as much on the after-market.

There are factory options of spoked 15 inch wheels with over-fenders, air-conditioning, bullbars, lights, free-wheeling hubs and body stripes.

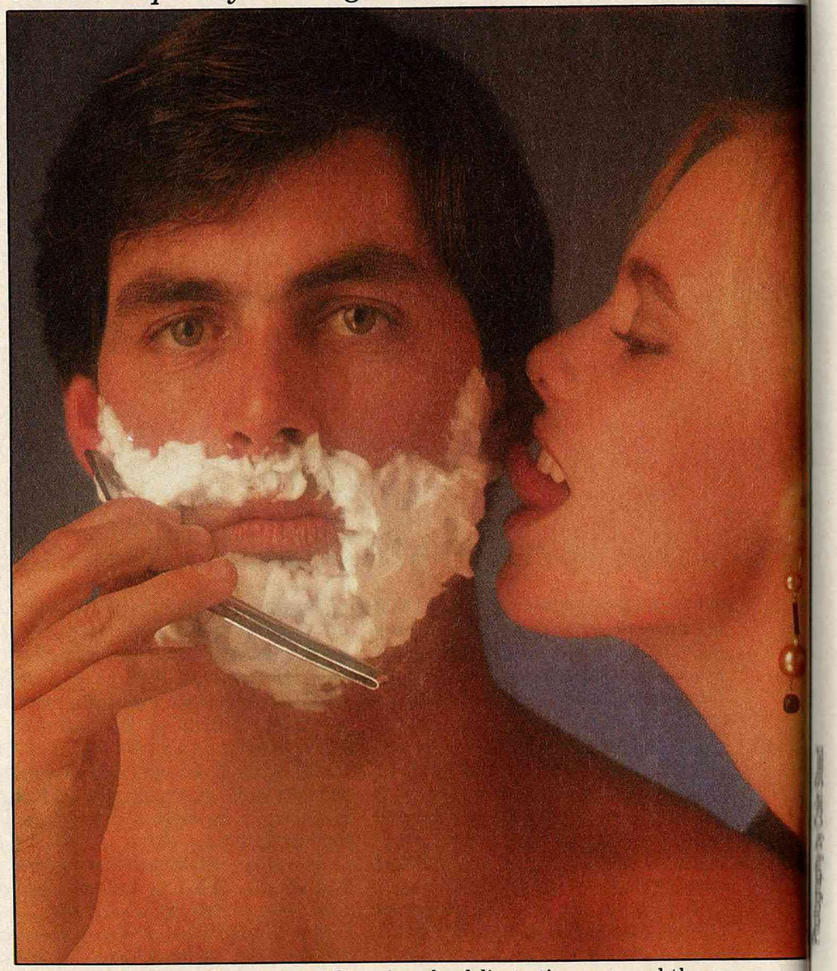
Registration in NSW costs around $310 private, $360 commercial; insurance, with a good record, for probably under $150 comprehensively.

Now for the heartbreaker — in 1974 when it was fresh and new and people still thought it was an overgrown pedal car, it cost $2999. And registration was a long way from Wran's current wrip-off at a meagre $90.

In between it has collected outright Car of The Year Award for off-road vehicles from *Off Road* magazine, and survived some pretty heavy assaults to its reign as supremo of the four-wheel-drive littlies. It even looks like a real motor vehicle. Suzy, you've come a long way, baby.

# FACE UP TO IT, FELLAS

*No guy should be too shy for scrubbing, so here's Kate Stead's "squeaky clean" guide.*



AT THE TENDER age of 15, I was mortified when a very attractive older man (he was 20) saw me wearing a face full of honey and oatmeal. He had the grace not to laugh and pointed out that he, too, concocted masks to cleanse and refine his skin. It seems that, even all those years ago, men like my ritzy friend were thinking seriously about their faces, and buying women's lotions and potions under the counter, because no one would ever understand.

Well, times have changed. Society readily admits there is a need for men's skin care products and cosmetic companies have leapt to the rescue. But if you're confused about which product to buy and what to do with it, read on to discover the daily routine you should be following in order to achieve the best results.

*Cleansing:* It's not the ordeal it is for women because you don't have to dissolve a layer of makeup to get to the skin. It is, however, the first essential step to good skin care.

Creams, gels and soaps are available for the job; our choice is soap but not any old soap that you might use in the shower. Facial skin tissue is more sensitive and delicate than the skin on the rest of your body, and should be treated as such. Look at the Aramis 900 Deep Cleansing Face Bar — a man-sized soap, it's non-alkaline and contains gentle surfactants to help lift out the dirt, impurities and cellular debris. Morning and evening cleansing is vital. Something else for a squeaky clean skin is a once-a-week wash with a granular face scrub. The effect of a scrub is called exfoliating which means that, along with the dirt, dead skin cells which normally sit on the surface of the skin, trapping dirt, are removed. Since the same exfoliating action is achieved by shaving, apply your scrub only to the non-shaving areas and remember not to apply on to or around the eye area; in fact, the only product you should apply here is a light moisturiser or a special eye cream. There are no muscles supporting the delicate tissue around the eye so avoid stretching the skin there by treating it very gently.

Try the Aramis 900 Granular Face Scrub weekly — it has an abrasive action that helps lift out ground-in dirt, grime and excess oils. Cleanse the face first, then massage the scrub thoroughly on to the face before the final rinse.

For oily and problem skin, a face mask once a week is suggested. The Aramis 900 range includes a Clear Skin Pack recommended for weekly use. Apply to problem areas (usually the central strip — forehead, nose and chin) and relax for, say, 15 minutes while it goes to work encouraging the skin's surface circulation, loosening deep-down dirt and softening blackheads. Rinse thoroughly before applying the moisturiser.

*Shaving:* This ritual is, for most men, a necessary evil but it can be a pleasure and should not resemble peeling potatoes. Apply a luxurious cream or foam (we opt for a foam, but a cream or shave soap is best for travelling), like the Pierre Cardin *mousse à raser* or Aramis 900 Absolute Comfort Shave Foam containing menthol, to cool the skin. Use moisturisers that plump up the beard for a closer shave. Halston's luscious Shave Foam contains emollients which leave the skin feeling soft and a healing agent called allantoin. Technological advances in the manufacture of blades ensure an easier shave these days and disposable razors offer time-saving advantages. Shave against the growth direction of the hair and contort the face — whether you're aware of it or not, those funny faces you pull while shaving are exercising your facial and neck muscles — helping to keep you looking younger longer. Rinse the face.

An occasional visit to the barber for a professional shave will do wonders for the state of mind and will also provide hints on how to get a good clean job.

For those men who sport beards, be careful to keep your growth well-shaped, trimmed and cleaned.

*Toning:* This means closing up the pores with a cooling after-shave. If you don't want to mix after-shave fragrance with your cologne, try the Aramis 900 After Shave Soother — especially good for dry and sensitive skins. All the Aramis 900 products are non-fragranced, but for some delicious smells try the Aramis Herbal After Shave, Pierre Cardin's *après rasage* vapro-spray — it's very refreshing — Kanφn's woodsy scented after-shave splash, or Christian Dior's Eau Sauvage soothing After-Shave Balm.

*Moisturising:* This is the most neglected part of a man's skin care routine. Simply spending days in an air-conditioned environment will rob the skin of its natural oils, causing patchiness and making skin prone to lines and wrinkles. Active days outdoors in the sun and wind are devastating to the skin without the aid of a moisturiser, and even very oily skins need the benefit of a light moisturiser twice daily after cleansing.

The sophisticated Halston range includes three moisturisers: (1) All Purpose Moisturising Gel for face, hands and body — good for a young, normal skin, it contains emollients, oils and film-forming materials which help the skin retain its moisture without any greasy "after-feel". This is a very convenient product as you don't need extra hand and body creams; (2) After Shave Moisturising Cream — specifically for the face, it contains protein and collagen, both good skin-repairing agents, and is excellent for a drier skin; (3) After Shave Moisturising Lotion — again just for the face, it's similar to the cream but in a lightweight formulation to suit an oilier skin type.

The Aramis 900 range offers a scientific first with their Maximum Moisture Lotion. It combines collagen and Sodium Ribonucleic Acid which results in not only moisture retention, but also increases the skin's oxygen uptake and cell reproduction. And if you're understandably impressed with Pierre Cardin, try the *baume après rasage* which provides a light moisture film. Christian Dior's Eau Sauvage offers alternatives for each kind of skin type — Moisture Matte for oily and Moisture Concentrate for dry.

Wrinkles, lines and crows' feet catch up with the best of us. Ageing men have a distinct advantage over women in that the lines can give them a rugged interesting image, but who wants to look like the Marlboro man at 24? The eye area is the major showcase for premature lines, especially in this part of the world, where we continually squint against the sun. Remember to wear sunglasses outdoors and use a special eye oil. One that has come our way is the Biodroga Bio Repair which actually claims to counteract light-induced ageing of the skin. It's doing a splendid job on our human guinea pigs at PLAYBOY.

This routine may seem cumbersome at first, but once it becomes a strict daily regimen, it really doesn't take too much time and the results will be well worth the effort. In a nutshell, your skin care routine should go like this:

*Morning* — cleansing, shaving, after-shave (toning), moisturising.

*Evening* — cleansing, toning, moisturising, eye cream.

*Weekly* — scrub, mask.

*Things to do for healthy skin:*

Wear a sun-screen and a hat when out in the sun; wear sunglasses; cut down or eliminate cigarettes and alcohol; watch your diet — forgo starch.

STOP PRESS

Ella Bache's skin care for men is an excellent range of products geared to the needs of the younger man with teen-type skin problems. It includes: corrective cleanser, for oily and problem skins; corrective cover, conceals open pores, cleanses and dries; corrective ointment, a night cream for oily and pimply skin; corrective mask, a once-a-week revitalising treatment; blackhead remover, to open the pores and get rid of blackheads; Orris tonic and balm, after-shave and moisturer.

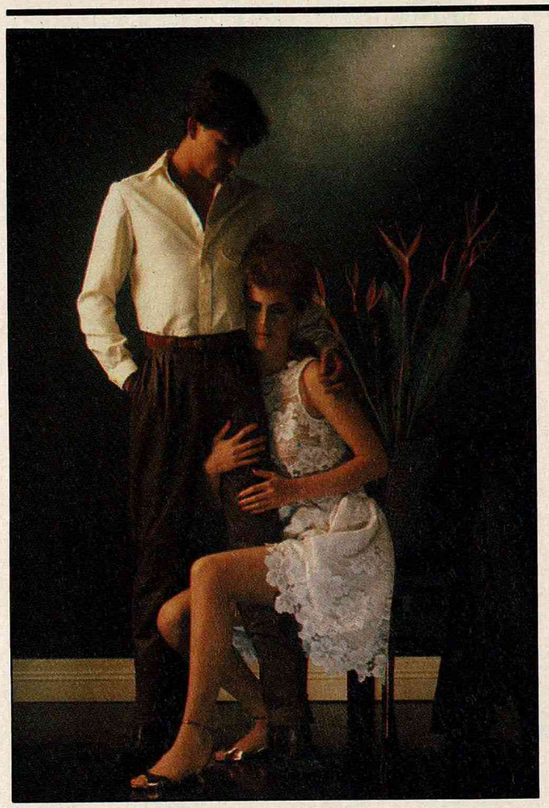
# Work out in Ça Va

ça va

# Play up in Biarritz

Biarritz

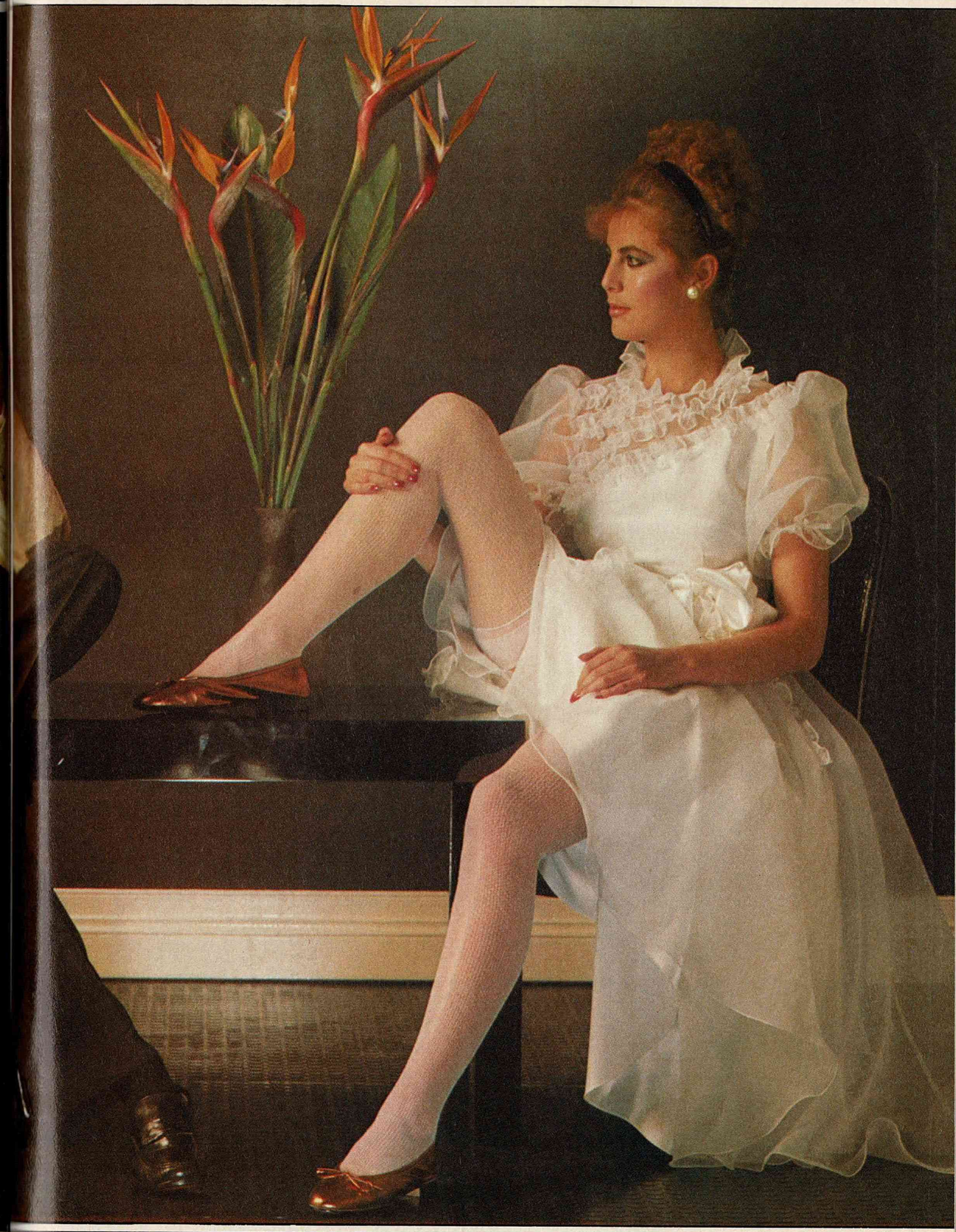
Biarritz by ça va



# NIGHT FLIGHT

*trip the night fantastic in this inspiring attire and you'll make the transition from dusk to dawn like some glittering bird of paradise . . . fashion by kate stead*

It's a Plot — the outfit he's wearing at right, that is. Black silk and polyester trousers, $48; raw silk blazer, $145. Her white organza dress is by Keri Craig, $340. Above, Valdis Alexander leather jodhpurs, $268, teamed with his Plot cream silk shirt, $44. The jodhpurs have a matching jacket, $380. The lady wears a white lace dress by Covers, $180. Men's shoes from Richards: ladies' shoes by Raymond Castles.





Photography by Colin Stead

Late at night, the rights of spring are yours in a plumage of bright abandon . . . Above, his red silk jacket, $250, and cream linen trousers, $75, are by Anthony Squires. Shirt and shoes from Richards. Livio de Simone designed the lady's handpainted pieces for Mark Foys, $389. Her jewellery is also from Mark Foys. At right, he's dressed by Five Way Fusion: Zanella pastel checked pants, $130; Punch cotton voile striped shirt, $89; Christian Aujard silk and wool jacket, $295; pink canvas shoes, $95. She's adorned in pink silk chiffon, by Keri Craig, $390. Stockists are shown on page 174.

Furniture courtesy of Bryvord Design, Brookvale; Pirelli floor tiles, Kenneth H. Brock; All prices these pages approximate.

# "Let's invest in silver."

CC619/81 BH 0768J mojo

# "What a Sterling idea."

25
BENSON and HEDGES
TRADITIONALLY THE NAME ASSOCIATED WITH PERFECTION IN CIGARETTES BENSON & HEDGES
STERLING
Virginia
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
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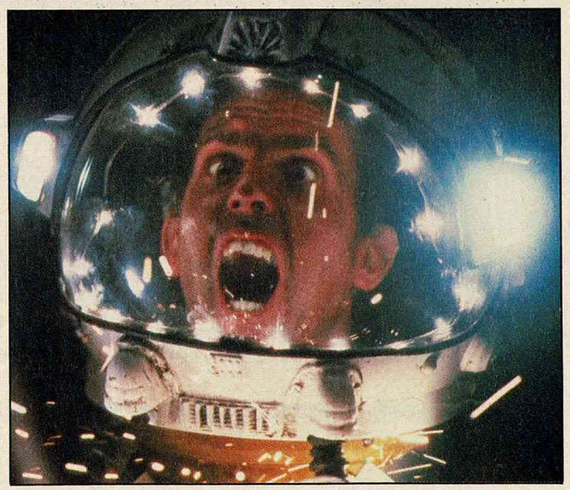
BENSON and HEDGES
TRADITIONALLY THE NAME ASSOCIATED WITH PERFECTION IN CIGARETTES BENSON & HEDGES
STERLING
Special Mild
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

**Introducing new Sterling 25s, by Benson and Hedges. Premium quality tobaccos, at a price you'll appreciate. A new standard in smoking enjoyment.**

**STERLING 25s. BY BENSON AND HEDGES.**

# MOVIES

*escapism and terror are boffo biz at the box office*



Working in a titanium mine on one of Jupiter's barren moons can be a health hazard, as we see in the opening scene of **Outland**: one extremely untogether mine employee takes his life by cutting open his space suit and bursting like a human balloon. When a second worker gives a similarly self-inflicted display of his blood and viscera, the Federal District Marshal, played by Sean Connery, investigates. He soon discovers that these and several other fatalities were caused by the mind-scrambling effects of an amphetamine-like drug, the consumption of which is covertly promoted by management because workers who take it have an extraordinary productivity rate on the prescrambling stage.

Connery's attempts to crack the drug ring make for gripping entertainment in this space western with its futuristic sets and drug-oriented plot. Writer-director Peter Hyams has reshaped the familiar theme of the lawman in a *High Noon*-like shoot-out with a bunch of heavies, and it all works very well. No rolling plains in this film though — all the action takes place inside the sterile, claustrophobic environment of the mining station on volcanic moon Io, and director of photography Stephen Goldblatt makes use of close-up shots which intensely accentuate the uptight environment.

There's an exciting and unusual chase scene through the station, with a drug pusher being pursued by the burly Connery through the gloomy recesses of the base. Connery is good in the role of a man whose principles are so rigid and manner so abrasive that he isolates himself from his family and colleagues and, as we discover as the movie progresses, just about everyone else on Io. However, he remains basically a decent man who feels he must stand up to what he perceives to be a great evil, and this is where the real plot lies. It is a morality tale, with questions being asked about law enforcement methods and the right of people on such a remote place to take drugs.

The marshal's *bete noire* happens to be the boss of the mine, played sullenly by Peter Boyle, whose previous film roles range from the political mastermind in *The Candidate* to the monster in *Young Frankenstein*. Connery's only ally is a laconic lady medico called Lazarus; Frances Sternhagen proves superb in this part, very nearly stealing the show.

Hyams orchestrates the building atmosphere of violence which climaxes in the arrival of some hired assassins and the ultimate shoot-out. By this stage, you'll be biting your nails and hovering on the edge of your seat. If you want to see an unusual science-fiction film in which, unlike most other recent efforts, man's worst enemy is not a bunch of aliens but himself, you'll be sure to enjoy *Outland*.

— TONY MAGUIRE

•

Mythical gods and goddesses muck around with mere mortals in **Clash of the Titans**, an escapist comic strip masquerading as a movie, with distinguished actors as deities. There's Laurence Olivier doing Zeus, Claire Bloom as Hera, Ursula Andress as Aphrodite, Maggie Smith as Thetis (getting all the best lines, maybe because her husband, Beverly Cross, was the screenplay's author). Special-effects wizard Ray Harryhausen doubled as co-producer, and his effects are spectacular — from Pegasus the winged horse to the monster Kraken, the Stygian witches and a very chilling Medusa. Everyone's favorite human character is apt to be Ammon (Burgess Meredith), a Greek poet who keeps vowing to pen some iambics about all this. I could have done without the cutesey golden owl named Bubo, a creature hatched from ancient myth according to Disney, so calculated a crowd pleaser you can practically *hear* the movie moguls telling one another that all they need now is a lovable and saleable beeping cousin of R2-D2. Varying widely from tongue-in-cheek wit to arrant foot-in-the-mouth idiocy, *Clash* has its moments as a quest film, and has a personable hero and heroine in Harry Hamlin (Ursula's main man off the screen) as Perseus and Judi Bowker who plays Andromeda. And thanks to Zeus, nearly all of the characters wind up with their names on starry constellations and that's real cosmic, I guess, though the movie has no consistent style — lacking the grandeur to be taken seriously, yet too earnest and pedestrian to succeed as high camp.

•

There's more excitement in the first 10 minutes of **Raiders of the Lost Ark** than in any movie I have seen all year. Here, the quest is for the long-lost ark of the covenant, a holier-than-holy object containing the original Ten Commandments and Lord knows what else. Screened too late for a timelier review, *Raiders* by now should be established as one of the important cinematic events of 1981. Steven Spielberg directed from Laurence Kasdar's crackling screenplay (story by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman), and that explains somewhat why the movie combines the zing of *Star Wars* with the kinetic exuberance of *Jaws*. The way that Spielberg makes a movie is to synthesise all the magic, adventure and fantasy dreamed about by all bright little boys who believe they'll grow up to be Jungle Jim or James Bond but end up being cinematic *Wunderkind* instead, just like Spielberg.

Starring Harrison Ford, as an archaeologist who slips off his horn-rims and behaves like Superman wielding a blacksnake whip, *Raiders* is a pure celebration of all the adventure-film cliches ever committed to celluloid. It's got restless natives, poisoned arrows, snake pits, ruthless Nazis (the time is 1936 and Hitler's henchmen want the ark to give *der Fuhrer*), booby-trapped tombs, secret chambers, breath-stopping chase scenes and ancient curses. There's also a wonderfully madcap heroine, played by Karen Allen, who's running a low-down saloon in Nepal when we meet her, though she joins Ford in order to be abducted and rescued at regular intervals, usually while wearing soiled white gowns. By the time their explosive misadventures end, any moviegoer worth his salt ought to be exhausted, delighted and ready to revel in the entire show again from beginning to end. Hang on to your hats.

•

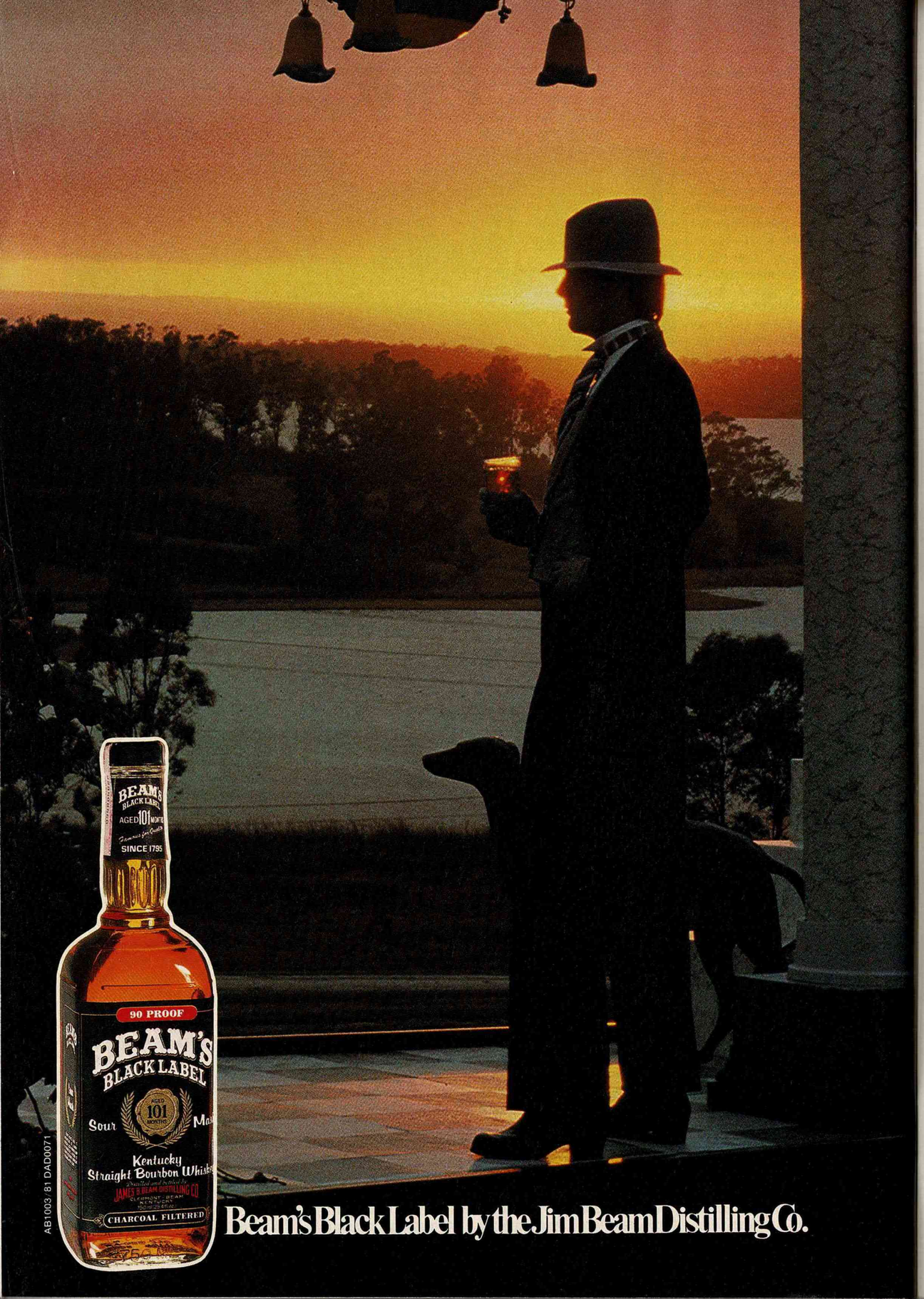
There is really no sane or responsible way to review **Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams**. C & C are gross. They're raunchy. They play a pair of brain-damaged dope pushers who make jokes about drinking "pina colonics". They make me laugh a lot, damn 'em. Their comedy aims to reach the lowest common denominator and gets there fast, with no redeeming social values at all which may well corrupt the nation's moral fibre (applause, more choked laughter). They seem to be inventing the gags as the camera rolls, which is a sloppy way to do things, yet at moments their method produces a kind of high surreal madness — the profane poetry of Cheech, wonderfully photographed wearing a straitjacket in solitary confinement, performing incredible manoeuvres just because his balls itch. This should not be funny and certainly indicates how far screen humor has sunk since Chaplin or since Abbott and Costello, for that matter. All right, I laughed a lot. But I hated myself later. My advice is to stay away from this movie. If you must go, try not to enjoy it too much. Yeah, just try. Those bastards.

•

The way movies affect all of us becomes a wry inside joke for the French director Alain Resnais in his surprising romantic comedy **Mon Oncle d'Amerique**, winner of a Special Grand Jury Prize at last year's Cannes Film Festival. With regard to the title: I think one of the three pivotal characters, played by Gerard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia and Roger-Pierre, does actually have an uncle in America, but that's not the point made by Resnais — who made the convoluted *Last Year at Marienbad*, remember, and almost never takes the shortest distance between two points. Here, the absent uncle who goes to America to seek his fortune appears to symbolise all the human aspirations — the difference between what we expect from life and how we handle what we actually get. At intervals during this complex, intelligent and captivating movie based on the writings of behavioral scientist Henri Laborit (screenplay by Jean Gruault), there are fast cuts to old film clips featuring Jean Gabin, Jean Marais and Danielle Darrieux. These happen to be the role models favored by Depardieu as an insecure textile executive; Roger-Pierre as a French radio news director and author; Garcia as a former actress, the newsman's mistress.

The three are introduced,

Madness and mayhem from the past, present and future at your local cinemas this month: below, some raunchy strait-jacketed efforts from *Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams;* at left, Laurence Olivier as Zeus in *Clash of the Titans* on the top and, on the bottom, a terrifying scream from the futuristic *Outland.*

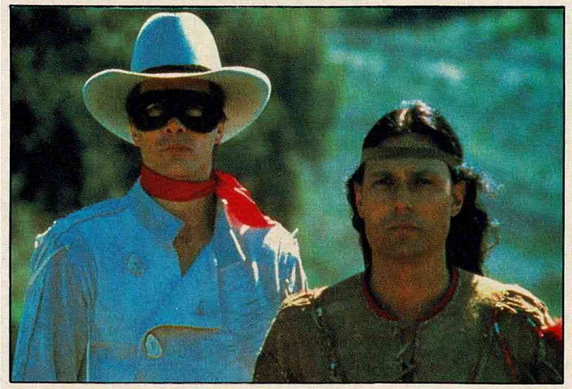



as the film begins, like clinical case histories selected by a computer. A commentator occasionally makes remarks on their moves and countermoves, comparing their behavior to that of animals in his laboratory, then *Mon Oncle* may digress for a moment to look directly at some caged rats or forest creatures. In a few droll sequences, the transformed human actors are suddenly white rats — at least from the neck up, locked into their personal chaotic rat-races, whether marital or professional. Considering the cerebral kind of game he's playing, Resnais manages to give the movie an amazing warmth and an emotional pitch. He makes us know these characters intimately, though their concerns about jobs, wives, lovers, status, family and self-esteem are underscored as universal. For imagination and sheer originality, I'd call *Mon Oncle* the richest, most sophisticated film to arrive from *la belle* France since the days of *Cousin, Cousine.*

•

Even a slightly sophisticated seven year old is apt to find **The Legend of the Lone Ranger** somewhat bland. I caught it at a sneak preview, where a hoot of approval went up when the fans first saw the Lone Ranger (Klinton Spilsbury) and Tonto (Michael Horse) ride like the wind to do some courageous deed or other, their profiles against the horizon, a philharmonic posse flinging itself into the giddyap-giddyap rhythms of Rossini's *William Tell* overture. That brings back the good old days of boyhood and Saturday serials. Although no fewer than five writers claim some credit, the rest of the film is pretty dumb, with only wide-screen and hazy, heavily filtered color — the nostalgia effect — to set this *Legend* apart from the kind of routine little Western Hollywood used to grind out every week. They did it better way back then. Horse is a handsome Tonto and Spilsbury looks like a male model about to snap his seat, or his crotch, into focus

Hi-Ho Silver, Awayyy! Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse as the famous masked man and his off-sider Tonto recreate *The Legend of the Lone Ranger,* 1980s style.



to show off some snug designer jeans. What remains of his performance is just passable, though juiced up by the voice of actor James Keach, who re-recorded all of Spilsbury's dialogue on the sound-track. A plot to kidnap President Ulysses S. Grant (Jason Robards) from off a train keeps the *Lone Ranger* busy, yet allows plenty of time for idle speculation as to why the masked stranger would need a vocal stunt man.

•

When it was yanked from release last November, following a disastrous New York premiere, **Heaven's Gate** had already been damned as pretentious, incoherent and overlong — an endurance test for audiences, a monumental and costly ego trip for director Michael Cimino. The reworked version unveiled this spring is pretentious, more coherent, still long at two and a half hours and an endurance test, etc, etc. The film works wonderfully as calendar art; it's gorgeous to a fault, so beautiful to behold that they'd be more on target to call it cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond's *Heaven's Gate.* Pretty pictures appear to paralyse Cimino, who dramatises his story as a series of studied, self-indulgent, almost operatic staged pieces — the Harvard graduation ball; the roller-skating number (Heaven's Gate is the name of the rink); the courtship duets; the climactic battle, when immigrant Wyoming homesteaders at last take arms against the ruthless cattle association's hired killers in a historic contre-temps that has come to be known as the Johnson County Wars. Anyone curious to see a classic Western on this subject is referred to George Stevens' *Shane,* which went over similar ground brilliantly in just under two hours back in 1953. Here, the protagonists are Kris Kristofferson and Christopher Walken, playing the marshal vs the hit man, with France's Isabelle Huppert miscast as the whorehouse madam they both love — a girl with the curiously un-French name of Ella Watson who keeps taking her clothes off. While their romantic triangle only moved me to a shrug at most, the actors cannot be blamed. They are not people but props in the glorious landscape filled with deafening sound and fury by Cimino, Hollywood's somewhat tarnished golden boy who won an Oscar for *The Deer Hunter.* Seems like 100 years ago.

•

Terrorised teenagers, all the rage since Jamie Lee Curtis went baby-sitting in *Halloween,* now begin some counterattacks with **Happy Birthday to Me.** Her TV fans may be surprised to see Melissa Sue Anderson (of *Little House on the Prairie*) deeply involved in such mayhem at a fashionable prep school where the top 10 students start disappearing one by one. Mindful of the poor girl's brain damage, her co-star, Glenn Ford — obviously bored stiff — makes a few house calls as a shrink on the hit list of guests destined to die when a teen maniac starts cutting up. Trust me; you *don't* want to know what twists of plot lie behind all this.

— BRUCE WILLIAMSON

•

**The Cannonball Run** is yet another example of a formula film with a familiar plot, but in this case it works superbly. Although there have been previous films about the illegal Cannonball motor race from Connecticut to California, they haven't had the style or the pace of this one — or the cast. Competing in the madcap race are Burt Reynolds, Roger Moore, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jnr, and Dom DeLuise. Farrah Fawcett flashes vast expanses of suntanned flesh, and further female interest is provided by Bianca Jagger, who makes a brief appearance as the sister of a demented Arab sheikh played by Jamie Farr (Corporal Klinger from the TV show *M*A*S*H).*

Burt Reynolds is cast in a fairly typical role, as a hard-drivin', hard-livin' character with the name of JJ. In *Cannonball Run,* he teams up again with director Hal Needham, who directed him in *Hooper* and *Smokey and the Bandit.* Hong Kong superstars Jackie Chan and Michael Hui enhance the action of the race with some kung fu, fighting a group of bikies led by none other than Peter Fonda. Yes, it's all a bit self-indulgent, the way everyone adheres to their cinema stereotypes, but the cast obviously have such a good time you forgive them.

An unusual touch comes during the closing credits as we see some of the reject footage from the film, with the actors fluffing their lines and bursting out laughing. So don't hurry from the cinema before they start rolling. *Cannonball Run* is a lightweight film but damn good, undemanding entertainment. — TONY MAGUIRE

# $500 REWARD

PLAYBOY'S next centrefold girl could be someone *you* know and we don't — yet. You could earn $500 just by telling us about her. That's the spotter's fee we pay professional photographers, and we'll pay it to you, too, if your choice hits the spot. (The lucky lady, by the way, gets a $5000 modelling fee, plus a chance at the $25,000 prize for Playmate Of The Year). Send your suggestion, with a picture, to:

The Editor,
Australian Playboy
GPO Box 4088
Sydney 2001.

Don't forget to give us a return address and a contact number if possible.

From page 121

market riesling styles which are characterised by a sweetened aftertaste. Sweetening of wine can hide a multitude of faults.

This added sweetener, made from natural grape sugar, is added after the wine is made and is quite different to the addition of sugar to the grape juice before it is made.

To produce really luscious, sweet wine the grapes must undergo the shrivelling effect of fungi that attack them late in the season. The fungal growth with the lovely name of *edelfaule* in German concentrates the grape sugars and increases the grape concentration of both glycerine and gluconic acid. The last two impart a marvellous full, fat character to the wine. They also add a range of chemical by-products, their own effluent so to speak, to the grape juice.

Acidity —

A key component in the freshness of a wine is its acid level. Australian wines are frequently too low in acid, again a direct result of our warm climate, and it is quite legal to adjust the level by adding it. This is generally done by adding tartaric acid. Some of our best Rhine rieslings have their acidity adjusted this way. Occasionally, citric acid may be added as a final correction to the acid level.

Oh yes! One additive we have not mentioned is water. Wines seem to have a peculiar affinity for it. To our knowledge it is never added to wine in Australia. However, we came across a report on the New Zealand wine industry the other day where the practice of adding water is officially approved. The amount of grape juice in making table wine must now be at least 80 percent by volume of the finished wine. Before 1980 some New Zealand "wines" contained only 25 percent grape juice.

We finish with a story from Professor Peynaud, the great French wine expert. He describes the wines of a classified growth from the Graves area of Bordeaux of which the owner was very proud because his wine had a delicate resiny aroma not matched by his neighbors. This was attributed to the influence of a nearby pine tree plantation. The professor was not convinced by this poetic suggestion, and was quickly able to demonstrate that the flavor came from old pine joists in the winery. Peynaud therefore concluded: "A reputation based on chance or artifice is suspect. This wine had no need of an accelerated taste to be original and appreciated."

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# SHOWBIZ

## *sunday is a dog's day afternoon, ernie makes a comeback and sly socks nazis*

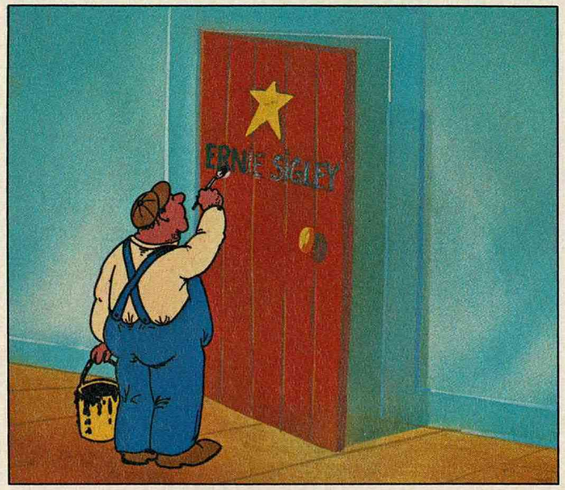
The activities of tweedy English ladies who train hounds to go on walkies, sit nicely, and be polite over dinner, is not generally the sort of thing we feature in the pages of PLAYBOY. After all, the sight of a 70 year old lady in a tweed bikini will probably do little for those who don't reside in far north Queensland. However, we do have to report that Barbara Woodhouse, the extremely tweedy dame in question, is about to become the biggest thing to hit Oz television since Skippy . . . at least that's what Channel Nine say anyway. Watchers of *60 Minutes* will have seen George Negus chatting to Barbara three months ago, and will be aware of the fact that her doggie training program cops the very top ratings in British prime-time television. When we went to press, Nine had started *Dog Training The Woodhouse Way* with encouraging feedback, and if the Brits are anything to go by, Barbara will almost certainly be yet another international star (star?) to grace the set of the next Logies. Sounds an exciting prospect, doesn't it?

•

Now here's some exciting news for lovers of lightweight theatre. Mr Danny La Rue, who seems to spend an inordinate amount of time appearing on local chatshows and standing about at Australian theatre openings, is threatening yet another tour of Oz, starting in October. Now, we know that Mr La Rue is an awfully popular fellow (especially among those who die their hair blue and wander about in pale empire-line evening gowns), but having yawned through one of Mr La Rue's less than breathtaking performances, your correspondent will be giving him the widest of wide berths.

•

The following statement from the world of television is unlikely to shatter a great deal of earth, but one-time national television star, and full-time all-Australian boy, Mr Ernie Sigley, is busily mounting a comeback. The Adelaide *artiste* disappeared in the mid to late '70s after a long run on Melbourne (and later national) TV as your basic chat show host. He and his big bazoomed partner, Denise Drysdale, had quite a good thing going there for a while, but taste changed, and so did their incomes. But anyway, young




Ernie's lost a lot of weight, he's looking great, and he's signed with a new manager. Those who don't have to work for a living may have noticed him on the Ten Network's *Personality Squares* (known in the business as publicity squares), and according to those paid to hype his name, the audience loves him. So much so, that he's copped at least two firm offers from major networks, at least that's what his manager is telling us. Seriously, though, he has heaps of TV appeal, he's got a fresh, generally witty approach to tube performing and as a talent he's far too effective to be wasted. We said that, not his manager.

•

Beefcake freaks . . . chaps who hang around holding hands with other chaps in gentlemen's bars, or sheilas who like a handful of meat to clutch when going the best of three falls, are advised to dust off their satin running shorts and boxing gloves, because Sylvester Stallone is due in the country in November. Sly, known to those who think about such things as The Italian Stallion, will be here along with soccer star, Pele, to promote their latest picture, *Escape To Victory*. The flick, which also features an extremely healthy Michael Caine, is all about some inmates of a prisoner of war camp who form a soccer team and thrash the bejesus out of the filthy Germans (hence the part for Pele).

•

Rock 'n' roll fanciers who wander about in crumpled leather jackets and faded blue jeans, and who mutter constantly about hustling on "the street", will no doubt be thrilled to the tips of their sandshoes to learn of the impending tour by Bruce Springsteen. The fact that Mr Springsteen was insisting upon a million dollar guarantee before even looking on a map to see where Australia is situated, limited his appeal to most Oz rock promoters. But the word is that he's been signed, and that he'll be thundering around the antipodes come October. Judging by the money he has asked for, Springsteen fanciers are all advised to start saving for their tickets now.

•

Another *artiste* featuring in the strongly-tipped-to-tour stakes is none other than the amazing Kinky Friedman, a self-confessed lunatic from Texas who is a huge showbiz name in the US. Mr Friedman first came to prominence as the leader of a band called the Texas Jewboys. Kinky is hardly what you'd call a household name in Oz, but judging by some of his material it's only a matter of time. Some of Kinky's more, er, original song titles include, They Ain't Making Jews Like Jesus Anymore, and Drop Kick Me Jesus Through The Goal Posts Of Life (not his song, but he sings it frequently). Kinky's additional avowed claim to fame is the fact that he introduced frisbees to Borneo during a stint with the US Peace Corps. A final date has yet to be set for the Jewish Texan's appearance here, but lovers of the bizarre are advised to keep an eye out for him in September.

•

Speaking of off-the-wall comedy, we're really pleased (though surprised) to announce that Rodney Malcolm Rudd III is rapidly becoming a major cult figure in the land underneath after returning home but a few months ago after years over in North America. Rodney Malcolm who? You may well ask. Rodney, to be sure, is still a minor celebrity, but after his establishment of Something Different, Sydney's first club for new stand-up comics, and several astounding appearances on *The Mike Walsh Show*, he's building up a big following, especially among the extremely hard to please professional showbiz crowd.

— ANDREW SAW

# MUSIC

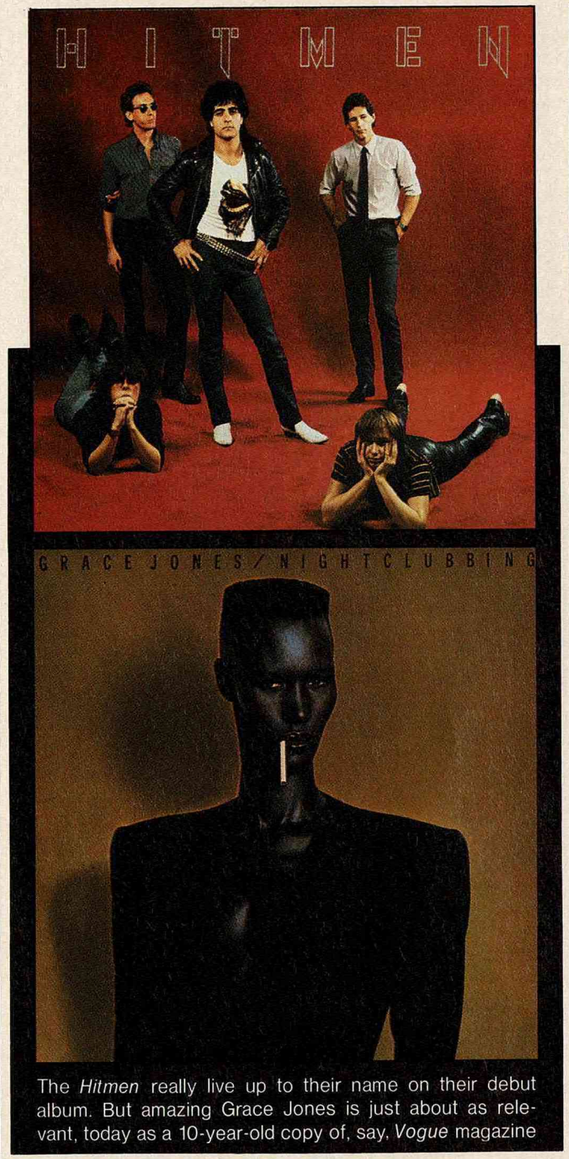
## *the hitmen score with their pub sound, and moody blues find the lost chord*

If the desired effect of being *Hitmen* (WEA) is to make you want to rush out and catch the nearest gig by the Hitmen, then the producer Mark Opitz has hit the mark with the Australian band's debut album. *Hitmen* captures that rare live ingredient of throwing the listener smack bang into the middle of a rock 'n' roll pub gig with all the pace, volume and excitement attached. Through their sheer raw sound, the Hitmen are going to run into the obvious knocks about deficiencies of material and rock banality, but there are enough of the right ingredients here to springboard these boys into the upper league. The twin guitars of Brad Shepherd and Chris Masuak set the perfect rock backdrop for Johnny Kannis' machismo vocals. Let's make a bet here that if the Hitmen can stay around for albums numbers two and three, and the maturity rolls on, songs like I Don't Mind and Don't Hit Girls will be remembered as classics.

The band deserved better than the cliched cover shot, but Opitz's production job and the facilities of Sydney's Paradise Studios have made the contents markedly more memorable. In their favor is an image of uncomplicated rockers which means that their future won't have them grasping around for the obvious change of image with which to catch the talent coordinator's eye. The verdict: worth following.

•

Island Records' Chris Blackwell has hitched his wagon on to some powerful comets (including reggae) in the past and most of them have paid off handsomely. So, why does such an astute judge team himself so solidly with something as trashy as what Grace Jones is peddling? After four albums of this pretentious showcase disco bilge we might have thought everyone had realised it's about as relevant as a 1971 copy of *Vogue* magazine. Apparently not — *Nightclubbing* (Island) is her fifth and there is no sign of it being her last.




The *Hitmen* really live up to their name on their debut album. But amazing Grace Jones is just about as relevant, today as a 10-year-old copy of, say, *Vogue* magazine

We're told the Amazing Grace has a pretty sensuous stage act (if you can outmanoeuvre Bianca Jagger for seats at Studio 54) and that just everybody from Warhol to Carol Channing is falling over each other to acclaim Ms Jones as the Dietrich of the New Decade!

Goodness knows why producers Blackwell and Alex Sadkin hauled a damn fine bunch of musicians all the way to a Nassau tax haven to provide backing for Grace to talk her way through the set. Her sing-speak set includes Vanda and Young's song Walking In The Rain, Sting's Demolition Man and Bill Wither's Use Me. We know one punter who vows if he ever gets invited to an Yves St Laurent party and they put this album on the disco, he'll jump on top of a table and piss in the fountain — which just might be as fair a review as you'll ever get. Ironically, Grace does let out the secret that she can sing a fair song. So, why does she waste 30 minutes of vinyl before serving up a sensual version of Marianne Faithfull and Barry Reynold's I've Done It Again? Defies description.

•

The Dugites rely far too heavily on the keyboards of songwriter Peter Crosbie, and at times his tunes miss the mark so badly as to leave the West Oz wonders looking more dismembered than just disjointed. However, on their second album, *West of the World* (Deluxe) it's plain the Dugites occasionally hit the mark so accurately as to leave them streets in advance of other Oz bands in the keyboards-influenced genre. Failings aside, it is largely Crosbie's innovative playing and Lynda Nutter's vocals which make it work. Nutter's got a dose of the Harry-Hynde vamp and on Waiting, with the locomotive shuffle of Crosbie's ivories forming the bridgework, she makes a real exercise of her craft. As for the other members, it's not till the band go looking for a common denominator for our political leaders do we hear from guitarist Gunter Berghofer, and drummer Clarence Bailey finally does make the grade with his tom-tom piece on the song Go To Sleep.

At this stage of their career the Dugites lack the material and excitement to rip the innards out of the mass imagination, which is a bit of a pity. In terms of access, here is one band screaming out for the single success to unlock the door to many of the finer elements to be found on the album. Who Loves You More? almost goes the distance and Being Used is just not quite strong enough. It's a shame because in almost every other area, including lyrics, the balance is perfect.

•

Joy Division's music is something we can well do without and yet like some vicious nightmare being enacted in the next room, we find ourselves straining the senses to grasp the tiniest scrap of evidence that it is really as morbid as it sounds. The fact that it took something as pathetically theatric as the suicide of lead singer Ian Curtis for Joy Division to ever achieve chart success hints that the Manchester band's music is really more at home in esoteric scrapbooks or plastered on the walls of only the most pretentious and obscure of galleries. Definitely not for mass consumption.

The image of Joy Division becomes even more distorted for Australian audiences with the release of *Unknown Pleasures* (Factory). In the UK, it preceded *Closer,* but the reverse applied in Australia where Love Will Tear Us Apart (the single from *Closer)* made somewhat of an AM intrusion.

Despite what you've read elsewhere, Joy Division are not the Doors reincarnate and *Closer* is not as important an album as *Morrison Hotel.* It's a safe bet the comparison was made purely on the basis that Curtis at times sounded like Jim Morrison (he's dead, too). If you can but forget that modern music is meant for pleasure, you just might gain some value from *Unknown Pleasures.* Yes, the pleasures are not only unknown but impossible to find — a fact supported by a compiled history of the band which, when charting live performances makes plenty of mention of reactions like "goldfish-like trance" and terms such as "tedious" and "morbid".

Throw in "awe-inspiring" and "foreboding" and you have about the most positive set of adjectives imaginable for Joy Division.

On *Unknown Pleasures,* She's Lost Control with Steve Morris' stark disco drumming is obviously the most inspired cut, with Curtis throwing his vocals into the near foreground. Musically and lyrically, the album is more moodily blatant than *Closer* and therefore might serve as some sort of preparation for the shadows and ghosts which lurk between the grooves of the later work. However, this reviewer felt much more at home with the almost "up" sound of Shadowplay and the stark pictures of Day of the Lords and Wilderness, three of the almost redeeming tracks found in these *Unknown Pleasures.*

•

The first impression upon our hearing *Long Distance Voyager* (Decca), which does mark the recording return of the Moody Blues, is that the sound is terribly dated. But on closer analysis there are enough reminders of the Moodies' unique mysticism to pitch the album free of form or fad. Ever since the Moody Blues started off *In Search of the Lost Chord* more than 10 years ago, the journey has taken us all through a myriad of unique experiences, unattainable via any other artists. The long procession has put the band in a class of its own.

Part of the secret is that they structure all of their albums with an artistic flow which allows each song to slide naturally into the next and the last back into the first so that a web of perfect symmetry is created. The technique is remarkable because it involves unifying the writing talents of Justin Hayward, John Lodge, Ray Thomas and Graeme Edge into a common cause.

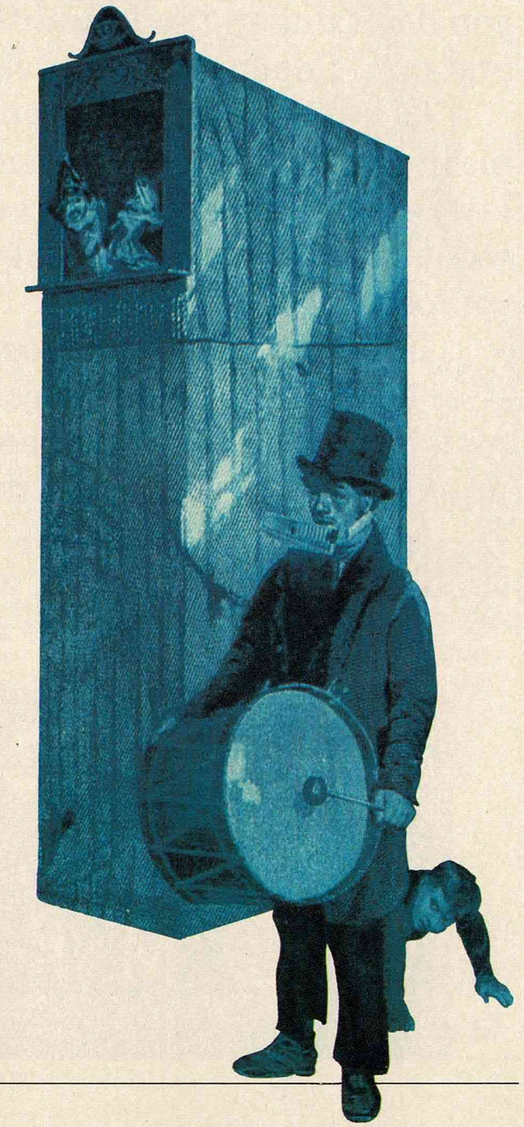
Proof that it is still working is there from the outset with Lodge's gentle acoustic treatment of Talking Out of Turn. Without venturing near pop disposability, Hayward and Lodge have the real flair to craft that most memorable melody and also, when paired with the mood-laden lyric, the combination is infectious. This is never more evident than on Hayward's In My World. Their cause is supported by lesser lights Thomas and Edge. With 22,000 Days, Edge has contributed a song with real spine to offset the softer offerings of his mates.

The Moodies have added the keyboards of Patrick Moraz to their already considerable armory of musical talent and with the New World Philharmonic string arrangements by Pip Williams, the usual richness of sound has been recaptured. The album was produced by Williams and in one sense is a reminder of the not too distant days when artists survived almost entirely just on their own talents rather than the false propulsion of managers, promoters and image builders. Summation: priceless nostalgia for those old enough and a real education for others.

•

Don't feel sorry for Peter Frampton for what is about to follow. After all, he must have made a nice fat killing out of those 18 million sales from that big bag of baloney that was called *Frampton Comes Alive.* After a considerable period of quiet, Pete's bounced back with an album which makes the term "average" sound like something worse than dead ordinary. It's called *Breaking All The Rules* (A & M) and

*Long Distance Voyager,* the Moody Blues' latest album, is a clear indication that they're really in a class of their own.



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on side two, cut two, he breaks one of the biggest in the book by performing the world's greatest hatchet job on what used to be one of the best tunes of all time. This is Vanda and Young's Friday On My Mind and if you ever thought it possible to lobotomise that ballsy little ballad, then wait till you hear what painful Pete has done to it. The rest rarely exceeds his usual unimaginative standards.

– NEIL JAMESON

•

A really fascinating release upon Arista label is *Odori,* made by a mixed Japanese and American group who call themselves Hiroshima.

It is a fusion-type recording on a grand scale that blends Eastern and Western music in a novel and quite beguiling way.

Herbie Mann was one of the first to utilise the successful blending of these diverse instruments.

This is a more commercial treatment, but one that is at no time less than delightful.

Shinto is a great sampler with Dan Kuramoto's flute and June Okida Kuramoto's samisen featured with lush strings sighing away above the gentle disco beat in a tune reminiscent at times of the music of Jobim.

All I Want is another pretty one with Teri Kusumoto providing the whipped cream vocal.

Richard Mathews' keyboards and Alex Acuna's percussion add sympathetic asides on an LP that is so unusual and atmospheric that it, does deserve your attention.

•

I looked forward to the release of Miles Davis *Directions* (CBS) with great anticipation as it had been billed as comprising unreleased recordings 1960-70. My joy was somewhat short-lived however!

The album's opener came from those incomparable sessions he made with the unique Gil Evans that produced some of the finest moments in jazz. Song Of Our Country is alone worth the price of admission. Then along comes a 1961 date with Hank Mobley's tenor, Wynton Kelly piano, Paul Chamber's bass and Jimmy Cobb drums in a great treatment of Monk's Round Midnight.

Equally exciting is So Near, So Far when George Coleman took over on tenor, Vic Feldman played some Garland-like piano, Ron Carter was on bass and the superb Frank Butler played drums.

By the late '60s, in my humble opinion, the rot had started to set in — though few might agree with me! The music became mannered and at times incoherent — a far cry from his peerless contributions of the previous 20 years. It became the kind of music in which each musician was a soloist — and every musician seemed to solo at once!

It is true Miles pioneered a new style in music. This is well represented here. To some it was important music. I just do not happen to like it. While Sides One and Two are my kind of music, the remainder may be more exciting to a younger audience. I preferred his music with The Rhythm Section, with Bill Evans, with Coltrane but maybe this is just old age showing its prejudices?

Historically it is an important twofer with something for everybody so try it for yourself. I know the Gil Evans' contribution alone will get a lot of time on my turntable. Like all Miles' music, it is controversial and this keeps it healthy. I'm just an old mouldy fygge at heart, I suppose!

•

Betty Carter is a great singer. On CBS, under an album title of *Social Call,* there is a collection of 11 tracks from 1955/1956 when she was in her Sarah Vaughan bag. Just fantastic!

Moonlight In Vermont, Thou Swell, I Could Write A Book, Gone With The Wind, The Way You Look Tonight and Can't We Be Friends had marvellous backing from Jerome Richardson, Ray Bryant, Wendell Marshall and Philly Joe Jones on which the music alternates from intimate to groovy.

The reverse uses a 13-piece band arranged and led by saxophonist Gigi Gryce (what happened to him?). Typical music of the '50s. It really swung and drew great performances from Miss Carter.

Like Miles, things ain't what they used to be with Betty Carter — at least, not to these ears. It is marvellous to have these previously unreleased tracks available in Australia. A collection of exciting songs performed by a true artist who should have earned much more acclaim.

•

Lovers of the sensual and swinging sounds of violinist Stephane Grappelli (and who is not?) will enjoy his latest on the Concord LP *At The Winery,* a 1980 live performance at a California jazzfest when he was accompanied by the English guitars of John Etheridge and Martin Taylor with Jack Sewing on bass.

The old maestro is as usual in great form as he wings through a collection of great standards and gives generous solo space to the backing musicians.

Taylor wrote Angel's Camp, an unusually constructed original among eight other and better known tunes that give full rein to the leader's boundless talents. It's highly recommended. – KYM BONYTHON


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# BOOKS

## *woody guthrie: the "american dream" seen out of the shadow of a dust-bowl*

WOODY GUTHRIE is the father-figure of the socially aware minstrel, just as Hank Williams lays the claim to siring contemporary country music. Both led lives of epic proportion — with Williams getting over his before his 30th birthday. Legend, hearsay and downright lies surround both lives. Separately, two *Rolling Stone* magazine writers have set out to put the record straight concerning both them and their contribution to mainstream music.

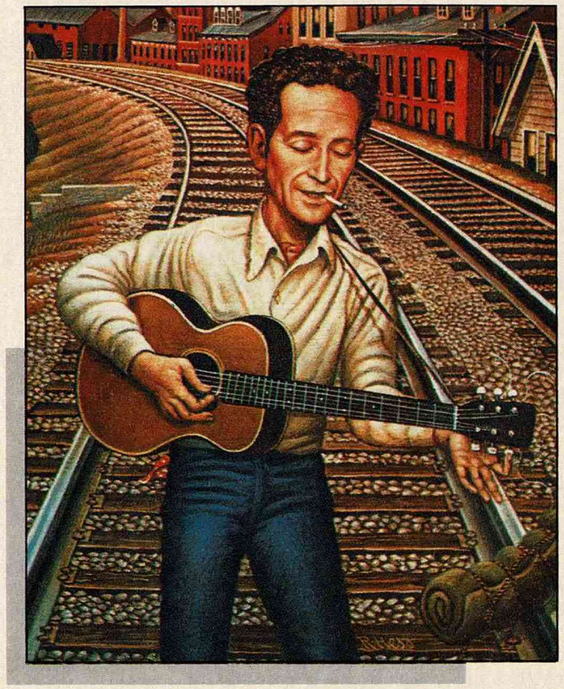
Chet Flippo's work, *Your Cheatin' Heart* (the Williams story) has yet to reach Australia, only having just been published in the States. So while we sit out the usual delay, time can be spent appreciating Joe Klein's excellent portrayal of *Woody Guthrie: A Life* (Oxford University Press). Guthrie's music grew out of the dust-bowl Depression of the '30s, throwing a long shadow over the laborers, hoboes and life-abused rural folk who form the backbone of the oft-shaky "American Dream".

Guthrie's shadow eventually fell across one Robert Allen Zimmerman, a failed rock 'n' roll singer pining after glory. The Zim's debt to Guthrie is undeniable. After he had switched his name to Bob Dylan, and long before he discovered Jesus, he came upon Woody.

Dylan may have been, to some, Woody's "son" in spirit; to others, that spirit lives on in his own flesh and blood, Arlo, who Klein sees as representing an important tradition that seemed to be in danger of dying.

"It was a primitive tradition carried through the ages by common people who wished to express their joy and anger and frustration through music . . . and it extended back to socialist balladeers . . . to the unnamed, unknown slaves and farmers and cowboys and sailors who'd written and sung about the drudgery and occasional triumphs of their lives." That Klein, by profession, is a political journalist suits the purpose of this biography.

Arlo Guthrie remembers the time, during his father's last years (he died in late '67) "'. . . when he can't write or talk or do anything at all anymore, he hits it big. All of a sudden everyone is singing his songs. Kids are singing This Land Is Your Land in school and people are talking about making it the national anthem. Bob Dylan and all the others are copying him. And he can't react to it. Here's this guy who always had all these words and now he's making it really big, he can't say anything. But his mind is still there. The disease doesn't affect his mind. He's sitting there in a mental hospital *and he knows what's going on,* and he can't say anything or tell anyone how he feels. It's Shakespearian . . .' "



Guthrie cover detail: a paean to the minstrel of the people.

By his own admission, Klein is no Shakespeare, still he manages to get inside the epic sweep of a life that started out in Okemah, Oklahoma, in 1912 (with Guthrie named Woodrow Wilson Guthrie after the recently nominated Democratic candidate for the US Presidency), and hit most of the points South, East and West across America until the heredity disease curtailed his wandering in '51.

It was to be another 16 years before he would give out his last breath and during that time his reputation seeped into the mainstream of music — through Pete Seeger and The Weavers, Burl Ives, Jack Elliott, then — Dylan, Odetta, Baez, Tom Paxton, until part of it was perverted by the hootenanny craze of the '60s.

To have witnessed a gaggle of young, mini-skirted go-go dancers shaking it all around to a rock version of This Land Is Your Land, is to understand the necessity to somehow keep the record unsullied. And in the competent hands of Joe Klein, Guthrie's life and music is treated with the respect a man of his stature deserves.

— DENIS WHITBURN

•

*Punish Me With Kisses* sounds like the title for some nightmarish union between Barbara pinko Cartland and Mickey Spillane. Well, the nightmare element is there, sure enough, but either the dowager drivel queen or the private eyewash primitive would be damned near liable to incur the vapors from exposure to this novel. Having found Mr Goodbar, now we're looking beyond.

It's a nasty piece of work. As a love story, XXX-rated *Punish Me With Kisses* (Severn House) needs a monstrous dose of penicillin; as a whodunnit, it is none too intriguing; as a psychological thriller, a roller-coaster ride through the sewers of the mind, it does show some promise. Perhaps there is, however, more merit in the story as a jaundiced metaphor for the latter-day New York — even American — condition. If this is the intention — and the jacket notes suggest so (anyway, that's *their* excuse) — the problem emerges that all the characters are so relentlessly alienating, you can't see why anyone should care.

Those who judge a book by its cover will find *Punish Me With Kisses* nowhere near as trite as they may have led themselves to believe. But this won't bring much joy — especially to those on Ms Cartland's side of the church.

The (for want of a better word) heroine is voyeuristic Penny Berring, "ugly duckling" younger sister of the siren Suzie who is murdered at the family's summer home after embarking on a regimen of sex which would have put old Errol Flynn squarely into the College of Cardinals.

Penny inherits a lot more than she bargained for when she becomes obsessed with what (rather than just who) killed her alter ego. To say more would be letting the garbage out of the bag.

Garbage? Where is the cat? Well, should you want cats, actually, plenty of them turn up in a rather aimless detour to encounter a fanatical therapy group. All the other aberrations have some direct bearing upon Penny's putrid plight.

Author William Bayer uses a functional style of writing which suits the main thrust of the subject. Anything flashier would be like the proverbial rat with a gold tooth. Pity, though, that no one got around to telling him that the past tense of "shine" is "shone" and not "shined" (except in the case of shoes); seven times in one book is a bit over the odds. Several other curious uses of good language — there are oases of it — prove equally distracting. And if there's one thing you don't need in the middle of a bout of nausea, it's irritation.

Hey, come to think of it . . . Penny's Putrid Plight . . . now, *there* is a good name for a modern necromance! — GLENN RUSSELL

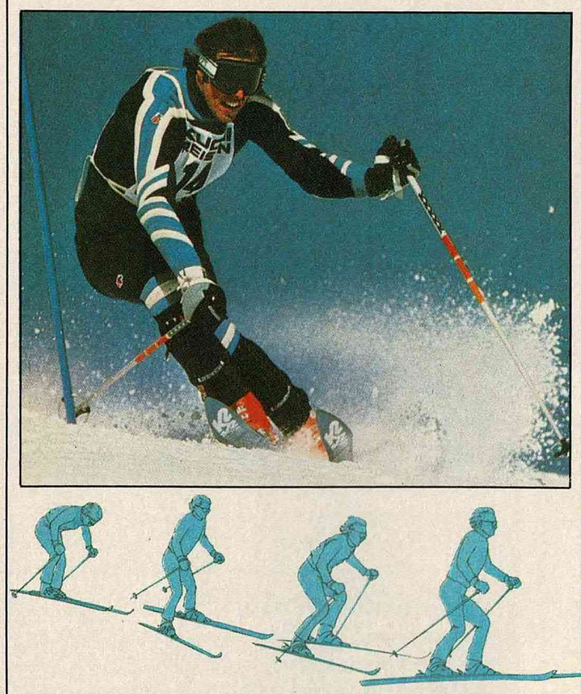
•

*Skiing Skills* (Rigby) is just the sort of book you recommend by saying "Don't be put off by the beginning — when you get into it, it's terrific."

Produced in Sweden, with a variety of expert authors, it is the solid, thorough work you might expect from a country which produced the Volvo. The first chapter is positively awe-inspiring, dealing with training and exercises (good), strength and muscle-fibre recruitment ratios (well, interesting), and electromyograph comparisons (hell — I just want to ski well, I don't need a degree in advanced physiology). By the end of that chapter, I wondered if this was my sort of book.

Things warm up from chapter two, however. This, on equipment, covers the properties, the construction, and geometry of skis, explaining in lucid detail why different skis behave as they do, and suggesting practical ways to test a ski for your needs. The section on boots includes one of the best and most informative demonstrations for trying out new boots I've ever read. Anyone who's just spent $100, and often much more, on boots which at 2000 metres turn out to be wrong should hail this as a salvation.

The four chapters on skiing start at the level of how to carry your equipment and stand on your skis, progress through first movements, lift riding, and into the various techniques and the varying snows of intermediate and advanced skiing, up to the high tech of wedeling, moguls and jet turns.



*Skiing Skills:* better value than a day trip to the snowfields.

Then follows some 30 detailed pages on freestyle and on competitive alpine skiing. It's all great stuff, loaded with pictures plus practical and helpful diagrams.

All told, though, it's a very good production, the sort of book that would be instructive and enjoyable to skiers of almost any level, barring only total beginners to whom such books rarely make sense, and those who not only know the difference between reploiement and, say, avalement, but to whom a crossover 360 degree spin is a snip.

At $19.95, it's not cheap, although the price is perhaps less significant in a sport already burdened with truly lunatic costs. It's just about the price of an Australian day ticket — and probably offers a great deal more long term value.

The final chapter is on the ski resorts of the world, with maps of where they're found (even Australia and New Zealand rate maps, although we're dismissed in a few sentences under "Summer Skiing", a peculiarly northern point of view). This chapter is one of the few I've any quibble with. Written by an American skier and journalist, you're left with the distinct impression that the only ski resorts worth their snow are American.

— SUE WANNAN

•

Balls Pyramid — the 600 metre high granite monolith rising sheer out of the rugged Tasman Sea south of Lord Howe Island — loomed large above the chartered dive boat rocking at anchor in its shadow. Suddenly the water appeared as though pimpled with the bobbing heads of divers. They all threshed their way to the boat and clambered aboard without ceremony.

All had the same story. "The sharks are getting aggro." I knew what they meant, because I had been down with Neville Coleman and another batch of divers a short while before and we'd seen many of the territorial reef sharks and several bronze whalers.

The mass intrusion was obviously disturbing them and we decided to call it a day. But the vote was not unanimous as a loud splash clearly indicated. "Why it's Nev!" shouted the skipper.

Below us we could see his distinctive red and blue wet suit heading toward the rock, and as always, he had a camera with him. When he finally surfaced, all he could do was complain that the sharks wouldn't come close enough for him to get a decent photograph.

The story is typical of the bizarre lifestyle of this modern-day adventurer, author, photographer and self-taught expert on marine biology and on marine identification as well.

A scuba diver for 18 years, Neville has logged more than 10,000 dives — the majority solo. He was the first person to circumnavigate the 64,000 kilometre coastline of Australia and daily explore the subtidal terrain.

His enthusiasm for the underwater world, combined with his truly encyclopaedic knowledge and skills as a photographer have led to a fine series of books on Australian marine life.

His latest — *Australian Sea Fishes: South of 30 deg S* (Doubleday) is a classic. Here for the first time, Neville Coleman has shown nearly 300 species of fish in their natural habitat.

The color photographs make the identification easy, and accompanying notes are thorough. It's a mammoth work and, priced at $25, it's a bargain. — ALLAN MOULT

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**CREDITS**

**Bare on the Whitsundays (Pages 76-85):** Sailing jacket from City Sailing Centre; all other apparel and shoes from Raymond Castles; towels from Mansours.
**Cherie, Ripe (Pages 112-119):** Lingerie and shoes from Raymond Castles; Bed jacket from Cash Palace.
**Night Flight (Pages 152-155):** Clothing stockists are as follows: Plot, at better menswear stores throughout Australia. Keri Craig, Harmony 91 in Bathurst, Nova in Gordon, Custom Shop in Double Bay (NSW); Elan in Melbourne; Keri Craig Boutique, Anna Marie and Mr John Brisbane; Gina's, Hobart; Toffs and Woolcock in Adelaide. Valdis Alexander, Double Bay, NSW. Covers, Grace Bros, Thornton Hall and Novella, all of Sydney. Anthony Squires, select menswear stores throughout Australia. Mark Foys, Double Bay, NSW. Five Way Fusion, Paddington, NSW. The furniture in the photographs is from Bryvord Design of Brookvale, NSW; Pirelli floor tiles from Kenneth H. Brock; Vase by Kosta Boda.


# NEXT MONTH

HIGH PRIESTESS OF PERTH

**GIRLS OF THE GOLDEN WEST** — PLAYBOY'S SEARCH PARTY GOES OUT ON THE ROAD AGAIN AND UNCOVERS GOLD IN THE STATE OF EXCITEMENT, WESTERN AUSTRALIA. AFTER WE FIRST DISCOVERED JANE PRIEST IN PERTH, WHAT ELSE COULD WE DO BUT GO BACK?

**IS THAT A PUMP IN YOUR POCKET OR ARE YOU JUST GLAD TO SEE ME?** — UNTIL JUST RECENTLY, MALE SEXUAL DYSFUNCTION WAS CONSIDERED TO BE LARGELY IN THE MIND; NOW MEDICOS ARE RECOGNISING THE FACT THAT THE PROBLEM IS IN FACT SITUATED A LOT LOWER THAN THAT. **SUZANNE SIMPSON** EXAMINES A MAJOR BREAKTHROUGH

**THE TOP DOG** — OLD JIM WAS A GOOD SORT OF SCROUNGER FROM PARTS UNKNOWN. ONE DAY HE LOBBED AT THE CROSS, AND SOON FOUND A MATE — THE MOST MISERABLE-LOOKING HOUND THAT HAD EVER LIVED JIM DUBBED HIM FENMORE, AND THEREIN LIES OUR TAIL HUMOR BY **JOHNNY BYRELL**

**LINDA LOVELACE:** PAWN NO MORE — EVERYONE REMEMBERS *DEEP THROAT,* THE FILM THAT MARKED THE ZENITH OF PORNO CHIC, BUT WHO KNOWS WHAT HAS BECOME OF ITS STAR, THE CELEBRATED MISTRESS OF THE BLUE MOVIE? **ANTHEA DISNEY** VISITED THE RECLUSIVE LOVELACE AND FINDS OUT THAT THE LADY ON THE SCREEN AND THE MOTHER IN THE SUBURBS ARE TWO COMPLETELY DIFFERENT PEOPLE

**THE MELBOURNE CUP?** — IT'S JUST ANOTHER RACE, ACCORDING TO **T.J. SMITH,** THE MAN WHO REVOLUTIONISED TRAINING METHODS IN AUSTRALIA AND BECAME A MILLIONAIRE IN THE PROCESS. IN A REAL LIFE RAGS-TO-RICHES TALE OF THE TURF, SMITH TELLS **RUSSELL DEILEY** WHY THE GOLDEN SLIPPER IS THE MOST IMPORTANT RACE ON THE AUSTRALIAN CALENDAR

**THE DEMYSTIFICATION OF LOS ANGELES** — THE CITY OF FALLEN ANGELS WHERE ART, AND PEOPLE, SURVIVE FOR A DAY BEFORE SUBMERGING IN A SURREAL SMOG. A PLACE OF DRUGS, SEX AND STRIVERS WHO WANT TO MAKE THEIR LIVES INTO WORKS OF ART. LOS ANGELES UNDER THE EYE OF **PETER SCHJELDAHL,** A WRITER AND LA ADDICT




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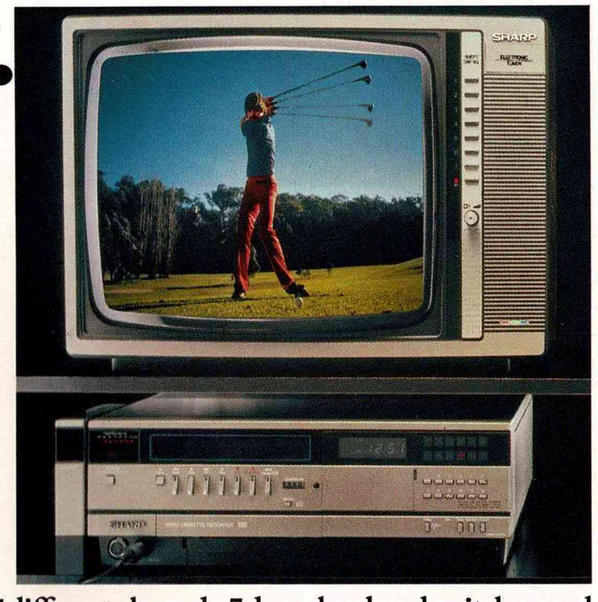


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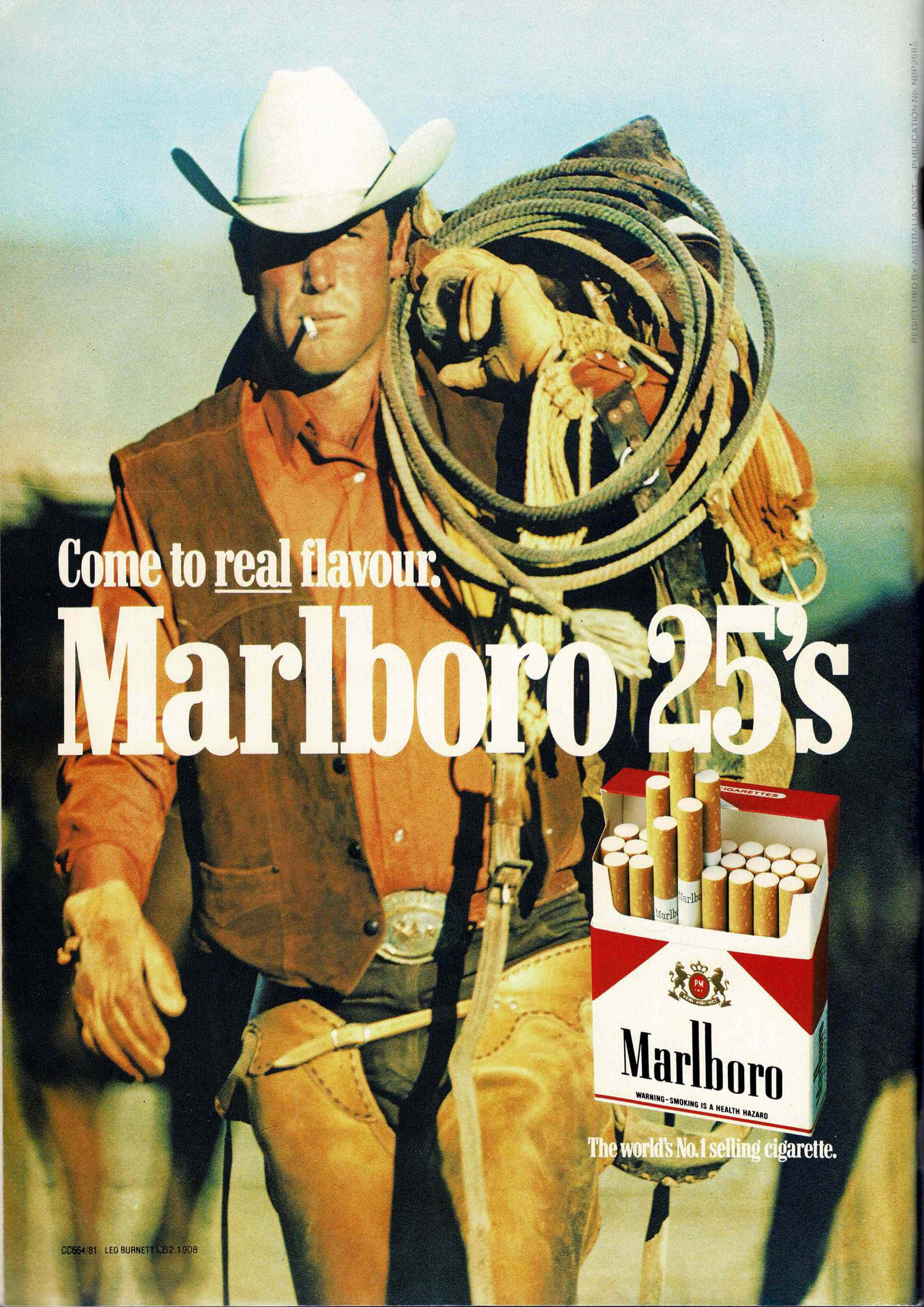
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